THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible]eekly
Founded [illegible]j. Franklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

DECEMBER 15, 1917

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SKINNER'S BIG IDEA—By Henry Irving Dodge

Perfect Balance in Every Meal

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, says: "I don't think anything I have ever said in praise of a fruit diet is too strong to say about oranges and lemons."

ORANGES are diet balancers as well as a luscious fruit. So it is more than mere *flavor* that makes experts recommend their use.

Don't forget that fact when you readjust your diet to comply with government requests.

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The most nourishing food is wasted if you don't assimilate its good. Oranges—through their organic salts and acids—*help to digest all other foods.* Thus they make these foods *more efficient.* In these times the efficiency of foods is of most vital importance. So oranges are now of more *value* to you than they ever have been before.

* * * *

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200 Recipes by Alice Bradley

Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, has prepared 200 recipes and suggestions for the use of oranges and lemons. You get them all in the Sunkist Recipe Book, *which we will send free on request.* Send a post card for a copy. *California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. M-97, Los Angeles, Cal. A Co-operative Non-Profit Organization of 8000 growers.*

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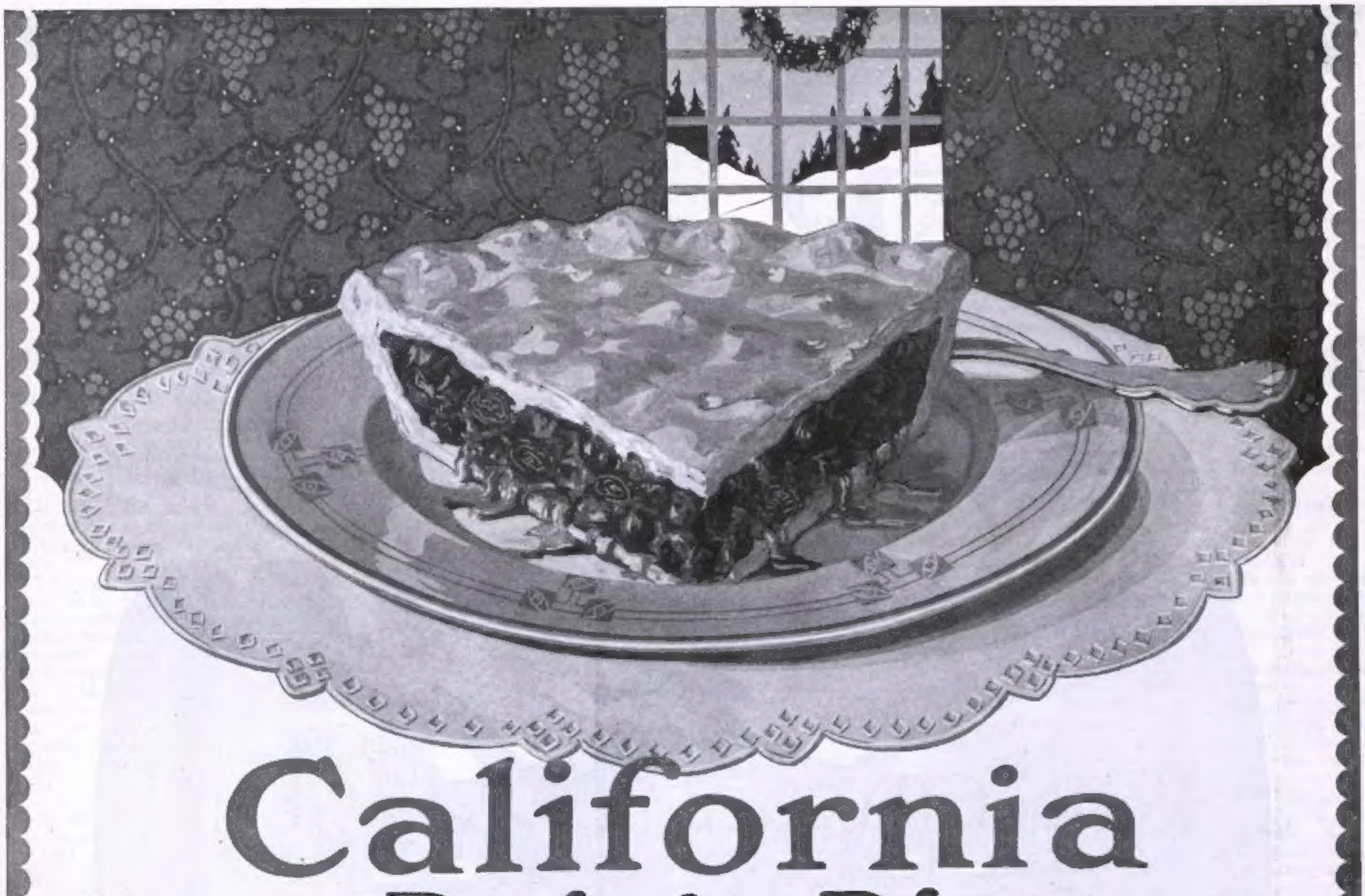
Uniformly Good Oranges



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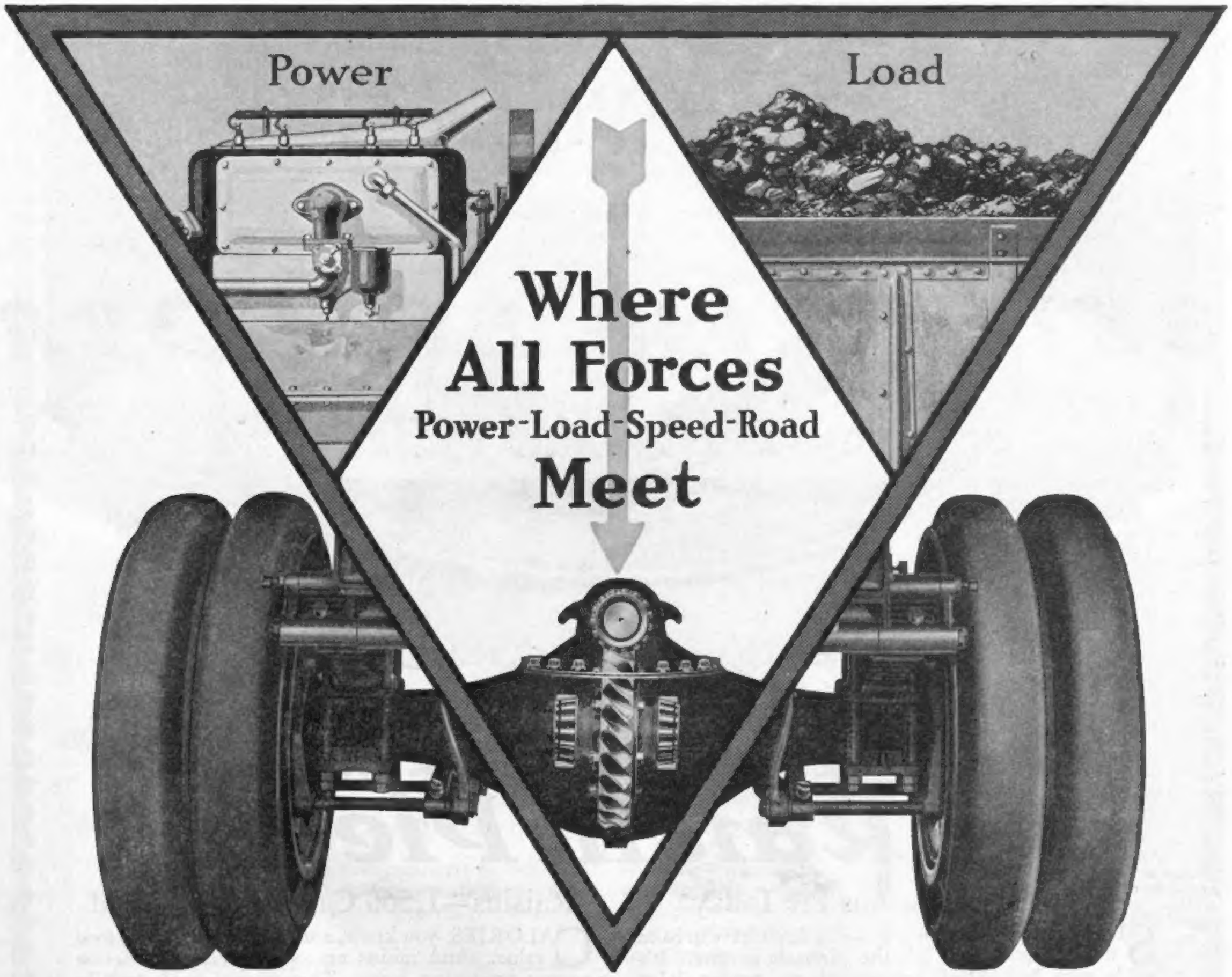

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SKINNER'S BIG IDEA

By Henry Irving Dodge

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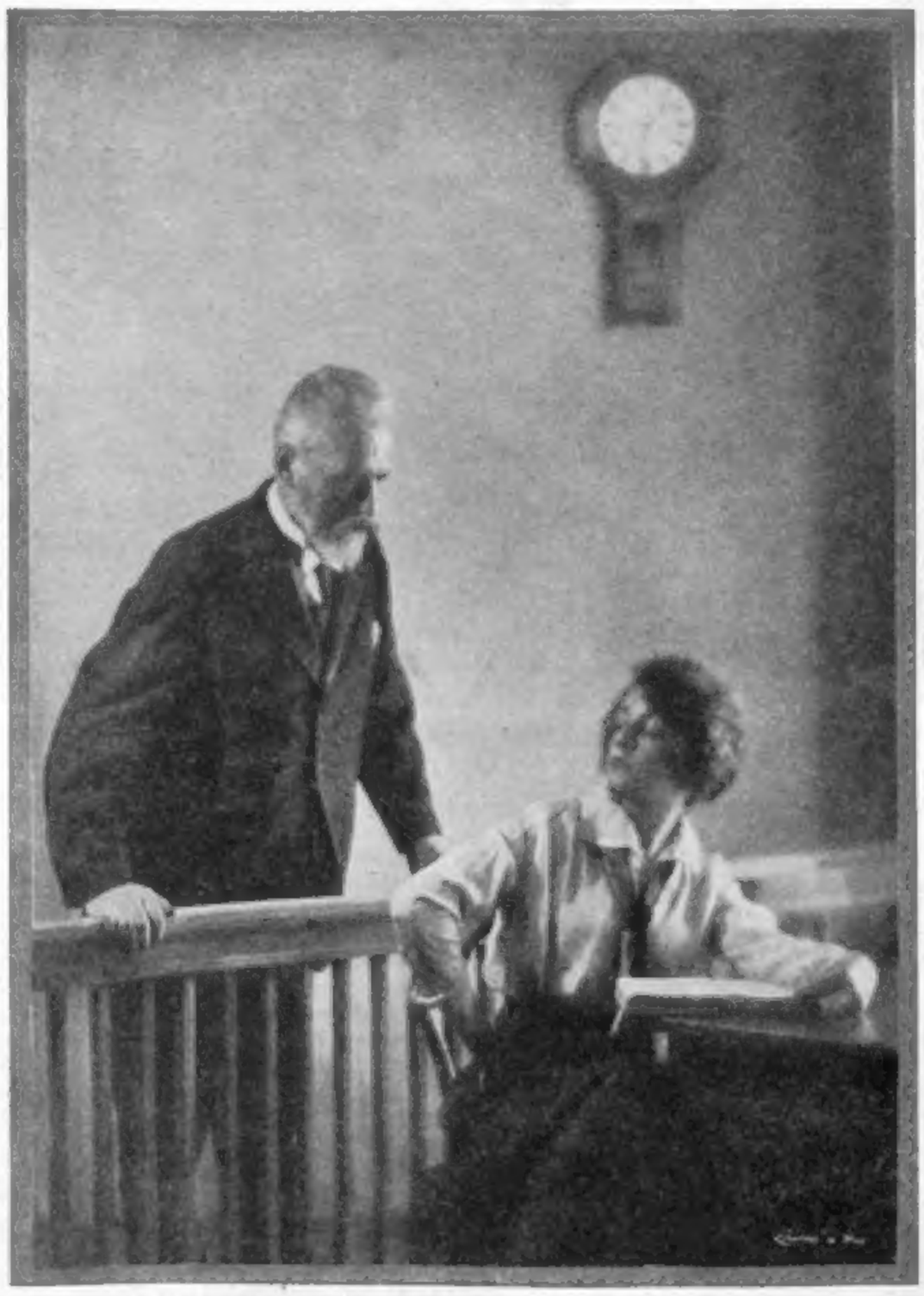


If the Fluffy Miss O'Brien Had Only Been a Man Gibbs Might Have Resorted to Profanity

FOR years McLaughlin and Perkins had rested covetous eyes on the great possibilities of South American trade. For years they had builded and accumulated and prepared for the great drive down there, as McLaughlin used to put it.

"We'll go down there," the senior partner would declare, "and we'll capture that Argentine trade, and then"—his eyes, half closed, would take on a dreamy, long-seeing look and his words would come slow and he would stretch out his fingers and move them over his desk lightly as if he were actually feeling his way physically as well as mentally—"we'll creep up South America—expanding as we come—from sea to sea, taking it all in, all, Perk." Then, enthusiastically:

"Yes sir! I can see us getting right up to the Rio Grande, Perk, right up to the Rio Grande!"

"But why not capture Mexico first and work down?" Perkins broke in one day.

"Because," snapped McLaughlin, his dream of conquest interrupted by Perkins' matter-of-fact suggestion, "Argentina sets the fashion and the pace in South America. What she does the rest'll do. My motto is 'Always aim at the nose of a continent!' Aim at the nose—then the rest of it'll pay attention more than it would if you only tugged at its coat tails."

It had been an enterprising house, McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc., and the partners were young men, young in everything but years. They had borrowed money to go into business, which fact they used to brag about—once they had made a success of it—and had builded and saved and builded. They had extended their lines to all corners of the United States, and now they sought new worlds to conquer.

When they took Skinner into the firm—Skinner, who had been their cashier and had lived in a cage where he used to incubate and evolve big ideas—McLaughlin became even more grandiloquent. "You see, Perk," he'd say with an effort at repression, for he realized that his enthusiasm at times found vent in noise, "we'll have a central organization right here in New York with Skinner in charge most of the time. You and I'll have to do a bit of traveling, Perk, a bit of traveling."

"I shan't be sorry," said Perkins; "I've looked forward to it all my life, traveling."

"It's been my dream, too," said McLaughlin. "Next to Singapore, I've always wanted to see Buenos Aires and the Andes and the Amazon."

With the aforesaid aim in view the partners presently arranged for a six months' trip through the land of their dreams. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, just a week before the day of departure. Everything was bright. They had only the day before received an encouraging cable from their correspondent in Buenos Aires. Yet they were not happy. McLaughlin paced the floor for some minutes, savagely attacked the point of an unresisting weed with his teeth and presently heaved a deep sigh, a sigh that might have been a groan or inarticulate profanity. He turned abruptly to Perkins. "It's got to be done," he growled; "but I never hated to do anything so in my life."

Perkins thrust his hands into his pockets and smiled sardonically. Perkins was the sardonic member of the concern—outwardly sardonic. "I'll do it for you, Mac."

"No, you won't! You're too cold-blooded. It's a delicate job, Perk."

The idea of McLaughlin's doing anything in a delicate way made Perkins smile.

"Ask Skinner to come in," said McLaughlin. "Might as well spring it on him now."

"He's got Jacobs in there. Wait a minute; he's going now."

The sound of Jacobs' closing the door in the hall was followed by the entrance of Skinner into McLaughlin's room.

"I fixed everything up with him," said the youngest partner.

"Was he satisfied?"

"Tickled to death, Mac."

"I knew you'd handle him all right. You're a wonder, Skinner." McLaughlin paused, frowned, then: "Now I've got something that won't tickle you very much, Skinner, my boy."

At McLaughlin's words the fine-fibered Perkins started for the door.

"You stay right here, Perk!" cried McLaughlin. "What I've got to do won't seem so mean if you stay and help me out."

Skinner glanced from Perkins to McLaughlin quickly.

"Pull up a chair, Perk." McLaughlin waited until Perkins had seated himself, then turned abruptly to Skinner. "Skinner"—he paused and swallowed hard—"Skinner, Perk and I have been talking something over. We want to know how you feel about it." He paused.

"I'm listening," said Skinner. "Spring it, Mac, spring it!"

"Skinner, we think there ought to be a change here."

"Change is characteristic of progress, Mac," Skinner observed. "But to be specific?"

"To be specific we think we've got too many old men on the pay roll."

Skinner was silent and McLaughlin construed his silence as opposition. "Perk and I didn't want to say anything to you about it, Skinner," he went on, "until we'd thrashed it out, pro and con, until we'd definitely decided that there was nothing else to do but let them go, because we knew you had a sentimental interest in these men that might warp your judgment. For we're all human."

"Mind you," Perkins observed, "we hate to do this just as much as you do, Skinner, but we look at it from a different viewpoint. You see, it was only a little while ago that you were one of them."

Skinner was still silent.

McLaughlin affected not to realize Skinner's attitude. He went on in a matter-of-fact way: "To begin with, there's Hemingway."

"Hemingway's not an old man," commented Skinner. "He's only fifty."

"We pay him four thousand a year," said McLaughlin. "We could get a younger man to do his work for half that."

"But think what Hemingway knows about the business here! He's been with us for twenty years. He's had charge of that department for eleven years."

"He's only a machine," urged Perkins. "He has no initiative, no spontaneity."

"There's old man Gibbs," McLaughlin went on; "sixty! He does nothing but look after the time account of our men. A boy could do that."

"Gibbs did big work for this house, Mac—very big work," said Skinner.

"That's why we keep him at the same salary. Half his pay is in the form of a pension."

"There's no charity about that either. If you were to count the interest on what Gibbs saved for us it would amount to a good deal more than half his pay."

"Of course we're going to allow him something right along. I thought you'd understand that, Skinner."

"It isn't the money altogether, Mac. This is his occupation. He has nothing else to do. He's all alone in the world. He'll be broken-hearted."

"But he's in the way, Skinner," McLaughlin urged, speaking very low. "We don't want him round. He's too—er—er—venerable for an up-to-date concern.

Deadwood, that's what it is—deadwood. We're full of it here." McLaughlin drummed with his paper cutter, as he always did when anybody opposed him, then broke out with "There's Carlson and Boyce and Williams. First thing you know we'll have to pension them too."

"Why not pension them, Mac? They've drudged a long time to help build up our trade."

"Why not get rid of them before we have to pension them?" observed Perkins.

Skinner stared at his imperturbable partner. "If I didn't know you so well, Perk, I'd think you meant that."

"It did sound a bit cold-blooded, didn't it?" Perkins observed.

"You understand as well as we do, Skinner," McLaughlin went on, "that this big South American venture is going to tax our resources to the limit."

"That has no bearing on this question."

"Yes, it has, too! To begin with, Mitchell and Fredericks and Winant and Lateret cost only half as much as Hemingway and Carlson and Boyce and Williams, and they're right in line of promotion for their jobs. And you can fill their places for less than they're getting now. Besides, we want these young fellows to master the new business we're going to get and grow up with it."

"Our present force can do that."

McLaughlin shook his head. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks, Skinner."

"And over against that very pretty but exploded theory is that ancient truism, 'Never too old to learn.'"

"Oh, rats!" Perkins interjected. "Skinner's only talking for talk's sake, Mac. He's sentimental."

"Frankly, I am sentimental," said Skinner. "I don't like the idea of getting all the good there is in a man for twenty years and then handing him over for somebody else to pension."

"Can that stuff, Skinner!" said Perkins. "This is business."

"That's just what it is, Perk," cried Skinner, swinging round—"business, the most business kind of business! We've paid to educate these men not only in our own line of goods but in our affairs. They have an intimate personal knowledge of the men and concerns we deal with, something no commercial agency could furnish. That education belongs to us just as much as it does to them. We have invested time and money in it. Why should we throw it away? No! We want to capitalize, exploit their wisdom and experience for our own benefit." Skinner turned to McLaughlin. "Remember, Mac, these men are at the very apex of their usefulness."

"That's the trouble, Skinner," rejoined McLaughlin quickly. "Men don't stay at the apex long enough; they begin to go downhill." McLaughlin swung round in his chair. "Why, Skinner, for some time Perk and I have noticed that Hemingway and Carlson and Boyce and Williams are not as efficient as they used to be."

"They do their work, Mac."

"Routine work, yes! Just what they're told to do, yes! And that's all."

"That's just the trouble, Mac. You and Perk and I have been doing their thinking for them. We've always said 'We've decided to do so-and-so; go ahead with it.'"

"Great Scott!" said McLaughlin. "What would you have us do? Let them run the business?"

"Not altogether. Do like Charley Schwab. He says to the head of a department 'Don't come here and ask me what to do; come and tell me what you've decided to do or what you've done.' That's the way to get the spontaneity, the initiative that Perk talks about. The trouble is, Mac, we've been paying our men for their wits and not using anything but their ability to add up columns of figures or spell words or formulate well-rounded sentences in writing letters. We've deadened their capacity for scheming, projecting."

McLaughlin heaved a deep sigh. He was tired of argument. "Skinner," he said caressingly, "don't you think our judgment is entitled to some consideration? Perk and I have been running this business for a long time. We're honestly convinced that we must have young blood here."

"If you put it that way," said Skinner, "it's the only thing I can do. But it's against my best judgment, Mac."

"Oh, rats! Old man," said Perkins, slapping Skinner on the back, "it's sentiment! That's it—sentiment."

"It's settled then, Skinner?" said McLaughlin.

"Yes, it's settled, Mac."

"Skinner," said McLaughlin, "you're the youngest of us. We want you to let these men go while we're away."

Going home that night Skinner was gloomy, depressed. He'd never before run up against the executioner proposition, as he put it. He didn't like the job. He went into the smoker and lighted a strong cigar. He paid small heed to attempts at conversation made by fellow commuters; and after a time they let him alone.

Yes, he hated the job—hated it. But he admitted to himself it had to be done. Somehow he felt like a conspirator. He had known Gibbs and Hemingway and Boyce and Carlson and Williams, known them intimately for years. Not so long ago he had been one of them—a fellow clerk. He thought with a pang how they'd all made a pet of him. What an ovation they had given him when he was made cashier. Even Boyce, who had thought himself slated for the job, had congratulated him. Skinner smiled to himself as he thought how Boyce would have got the job, too, if he hadn't been such a darned good bookkeeper that they couldn't afford to change him. And how glad they all were when he got to be partner. They regarded him as a friend at court who would stick up for them, fight for their interests on the ground of old-time friendship.

And now he was going to cut their heads off, simply because they were old men. The thought made him wince.

When he was one of them Skinner had often heard the boys talk about other men who had got up in the world and then had thrown their old friends over. Probably they'd talk about him that way now. But that didn't bother him. What would happen to them? There was the rub.

There was Carlson—gentle, shy, faithful Carlson. What a small chance he'd stand of getting another job. And Williams—pudgy, comfortable Williams, always good-natured, always looking on the bright side of things. The Williamses' one purpose in life seemed to be to do good to somebody—just to make up for their own childlessness, as Williams put it. When Skinner protested that they were giving away more than they could afford, Williams had said "I'll always have a job here with Mac, and there's a little insurance to take care of her when I'm gone."

"Damnation!" said Skinner aloud.

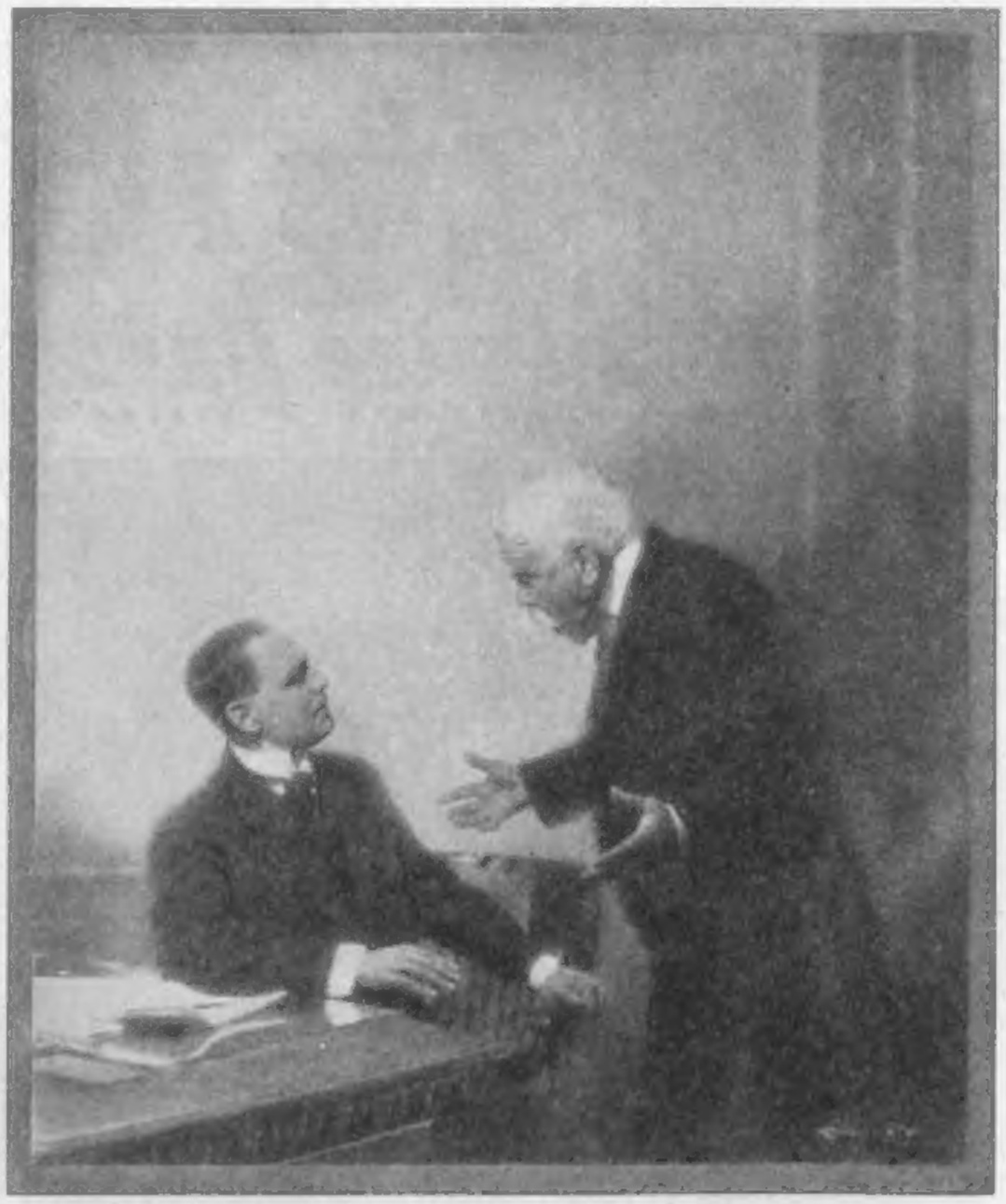
"Huh?" said one of the commuters.

"Nothing," said Skinner, and went on with his gloomy reflections. Hemingway had a boy in school. How Hem had bragged about that boy. How proud he was that he could put him through college. It was his one ambition—the ambition of a man who had had a passion for education himself and had never been able to get it.

"Damnation!" said Skinner again.

"Huh?" said the fellow commuter.

"Oh, nothing," said Skinner.



Hemingway Was Nervous. "Of Course I Shall Come to You, Mr. Skinner, for Instructions? I Shall be Guided by You?"

And Boyce—gruff, cranky Boyce, with a streak of real gold in him.

At the tail end of Skinner's somber reflections came Gibbs—Gibbs, who had always had white whiskers ever since Skinner'd known him. He used to wonder whether Gibbs had ever been a boy and then a young man and then a middle-aged man. He had always regarded him as an old man. Gibbs was a handsome old chap, always an old chap. He had an eaglelike nose that gave him an aristocratic bearing and he lived in a boarding house near Union Square. Skinner had always woven romances about Gibbs, the old hidebound agnostic who had boasted that he wouldn't believe even if one came back from the dead—not much! For years Skinner and Gibbs had made a point of dining together on the twentieth of every month. And it was always "Gibbs" and "Will" then. What kind of a raw handout were they passing Gibbs after years of faithful service?

"Damnation!" said Skinner out loud.

"Huh?" said the fellow commuter.

"Nothing," said Skinner. He looked round.

"Meadeville!" yelled the guard. Skinner jumped up and made a dash for the door.

"I never felt so blue in all my life," said Skinner to Honey that evening as he was dressing for dinner.

"What's the matter, dearie?"

"The darned inconsistency of it all," Skinner growled.

"Inconsistency of what?"

"Here I am getting ready for a jolly birthday dinner, and there's nothing in front of me but the depressing picture of Gibbs and Hemingway and Carlson and Boyce and Williams."

"What's the matter with them?" asked Honey apprehensively; then, after a moment: "I suppose there's no use in my asking you anything. You don't pay any attention to what I say."

The reproach brought Skinner out of his fit of abstraction.

"I've got to let them go."

"What?" cried Honey. "What do you mean?"

"Sack 'em."

"Sack 'em?"

"Yes, sack 'em—hand 'em the blue envelope," said Skinner impatiently.

Honey looked dazed. "I don't grasp——"

"Mac and Perk insist they've got to go."

"They haven't done anything wrong, have they?"

"Yes," Skinner snapped—"the worst kind of wrong nowadays; they've got old! Dry rot, deadwood, Mac and Perk say."

"But you urged Mac not to do it?"

"Of course I did."

Honey's eyes opened wide. "And he wouldn't take your advice?"

Skinner shook his head.

"But you're a partner," Honey protested.

"One partner doesn't hold up a scheme like that; especially the youngest partner."

Honey's eyes flashed indignantly. "The idea of their not listening to you when you know so much more about everything than they do, dearie!"

Skinner laughed. "They did listen to me; that's all the good it did." Skinner was silent for a moment, then blurted out disgustedly: "There's something wrong with the whole blooming business system. The idea of throwing men out just when they're beginning to get some sense! This young-blood obsession makes me tired."

"But what did you say to Mac?" Honey insisted.

"Everything—the economic side of these men—how valuable they were just at their time of life—their experience and all that. But it didn't do any good. Mac and Perk had it all doped out. Mac's only answer was to harp on 'young blood.' Young blood—hah!"

"Too bad; too bad," said Honey.

"There, there!" said Skinner as they started downstairs. "I ought not to have told you this till after dinner."

"Why not, dearie? Aren't we partners?"

Skinner patted Honey's arm fondly.

Nobody knew what an inconsistent thing this particular dinner that marked the fortieth milestone of William Manning Skinner's career was but Skinner and Honey. Every reference made to the occasion seemed to be designed with sardonic significance. Everything seemed to have a direct bearing on the sacking of the old men. Everything seemed to accentuate the folly of what Skinner was about to do, the absurdity of McLaughlin and Perkins' new idea of

throwing their best human material away—chucking their aces and kings into the discard.

"Heavens and earth—forty!" cried Mrs. Colby. "You don't look a day over twenty-eight."

"Skinner's a young-old man, remember," said Humphreys.

"Just getting into the middle-aged class," piped little Jimmy Dooling, who was sixty-five and a millionaire.

"You'll keep on developing for thirty years, Skinner," Briggs chimed in.

"And then you'll sail along an untroubled sea of ripe efficiency for twenty years more," Mrs. Devereaux added.

Skinner groaned inwardly at each felicitation and politely said "Thanks awfully." The fact that he was aware that Honey knew just how he felt and purposely avoided meeting his eyes whenever a particularly telling, though unintentional, shot was fired didn't add to his happiness.

"Tell me, Mr. Dooling," said Skinner suddenly, "how long can a man stay in the middle-aged class?"

"Don't know," said Jimmy. He paused and meditated a bit. Everybody waited for the oracular words, for Dooling, remember, was a millionaire. "A man can stay in the middle-aged class just as long as he wants to, the same as he can stay young as long as he wants to, or get old just as quick as he wants to."

"What do you mean by middle-aged, Mr. Dooling?" said Mrs. Colby. For be it understood the ladies of the party were quite as interested in the subject as the men, though in a different way.

"Anywhere from forty to seventy."

"Seventy!"

Jimmy grinned at Mrs. Colby's amazement. "I meant ninety."

"Now I know you're poking fun at me, Mr. Dooling."

Honey noticed that Skinner was listening keenly to Dooling's words. "I'll bet he's got something in that dear old nut of his—something about the blue-envelope boys," she thought.

"Poking fun? I guess not!" said Jimmy. "They're advertising for men over sixty in New England."

"Did you see the ad yourself?" said Skinner. Skinner knew Dooling wouldn't let so small a thing as the lack of a fact stand in the way of an argument.

Dooling didn't answer. Instead he produced a letter.

"Here is something I received from one of the greatest employers of labor in this country," he said. "Shall I read it?"

"By all means," said Skinner.

"Very good then. Listen:

"I believe that in skilled work a factory that consistently employs so-called 'old men' would produce more goods per year than would a similar factory making exactly similar goods with a like number of young men. This would be due to two things: Less spoiled work on the part of the more-experienced 'old men,' and better attendance at the factory—even allowing for the prevailing idea that 'old men' have more sickness than do young men. This assumed weakness of the average 'old man' is, in my opinion, more than counterbalanced by the loss of time on the part of the 'young man' due to his having more interests outside of his business that appeal to him strongly enough to cause him to stay away from work."

"That applies to men working in factories," said Skinner.

"Not altogether," said Dooling. "Listen to the rest of the letter:

"In callings where experience or ability to reason from one's experience or the recorded experience of others is the foundation of a man's value, it follows that the man of forty to seventy is, in the main, better than the young man."

"Good!" cried Skinner. "Good! That's what I wanted to know. Anything else?"

"A matter of prime importance," said Dooling. "Listen." He read:

"My idea is to get a good man, no matter what his age, provided he is normal in health. If we could, as a nation, get our people to pay more attention to their health, Doctor Osler would have to add another forty years to his original forty."*

"How interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Colby. "How very interesting!"

"Who'd have believed it!" said Humphreys.

"I've had experience—I know!" exclaimed Dooling. He paused, then: "I've made most of my money out of men over forty. I let other men pay for their education—then I get the benefit of it. Just as the writer of this letter says, it isn't that they do more work but that they do better work than young men, and it doesn't cost you so much to pay for the damage they do."

"I've always understood that men's inventive faculties begin to wane at forty," said Mrs. Colby.

"Ridiculous," said Dooling, "ridiculous! I never began to invent till I was forty. I was an old man then. I didn't like being an old man either—made up my mind I'd never be old again—not if I knew it!" His China-blue eyes twinkled like diamonds set in a withered peach.

"An old man at forty," said Skinner, "and a young man at—er—er ——"

"Sixty-five," Dooling supplied. He grinned. "And getting younger every minute!"

"How do you account for it?" said Skinner.

"Simple enough," said Mrs. Colby. "He thought young thoughts. He associated with young people and all that sort of thing. Mental, that's the whole thing, mental!"

"I call anything mental that has wits to it," said Dooling, stirring uneasily in his chair lest Mrs. Colby's words precipitate one of those ultramodern discussions which he didn't understand and which he cordially disliked.

Honey realized that Skinner's mood had undergone a gradual change while they were talking. Out of the tail of her eye she noted the keen interest that he took in Dooling's words. So she was not surprised when at the first break in the talk he exclaimed with real Skinneresque enthusiasm:

"By Jove, I've got an idea!" He looked round, then: "Yes, it's a big idea!"

"Just get it?" said Briggs.

"It's been coming to me all through dinner—just arrived."

"Let's have it, Skinner," said Colby.

"Wait a bit. Not quite ready."

"Bluff," said Humphreys, "bluff!"

*An authentic letter.

"Not much it ain't!" cried Dooling. "I know Skinner. There's two brands of ideas I take stock in—the Dooling brand and the Skinner brand. I put mine first because that made me rich. Your brand hasn't done that for you yet, Skinner—not yet, but soon."

"Good!" cried Colby, taking the cue and raising his glass. "Not yet, but soon! Here's to you, Skinner, and your big idea! May you never grow old!"

A week after McLaughlin and Perkins had sailed Skinner said to Honey over the dinner table: "I've just begun to realize that there are two sides to this 'old man' proposition."

"What do you mean, dearie?"

"Just this: Mac is right and the blue-envelope boys are right. Mac is wrong and the blue-envelope boys are wrong. It's this way, Honey: I've told you what Mac said—what his attitude was."

"Well?"

"Mac has always regarded the boys in an impersonal mathematical way. He has seen them only as machines, tools—something that was expected to produce certain results. And he was right, from that point of view. But I knew the warm-blooded human side of them. That prejudiced me as Mac said, warped my judgment."

"To be concrete?" said Honey.

"To be concrete, Gibbs and Hemingway and Carlson and Williams and Boyce have always been in the habit of reporting directly to Mac and Perk—they've kept doing it even since I became a partner. The result is, I never got a line on that side of them. But since I've had full charge I'm beginning to get Mac's point of view. I realize now what he meant when he complained that the boys lacked initiative. I can see now that they were in the habit of going to him for decisions on the most trifling matters."

Skinner sipped his demi-tasse in silence, then suddenly burst out enigmatically and so far as Honey could see without any provocation, "Ruts!" He paused, then went on: "The boys have been living in ruts so long that they can't see there's an outside world. They're in 'em so deep that they can't see over the sides. They've forgotten that there's a blue sky above, plenty of sunshine. They've got rut egotism; and that's the worst kind; the father of 'em all."

"What are you going to do about it, dearie?"

Skinner laughed. "I'm kind of up against it, Honey. It's a delicate matter. I can't go to the boys as Mac or Perk would. They'd think I was trying to patronize them just because I was a step higher. They'd think I had a swelled head."

"How are you going to do it, then?"

"I'm going to give them a jolt—jolt them out of their ruts—make them realize. Realization is the first stone in the foundation of reform, you know." Skinner mused. "Yes, it goes even further back—it's the digging of the hole for the foundation."

"But how jolt them out, dearie?"

"Don't know. It'll come to me all of a sudden. Such things always do."

On the way to town the next morning Skinner pondered on how to jolt the blue-envelope boys out of their ruts and didn't get the idea till he reached his office. Then his subliminal self, which had been working on the puzzle, plumped the answer at him and he sent for Hemingway.

"Hem," said Skinner when that gentleman appeared, "I find that the extra work that was thrown on my shoulders when Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Perkins went away is too much for me. I'm going to ask you to take charge of the entire Northwestern territory that Mr. Perkins used to manage." As he spoke Skinner watched Hemingway through half-closed lids.

(Continued on Page 41)

"Oh, Good Morning, Mr. Hemingway. . . . No, I Can't Reach Him. . . . Sorry, But It Doesn't Make Any Difference Even if It Is Very Important"

HOW RICH MEN INVEST

By Albert W. Atwood

SO GRADUALLY and unostentatiously do many great institutions grow that their very existence is scarcely noted until some sudden crisis brings them to the fore. The investments of the rich have always been a source of wonder to other people and will so continue as long as private property endures. If the rich man is especially fortunate in his purchase of bonds and stocks he is the envied and often muckraked of us all. If he is unfortunate in his investments we take a mildly comforting pleasure in his reverses and gravely nod our heads to the wise and profound reflection that even millionaires are only human after all.

But popular attention has hardly ever been focused for even the briefest interval upon the possibly somewhat technical but none the less significant subject of just how the rich man does invest. There is no comprehension of how extensive have become the systems and machinery that enable the rich to invest—the network of trustees, agents and lawyers, the trusteed estates, the almost dynastic banking and brokerage affiliations.

Here is a great silent fabric of protecting and conserving forces working with eternal vigilance to maintain intact the massed accumulations of wealth. It is a system which the public sees often enough at this point or that, but whose full meaning is seldom revealed. Obviously, however, the machinery of millionaire investment must more and more be employed in the public need. If the war continues long the rich will continually invest in government bonds, and all the agencies which they normally employ in the investigation, purchase and control of a wide variety of private enterprises will be placed to a greater or less degree at the disposal of the nation.

Large accumulated wealth is very much like geology or society—it forms into strata or groups. You might think that the possession of twenty or fifty million dollars would constitute a freemasonry of twenty-millionaires or fifty-millionaires, or whatever the amount may be, like a card in the plumbers' union. Not so. Even when it comes to making investments the millionaires tend to stratify.

Camouflage in Wall Street

AND so if one will take the list of members of the New York Stock Exchange, which happens to be the most important single investment center and medium of the country, he can trace out the attempt to perpetuate, through investment or speculation, practically every distinct capitalistic group and most of the larger fortunes in the country. There are the brokerage firms that spring from and presumably handle the business of the mammoth Standard Oil estates. There are scores of firms that can be traced directly to railroad fortunes, indeed to the whole fraternity, as it were, of railroad presidents past and present. Steel, tobacco, cotton, banking and steamships—all these and many others are represented.

More curious still are the national and racial groups. There are powerful firms of bankers and brokers through whom it is evident that Americans of French and Swiss descent place their investments, others with distinctly Dutch and British connections and flavor, and dozens through which the surplus incomes of the wealthier German-Americans find employment. Scores of firms cater almost entirely to Gentiles, and just as many others to Jews.

How diverse are the origins and continuance of ponderous accumulated wealth is strikingly shown by the membership of this great central investment institution. In a dozen firms will be found the visible evidence of the relatively ancient affluence of New York's Knickerbocker families in such names as Schuyler, Rutherford, Livingston, Beekman, Van Rensselaer, Hoffman, Barclay, Fish and a dozen others. Or another group apparently owes its livelihood to the accumulations of less distinctly Knickerbocker elements in New York's Four Hundred. Nor is Boston's Back Bay lacking with its sprinkling of such names as Cabot, Peabody, Lawrence and Shaw. One can pick out groups that stand for the solid wealth of Philadelphia, Baltimore and other conservative centers of old abundance. Here and there is a plunging firm that stands for the supposedly free-handed and breezy millionaire from the West.

Nor are law and politics neglected, for these are sometimes as closely connected with the creation and maintenance of large fortunes, if not directly their cause, as oil and steel. There are firms the names of whose partners plainly suggest the connection that sometimes exists between Tammany Hall and Wall Street, and still others that date back to the good old days when Republicanism was synonymous with large bank accounts.

Now it must not be supposed that the investments of the rich are the easiest and simplest things in the world to attend to. There are many penalties attached to the possession of great wealth, but none more curious than the difficulties which attend the accumulation of a big line of stocks by such a man. There is no occupation in the world that requires more skill in suddenly changing tactics and scenery—or more astuteness and shrewdness. I asked a partner in a large brokerage and banking house through what firms men of conspicuous wealth usually made their purchases, at least of those securities whose chief market is on the Stock Exchange.

"I cannot tell you," was the reply, "because the business is so scattered. Such men rarely buy through large firms with which you might think they would have some connection because of family or business ties or which you might suppose they would pick out because of their size and strength. They more and more tend to pick out small and unknown firms to execute their orders. Why? Just take this case:

"Suppose Henry C. Frick came in here and bought 10,000 shares of United States Steel. That would be about the finest tip in the world that Steel was a good buy, and we would immediately load up. We can afford to, as we have several millions capital. But we might spoil Mr. Frick's game if we did that, so he goes to some firm that has so small a capital that it cannot do anything but a strictly brokerage business. Another reason he would go to a small firm is because no one can attach any significance to it, and having significance attached to their buying or selling is what the big fellows use all the wits they have to prevent."

Mr. Frick is not only one of the half dozen richest men in the country but one of the largest owners—if not the largest individual owner—of many important stocks, and so Wall Street watches his slightest move with interest. He is supposed to have favored a certain large brokerage firm and is known to be on terms of close friendship with two of its partners. Another broker, whose offices are close by those of this house with its imagined regal patronage, was discussing the subject and announced with wide-eyed surprise:

"I hear Frick bought 100,000 shares of Steel the other day and not a share went through the house next door."

"Of course they don't handle Frick's orders," said a man who is perhaps closer to the actual detailed daily machinery of Wall Street than any other, "but Frick wants people to think they do. Why, it saves him thousands of dollars to be seen playing a rubber of whist at the Metropolitan Club with his friend"—naming the senior partner of the firm—"or to be seen dining with him.

"Do you suppose these big men ever do the obvious thing? Camouflage was used in Wall Street before the French ever heard of the word. Concealing their acts by changing the machinery is absolutely necessary."

"Well," said I, naming a man worth $60,000,000, "how would Mr. —— buy stocks?"

When Selling is Secret and Silent

"I DON'T know how he does it," said my informant with his most ingratiating official smile, "but I know exactly how I should do it if I were Mr. —— And," with a burst of frankness, "this is the way the big fellows actually do it: Mister Rich Man telephones a broker. 'What do you think of the market?' asks Mister Rich Man. 'I don't know,' replies the broker. 'Neither do I,' says Mister Rich Man; 'but I tell you what you do: If Union Pacific goes down three points buy me a couple of thousand shares.'

"And you and I know darn well," continued my informant, "that Mister Rich Man had already some time previously sold two thousand shares of Union through another broker to insure its going down to where he wanted it. You must remember that the accumulation or distribution of big lines of stock requires a long time—is often extended over many months. You will recall that in the famous leak inquiry on President Wilson's peace note Bernard M. Baruch testified that all the time he was selling short on such a tremendous scale he was buying also, in order that no one might suspect that he was a consistent seller.

"You will also recall as showing how careful certain operators are to conceal their hand that the testimony in the Columbus & Hocking case some years ago showed that the managers of the syndicate in the stock could not discover for months where the selling was coming from."

Several of the richest men in the country, including John D. Rockefeller, Percy Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, Mortimer L. Schiff, and several of the Goulds, are themselves members of the Stock Exchange and could, if they so desired, go on the floor and buy stocks and bonds without paying any of the commissions which they do pay to others to buy for them, and which in the aggregate must be very large. But if any of these gentlemen should appear on the Exchange

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"UNCLE SAM IS MY BOSS!"

THE HAIR OF THE DOG

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

SATAN, in a sense, is wiser than God, and, in a sense, stronger. God cannot know evil as Satan knows it. In a sense, too, all that keeps evil from ruling this joyful world is lack of imagination. Evil cannot imagine itself in another's place; if it could it would not be evil. And because it cannot it falls into error.

Thus, Sam Forest was wiser in experience than the priest who confessed him. But the priest understood men better.

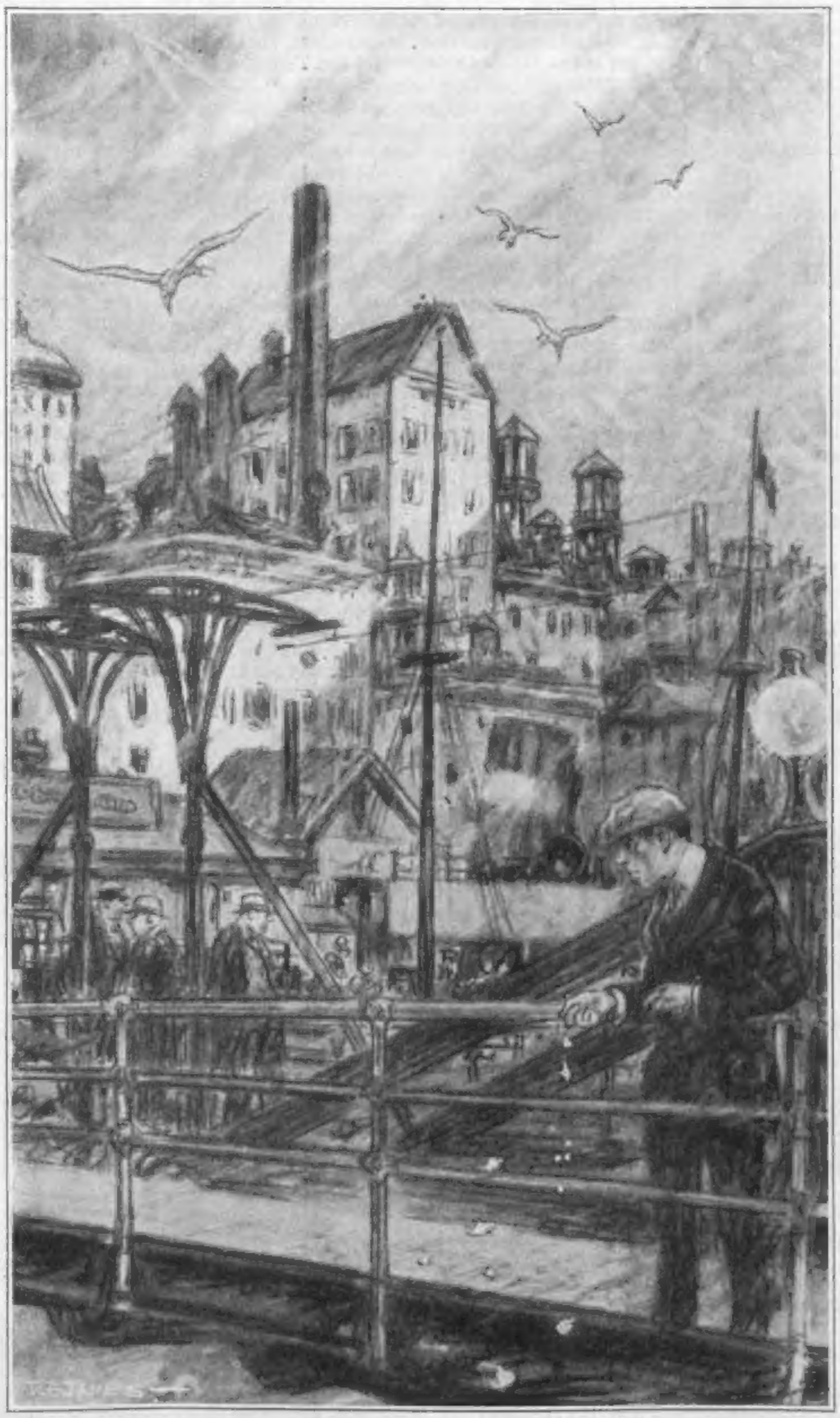
Sam paused inside the door while he transferred a plugged quarter from his spending to his storage pocket; he remembered that plugged money in a downtown store is apt to attract notice. Sam wished to buy and be forgotten. He had already walked from his room off Larrabee Street into the Loop, among strangers, a matter of two and a half miles, in order to purchase a pad of writing paper, a five-cent bottle of ink, and a pen. Too many North Side merchants remembered their customers. Sam was like the Germans, who think of almost everything.

"Mos' any kin' of ink. Sure—black ink. An' cheap paper I can write on. An' one—two pens. Sure—bot' different. No holder—I got a holder!"

After paying for his purchases with uncrippled money, Sam crossed to Clark and walked south another half mile to the main post office, where he bought a stamped envelope for three cents. He might have saved himself this journey, but he was timid about using the Chicago Avenue branch post office, nearer home. As he had plenty of time and, besides, had an interesting use for his carfare nickels, he again set out on foot, reaching his room within the hour. Here he leisurely locked the door and proceeded to complete his preparations for writing.

He first carefully untied his parcels, twisting wrappings and twine into a screw, to the flaring loose edge of which he touched a match. He performed this action automatically, as if he had done the same thing many times before. And when a second match was required, and then an untwisting of the spiral and a third match, he did not become nervous. He gave the subject of the wrappings his entire attention until they were quite consumed on the floor. Wrapping paper and twine can sometimes be identified.

That Sam was a brain boy, or wise guy, can no longer be concealed. He knew of things before they happened. His mind planned ahead. He possessed foresight. Thoroughness was his religion, his blood, his breath, his life. Every effect has its cause: control the causes and all effects are yours in advance. He lived among the causes. Like Von Kluck, he ate his Christmas dinners in Paris. Such and such preparations, such and such precautions, so many days, so many miles—and thereafter the life eternal. The trains of Paradise are never late.



Sam Believed in Destroying Each Tiniest Bit of Evidence as He Went Along

Sam now lifted down a box of tools from his table and brushed off the space it had occupied. Upon this cleared ground he laid his pad of scratch paper. Then he hunted through the table drawer until he found his penholder, exchanging the pen in it for one of those newly acquired. The old pen he laid aside for further use. Requiring a chair he removed a package of laundry from the only one in the room and swung it round into position. He also carefully opened the bottle of ink; and when a large splash dropped from the bubbly cork upon the pine top of the table he scraped away the spot with his knife so as to leave no trace. He did not purpose to have any chemists making analyses out of his life.

Then he seated himself and began laboriously inditing a letter.

After many pauses and much deliberation he managed to complete something of what he wished to say, though in a cramped, unformed hand. He did not sign this letter and fold it for mailing; instead, he laid it in front of him and began copying it upon a fresh sheet, using disguised printed characters instead of the script of the original. He knew enough about handwriting evidence to know its danger. The printed characters were safer; not even an expert could tell much from them.

This sheet he signed and folded, placing it inside the stamped envelope, which he then sealed. The address he wrote from memory, using printed characters similar to the sprawling ones of the letter.

As he had no further writing to do at the moment, Sam removed the used pen from the penholder and replaced the old one. This action, like the preceding, was automatically and unhesitatingly initiated; he had foreseen it—had, indeed, practiced it before. The used pen was likewise unhesitatingly disposed of by the simple method of dropping it into the ink bottle. He then held up the original letter by one corner and burned it; after which he tore the remainder of the pad into small fragments and stuffed the pieces into his pocket. The ink-stained pine scrapings from the table top he also thrust into his pocket.

He now rose, ground the ashes from the burned paper into the floor with his heel, and, after replacing the cork, added the ink bottle to the débris in his pocket. The letter he thrust into hiding beneath his coat; the wound in the table top he carefully soiled with a piece of oily rag; and the box of tools he lifted back to the place it had formerly occupied.

Having no further preparations to make indoors, he started out upon another long walk, this time southward and westward. When he came to the river he paused long enough on the bridge to remove the cork from the ink bottle and sail cork and bottle into the languid heavy water. The bottle elected to remain in Chicago and sank at once; but the cork set out buoyantly down the river for New Orleans and the fragrant South. He also emptied his pocket of paper fragments and shavings, watching them flutter whitely downward to the water and change color. Before leaving, he turned the pocket inside out. He believed in destroying each tiniest bit of evidence as he went along.

These errands done, he continued across the bridge, and then on to the next bridge, in order to mail his letter in a postal district farther from home. He walked for nearly an hour before finding a mail box that suited him. When at last he deposited his letter and turned to retrace his steps his mind was at rest. The future had been foreseen. He could now go as far as he liked. Nothing that could come up would ever point to him.

II

"I'M NOT going to marry," Paul Lombard used to say to his married friend Fulton, "until I can marry a woman plus."

He meant that he did not intend to marry until he could marry Vita Monaca. And, as he had imagination, he did not.

The plus later proved to represent more than intelligence and beauty; for Vita was the daughter of a grocer out of Palermo, who lived in Milton Avenue, so called, toward the heart of Italian Chicago. Old Monaca had forbidden the American his house. Paul had thereupon imagined himself—with the aid of the Newberry Library—a Sicilian, and later had made expensive financial arrangements with an unimagined Sicilian to conduct an abduction from Monaca's house. When the dust had died down Vita was his wife, Monaca his father-in-law, and all inhabitants of Palermo compatriots by marriage.

Paul, who was a machinist by trade, had specialized in the care of that complicated and temperamental class of automatic machinery known as the turret lathe, or screw machine. He was far and away the best screw-machine man in the shop. Had he been more aggressive he would have been made foreman long ago.

But he had allowed himself to be imposed upon. He had permitted the impression to be formed that his temper was that of rain water, that his mind was putty, and that his muscles and bones were strictly neutral in matters of foreign policy—in short, that he possessed ribbon knees and a backbone of clothesline. He had become known as the shop coward.

Had the exploit by which he had gained his wife been suspected, the attitude of his companions might have been modified.

Upon the Monday following the adventure of Sam's bottle of ink, Paul, who had all but finished setting up a multiple-spindle automatic to cut out a channeled ring, made a final adjustment of the forming tool and shifted the belt to the work pulley. As the machine swung into

its pace he saw big Jacobson, the shop bully, walking toward him.

Jacobson had an ugly, threatening glint in his eye.

"Haven't noticed what guys 'a' been using the stock room?" he asked abruptly.

"Not especially," replied Paul. "Why?"

"I left my mike in there. Some guy swiped it."

"That's four times in three days. You'll have to hire a boy, Jake. Mikes are scarce as razor blades this year."

They were scarcer; the sudden demand made by the war had quite stripped the market of micrometers of every grade. A machinist cannot well work without a micrometer.

"What Kept You?" Vita Asked

"I've looked everywhere," growled Jacobson. "It was swiped, all right."

"Nobody in this shop ——"

"Would what? Steal? Wouldn't they, now? I know, because I know who stole it. Wallace."

"Then why don't you ask him for it?"

"I can't prove it on him; that's why. I know he was in the stock room, but I can't prove it. I thought maybe you saw him come out."

The reasoning did not seem convincing; but it was not Paul's affair. Jacobson passed on. Paul did not think of him again until the noon hour, when he saw him surreptitiously tacking up a placard on a post; he noticed the action because of the previous conversation. A little later, when Wallace walked up to the placard and began reading it, he had the curiosity to do likewise.

Jacobson had taken a square of wrapping paper and upon it had written a boyish warning, using printed characters by way of disguising his identity:

"Wallace, Lumberd saw you take it. Better give it back before you die!"

Wallace, after reading through the insult, waited until Paul, also, had read it; then he calmly stripped off the offending card and ripped it to shreds.

"Jacobson makes a poor liar, don't you think?"

"You beat me to it," said Paul. "Stupid poor! His lies squint out at you cross-eyed."

"I claim the first wipe at him. Then I'll send him to you."

"I hope you'll tell him what I said."

"I'll remember to do that."

When Wallace found Jacobson a little later the note-poster was surrounded by friends and acquaintances. The result was such disagreeable publicity that the object of it saw he must either cool his cakes or swallow them hot. He decided he would try to cool them. Paul, he said, was the man at fault. He loudly announced his intention of making that poor liver-wit Lombard do some steep camming or take a jam.

He backed up his boasting by waiting for Paul at quitting time that evening. He carried a fight on either shoulder. No invertebrates were to be left alive by him thereafter; none anywhere!

"What's this you've been telling Wallace about me?" Jacobson demanded loudly.

But the Paul Lombard who had knocked at old Monca's door was not an invertebrate. Give him a cause. To-night he had a cause.

Paul's reply was accompanied by a smile—and a glance downward at his right hand, which had quietly laid hold upon a murderous hexagon steel bar.

"Why," he said softly, "I told him that your lies were stupid—that they squint out at one cross-eyed."

Jacobson looked at Paul and then at the steel bar. Then he again looked at Paul. Then, seeing no way out of it, he swallowed his cakes hot.

"Oh!" he began. "Was that it? I must have misunderstood him something fierce. Sorry I made the mistake."

And, with a grimace, he turned on his heel. The shop bully had backed down before the shop coward.

The time was the end of the following day. Paul, closing down his last machine, watched the final spurts of tool oil submerge the stock, fade into a trickle, and stop. Then he went to the sink, scrubbed his hands pink with pumice soap, rinsed them under the faucet, dried them on the roller towel, turned down his shirt sleeves and, donning his coat and hat, started for the street door. He did not take a car, but walked to his flat, thus adding five cents to his wages.

On the way home he allowed his imagination to replace the scenes of show window and pavement with pictures of Vita busy about the flat. He liked to think of her so, singing at her work. At this point she would be brewing the coffee; at this other she would be slicing the bread, not too far in advance for it to be fresh; at this next she would be dishing up the liver and onions. He could almost smell the homely odors. Then she would seem to look up at him with her wonderful smile, and his heart would catch with the pain of his happiness. And, since he was imaginative, he did not fail to understand that she was as happy as he, and that her happiness was the cause of his own.

Vita, who had seen his approach from the bedroom window, was at the door to meet him. He looked at her closely. To-night there was a subtle difference in her greeting; she seemed to be both more relieved than usual and, at the same time, less light-hearted; and her kiss was a shade tremulous.

"What kept you?" she asked.

He glanced at his watch. The hour was half past six; he seldom arrived earlier.

"Nothing. Your clock must be fast, Vitakins. I'm not as late as I was Friday night and Thursday night."

"I've been waiting so long."

She did not say any more just then; but he thought he understood. As she turned to the kitchen his imagination again began forming little pictures of her; and because they were tender pictures he smiled at them. He knew she was impatient to tell him something. She would first bring in the hot dishes; then she would pour the coffee and he would serve the meat and vegetables; she would laugh at the book agent who had tried to sell her another cookbook; they would pass each other the salt and bread; she would remember to ask for further word of Mr. Jacobson. A little later she would remove the dishes and bring in the surprise dessert, perhaps a wine-colored fruit gelatin with a hat of whipped cream; and toward the end of the dinner she would casually introduce the important subject.

But the little pictures did not quite come true. She did not laugh at the book agent; nor did she ask for further word of the shop bully. Throughout the meal she seemed to be watching him as if with anxiety.

"Did anything go wrong? And are you waiting for me to notice it? Well, I haven't noticed it; you'll have to tell me."

She shuddered at the lightly spoken words. He noticed, also, that she glanced at the mantel.

"I wish you could get off earlier," she said.

"Small chance! The house has just taken on an order for sixty-eight million pieces—government work. Figure it out: If one machine will cut four thousand pieces a day, how long will it take it to cut the entire job? Fifty-odd years. They're giving us three months!"

Again he caught her glancing at the mantel.

"Any mail?"

"Nothing of importance," she replied evasively.

"Now I'm through. Out with it! Is it a bill that's haunting my little wife?"

She made an effort to smile across the table at him; but there was no smile in her eyes.

"Something is worrying you, then."

"No."

"I believe you're frightened, Vita. What has frightened you?"

"Wait until after supper."

"That's the present moment."

"Let me give you some more gelatin."

"Not now; maybe after you tell me."

When she saw that he would eat no more she rose and crossed to the mantel.

"This came for you this afternoon," she said, laying a letter before him.

Paul noticed that she handled the missive as though she dreaded even to touch it, holding it by the edges between thumb and forefinger, and that when she gave it to him she was almost reluctant to let him touch it.

"Why, it's Jacobson again!"

The envelope was addressed in printed characters such as the bench hand had used the day before. And not only the envelope. Inside it a folded sheet of cheap paper proved to be covered likewise with crudely printed characters. Vita shook her head sadly as she watched him tear the envelope across the end, remove its contents and read the message.

"Let me see it, Paul."

"I'll have to have this thing out with Jacobson," he said, handing her the letter. "That's a bad joke."

She took it gingerly and began to read it. As she progressed her hand sought her heart and she stopped; but when Paul tried to relieve her of it she would not yield it up.

The letter purported to be a blackmailer's demand for money:

P Lumberd leaf 2000 dollars in your cote hang it in Roti's washroom seven occlock Tusdy or death no tricks ether. Black Hand.

"Oh!" cried Vita. "Oh!"

He placed his arm about her and kissed her. Then he went into the matter of Jacobson's literary activities with some thoroughness.

"Don't let his geese scare you," he continued. "This isn't really a blackmailing letter. Jacobson's only trying to frighten me by jumping out from behind a bush. I thought we had cured him of that trick. But apparently not."

He held up the letter in scorn.

"Why, read it, Vita! You can see it was written to get even. Every line of it shows that. You can see Jacobson's pig eyes behind every other word. I know he wrote it!"

Paul was so positive about it, and so plausible, that Vita allowed herself to be persuaded that he was right; for she was young. She agreed that a man who would write one printed note might write two. Paul had humiliated Jacobson. Nothing was more likely than that the big bench hand should make a final attempt at revenge. Here, however, she went further than Paul. If such was the case Jacobson should now desire peace, like a woman who has had the last word. Vita, shrinking from a continuance of the feud, therefore, made her acceptance of Paul's argument conditional upon his dropping the matter forthwith. And Paul promised.

With that cloud blown over the horizon, they resumed their usual life. The week passed placidly. Paul was again wholly contented, Vita again light-hearted and happy. They did their shopping Saturday afternoon; they put their little surplus into the bank Saturday night; they went to church Sunday morning; they visited the parents Sunday afternoon. And on Monday Paul again took up his work at the shop, walking home as usual Monday evening.

The Door Gave Way; and the Next Moment He Was Staggering Out of Balance Across the Lighted Kitchen

But they had not known their cloud. Paul, his eyes filled with pictures, arrived at the flat at half past six, to find Vita in tears. In her hand she held a second letter, sent this time by special delivery:

P Lumberd put $2000 in a black bag agenst bote black stan noble street at division bifor sundy midnite or we blow up your flat. Black Hand.

III

AN AUTOMATIC screw machine is fascinating to watch. The stock, extending out upon supports at one end, is automatically fed forward, positioned, clutched; after which oil is pumped over it to keep it cool while one cutting tool after another is advanced against it. When the fabrication has assumed the form desired it is cut off, likewise automatically, falling completed into the collecting trough, or passing into the care of subsidiary automatic machinery to sustain further operations, such as slotting.

To maintain such a machine in tight running order requires the care of a skilled man. The material worked upon is usually steel; the

cuts are usually heavy; tools quickly grow dull; and the permissible variation in size of the completed articles frequently runs as low as one one-thousandth of an inch—or one-third the thickness of a sheet of ordinary book paper.

Paul began his day's work by inspecting his machines. It was nearly ten before he was able to give thought to his personal troubles.

The letter had obviously become a grave menace. His first impulse was to give the case to the police. Why he did not would be harder to explain than to understand. He did not believe the police could help him. He thought he shrank from acting as a decoy, as he would have to do if the police undertook to capture anybody; but beyond that the spirit of his home subtly forbade. He was Vita's husband; Monaca's son-in-law. Would Monaca, in his place, have rushed to the police? Paul knew he would not. He had not done so when Vita was abducted. But, if not the police—what?

Paul managed to get word to his father-in-law to meet him at the door that evening. On the way home he plunged into his problem without preliminaries. He told the old man of the first letter; gave the words as nearly as he could; gave his reasons for believing that it was sent by Jacobson. Then he showed him the second.

He ended by explaining why he now believed Jacobson had not written either letter.

"It may be a practical joke, just the same. Still ——"

"It's blackmail!" said Monaca positively. "It's the growl of a wolf through his teeth. You will see it's no practical joke."

"What is your best advice in that case, father-in-law?"

Monaca looked gravely at Paul. If he remembered how sternly that young man had held him against the parlor wall with a pistol, and how dashingly he had then carried off Vita to be his bride, his somber eyes did not light up with much confidence that such deeds could be repeated. Least of all did his ironical words of advice indicate a belief that they would be; though Paul had a feeling that they would have been meant literally if spoken to another.

"My advice is, dear son-in-law, to buy a sawed-off shotgun and load it with buckshot in front of powder. Then shoot him."

"Shoot whom?"

Monaca shrugged his shoulders. "You asked for my best advice."

"What would be your second-best advice, father-in-law?"

"Pay over the money."

"And in case I do not?"

"He will blow up the flat. You, too, if you stay in it."

"And in case I don't and he does?"

"Oh, he'll probably let it go at that and not bother you again."

The time was the following noon. The suggestion sprang from his clash with Jacobson.

What was done must be done quickly, he knew. He at once sought out Kaiser and asked for the remainder of the week off. Kaiser told him that this could not be—he could not be spared. But when Paul threatened to quit Kaiser changed his coat; if the request was that important he would, of course, grant it.

Paul first called at his bank, where he drew out fifty dollars. He then took a car for down town.

His immediate destination was the Telephone Building, in order to apply for telephone service in time for its installation. Here by dint of persuasion, and with his bank for a reference, he was able to secure the promise of a connection within two days. The telephone was essential to his plan and not extravagance.

He now crossed the Washington Avenue bridge into the West Side, where he expected to spend the rest of the afternoon among the stores and machinists' supply houses of the district. With these he was professionally familiar.

"I Know Who Stole It. But I Can't Prove It"

He began with the nearest, which was a hardware store. Here he purchased one dozen Bessemer steel wire springs, close coil, one inch in diameter, ten inches long, each capable of exerting a twenty-five-pound pull. For these he paid one dollar and sixty cents. Two dozen steel screw-eyes, with which to anchor the springs, cost him thirty cents more.

"Door springs?" asked the clerk.

"Coffin springs."

"Oh!"

He also bought at this place sixteen strips of flat bar iron, each one inch wide, one-eighth of an inch thick and fourteen feet long, for twenty cents a bar, or three dollars and twenty cents in all; three gross of one-inch number sixteen roundhead screws, at ninety cents; four spools of annealed steel wire; two pounds of medium staples; an electric buzzer; a pair of battery cells; and one hundred and thirty feet of insulated double wire, to connect up the buzzer, battery and circuit breaker into a circuit.

As the purchase weighed well over a hundred pounds, he asked to have it delivered at the flat.

From the hardware store he went to a machinists' supply house, where he purchased one hundred machine bolts one-fourth of an inch in diameter, twenty-five of them being three inches and a half long and the rest two inches. For these he paid ninety cents. Two pounds of washers to fit these bolts cost him twenty-five cents more.

He next visited a secondhand store, buying there a screw-feed bench drill, hand operated, for two dollars and twenty-five cents, including a quarter-inch twist drill. Another secondhand store offered him a twenty-six-pound wrought-iron machinist's vise for two dollars and ten cents, and a hack saw and blade for thirty cents. He was obliged to pay a delivery charge of twenty-five cents on these goods.

The other tools he needed, such as cutting and bending pliers, monkey wrench, screwdriver, crosscut saw, plane, chisels, bit and brace, files and hammers, were already owned by him. Still others could be had at the shop.

He completed his afternoon's adventure by buying twenty-five feet of strong square-mesh wire cloth, thirty-six inches wide, three openings to the inch, and with soldered intersections, at twenty cents a linear foot, and by the purchase at the Farragut Lumber Company's yards of three twelve-foot lengths of two-by-six planks.

IV

SAM FOREST, who made his living out of duller people, left his room shortly after eleven. This was Sunday night and he had an appointment.

Sam turned into Larrabee, and a little later into Division. There was no moon; the stars were obscured by clouds; his steps were leading him away from the lights of East Division. But he knew where he was going and had about as much fear of darkness as the prince of it has. Darkness was his own ocean. Sam swam lightly in darkness; or, to change the figure, no mole was more completely at home in his unlighted galleries underground than was Sam in his aboveground.

At Halsted he was detained for nearly six minutes by a slow-moving freight train. A California Street car drew up while he was waiting; its lights and the movement and noise of the train made the corner seem less deserted. But the red lamps of the caboose passed him at last; the trolley car moved on, humming a rising song; and as he followed it westward the street again became dark and silent.

Crossing the bridge over the East Channel, he sauntered on past the vacant lots and railroad yards and factory fences and coal bunkers of the Island. After a while he came to the bascule bridge over the West Channel. This he crossed to the mainland.

Here he became more closely observant of the dark corners and shadows that might harbor lurkers. Now and then a billow of rainbow-hued flame from the gas works to the left obliterated old shadows or created new ones, and he observed these revelations also.

He saw no one, however. Passing Elston Avenue, and later the depression under the Northwestern tracks, he approached the designated corner.

Did Sam, as he walked into the lights of Noble Street, take out his watch to see whether it was yet twelve o'clock? And did he then, after turning north into that cross street, pause to look for the black bag in the angle behind the bootblack stand? He did neither. Sam sometimes did foolish things, but nothing so foolish as either of these. Instead, he turned the corner as if he were the policeman that owned it, and, with unhurried, unlagging steps, walked on, head down, unsuspicious, seeing nothing, missing nothing. What he observed out of the tail of his eye would never have been guessed by a dull man. And there was no dull man in sight.

He perceived that the black bag had not yet been left. He had not looked expecting to see it, however. Twelve o'clock was the hour. He was at present merely reconnoitering.

Sam had chosen this corner for strategic reasons. To use his own piquant expression, a guy might stumble and have to fade out. The blocks to the east along Division and Noble were pierced by scores of black passageways. Sam knew all the alleys, fences, houses, barns, wagons and boxes of the honeycombed interior. Once in one of these passageways—still quoting him—a guy was as safe as a flea in a church or a rat in a tile factory. Only high water could have dislodged him.

He continued along Noble for a while and then turned west. Upon looking at his watch he saw that he still had twenty minutes left of Sunday. Ten minutes later he turned back.

Now Sam, like all brain boys, had his intellectual habits. One of these was the habit of thinking of tanks in terms of tin cups. If you have never owned or earned two thousand dollars the difference between that sum and a hundred is not worth speaking about. Anyhow, what is money compared with one's personal safety? No sum is too large if it will buy off a charge of buckshot or a blast of dynamite.

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Feeding the Fighting Millions

HOW THE MIDDLEMAN WORKS IN THE BUSINESS OF WAR

Water Carriers Going Up to the Front Lines

Lorries Passing Round a Mine Crater on Their Way to the Front

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE troops had gone over the top that morning. Shells still rent the air and there was tension all up and down the line. Nearly all the casualties had been cleared, but the list was growing every hour. Across No Man's Land flared the ominous white signals that indicated impending enemy movements; there might be reprisals any moment. It was still a ticklish corner for a civilian to find himself in.

Suddenly the appetizing odor of hot stew smote the nostrils, overcoming the acrid smell of smoke that hung like a pall over the leprous landscape. It was like a message from home.

"Here comes the chow," spoke up a husky young Canadian.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before the food squad was in our midst with steaming "dixies" and the thrill of war was forgotten in the unromantic consumption of beef and potatoes, washed down with tea. All the time the German guns boomed an incessant strafe.

Late that afternoon I made my way back to headquarters under the mantle of a friendly haze. Just behind the first-line trenches I saw a sinister crimson splash on the ground.

"What's that?" I asked the captain who was showing me round.

"One of the food squad was 'done in' here," was his laconic reply.

A few hundred yards away we struck the light railway that is used generally in the war zone to transport supplies. A well-aimed shell had blown up fifteen or twenty yards of track only an hour before, yet a detail of engineers was already out at work repairing it.

How General Carter Delivers the Goods

IN THIS little picture you visualize the hazard and hardship that attend the bringing up of Tommy's food in France. What happened in the bloody angle of the battle line that I have just described is happening every day and every night wherever the British soldier sets up his fighting abode. Regardless of the deadly storm that beats about him he never misses a meal. His rations—even the tin dishes that contain them—are cogs in a ceaseless and unfailing system of provision that is no less effective under fire than back at the original source of supply. From the moment the food and equipment reach the port of arrival in France until they are distributed to the soldier in the field they are under constant supervision and accounting.

In a previous article I explained the organization which enables the Quartermaster General to all the British forces to sit at a desk in London with his finger on the pulse of the whole supply-and-transport situation. I then dealt with the province of production, whose titanic demands draw upon the whole world of output. Its seat of government is the War Office in London.

We now enter the domain of distribution, whose capital is that best-known and least-known of all Allied war establishments, the General Headquarters of the British Armies in France, or G. H. Q. as it is more commonly known. From this picturesque time-worn building with its cobblestone court which has jingled with the spurs of many generations of French soldiers in the making, radiate the conduct and control of a marvelous machine—a subsidiary corporation in the business of war, but just as many-sided and efficient as the parent corporation which stocks its shelves.

When you cross the frontiers of the domain of distribution you become a spectator of the vast drama of life and death, whose stage is a far-flung fighting front and whose curtain is a curtain of fire. You hear the shriek of shells; you touch the tragedy and terror of actual combat; you see the wounds of war gaping before you. Here the ration is as vital as the shell. Subsistence means existence itself!

To grasp clearly the whole scheme of British army supply in France you must first get the details of the organization in your mind: To begin with, there is at General Headquarters an exact replica of the Quartermaster General's organization at the War Office. Every head of department in London has what is called an opposite number in France. It is headed by a Quartermaster General—Lieutenant General Sir Ronald Maxwell—who bears the same relation to the supply force in the field that Lieutenant General Sir John S. Cowans bears to all the forces everywhere. He is the ranking subsistence officer in France.

With the rest of the organization, however, there is a slight variation. In the War Office Major General A. R. Crofton Atkins is Director of Supply and Transport, combining the executive responsibility for both branches of the service. In France the task is so colossal in actual interpretation that there is a separate Director of Supply and a separate Director of Transport. For the purpose of this article we are concerned solely with the problem of supply. Transport will be dealt with later on.

This means that the dominant personality of this narrative is Brigadier General E. E. Carter, C. B., Director of Supply. His desk is the nerve center of the organization that feeds the front and the rear. He is big, broad, upstanding, and wears a uniform as if he were born in it. In the South African War he was Director of Transport, yet he turned as swiftly and as competently to the task of supply as if he had been trained for it all his life. It is a tribute to the versatility of the British regular. Ask General Carter what rule lies behind the whole system that he galvanizes and he will say: "Supplies are valueless unless they are transportable by every conceivable means and reach their destination without delay."

In this sentence you get the keynote of the whole supply organization in France. "Deliver the goods!" is the slogan that drives men and motors day and night.

Let us now examine the task that is put up to General Carter. Every day and every night supply ships are arriving at various ports in France, laden with food, equipment, fuel and forage for the millions of fighting men and their horses and mechanical transport. This immense flood of supplies must be unloaded, some of it stored away in warehouses to keep up the fixed reserve as insurance against breakdown in transport; the rest of it goes up the line to maintain the war machine. Every pound and parcel must be registered and accounted for throughout its journey from arrival to consumption. This means keeping track of millions of tons of an immense variety of articles.

With distribution, as with production, you find the triumph of scientific business methods. In General Carter's office, for example, is a huge chart which tells the whole story of the extraordinary teamwork that stretches from port to trench. Nothing is left to chance. You will discover among other things a scheme of auditing that would do credit to a department store. You will see a relentless follow-up that pursues the wayward freight car, runs down the missing motor truck, lets no guilty package escape, and stands as a sleepless guardian of goods. Books are kept and accounts standardized. Centralization is the watchword. The Director of Supply can sit at his office at G. H. Q. and know at any hour of day or night what ships and their cargoes are headed for his ports; the exact amount of supplies in pounds, gallons and cases that are piled up at every one of his many supply depots, and precisely what inroads are to be made upon them during the next twenty-four hours; in other words the well-nigh infallible machinery of army-supply intelligence is at work all the time.

Department Store Methods

NOW all these remarkable results are obtainable through only one agency—coöperation. I have rarely seen anywhere such teamwork as obtains in the dramatization of the army-supply idea in France. It is just as if a monster jobbing business had been reared by the British Government and dedicated to meeting the requirements in the field. Wherever you turn you find the parallel with trade. Here as elsewhere in the commissariat the helpful pyramid points the way. At the apex of it is the Director of Supply, who occupies the position of vice president and general manager, the Quartermaster General in the field being the president. Ranking next to the director are three Deputy Directors of Supply. One has charge of the inspection of all supplies; a second is the chief office assistant, who corresponds to an office manager in an American business; the third is the head of the so-called Investigation Department, which audits accounts and deals with finance and economy.

The Deputy Director of Supplies in charge of the office has three assistants who rank as Assistant Directors of Supply. The first of these assistants deals with the all-important matter of demands. It is to him that the needs of the armies in the field are made known, and he in turn transmits the demand covering these needs to the Quartermaster General in London, who provides the supplies through the Surveyor General of Supply.

The second Assistant Director of Supplies is charged with the supervision of shipping and transportation, while the third has to do with personnel. This group of officers comprises the supply directorate. It corresponds precisely with the board of directors of a corporation, each director being the head of a department. This board meets every day. Every man, therefore, knows what his colleagues are doing and is in touch with the whole field-supply situation.

This supreme court of supply is merely the headquarters organization. For all practical purposes it is duplicated in

the field. One section is at the Front, where each one of the five armies has its own Deputy Director of Supply and Transport. On the so-called lines of communication—the water, rail and public highways along which the army and the supplies travel—there is still another supply machine, including a Deputy Director of Supply for the Northern Line and a corresponding executive for the Southern Line.

This brings us to the whole layout of supply, which is set forth on what may well be called the map of distribution in France. There are many remarkable charts and diagrams in the scheme of army provision, but none exceeds this one in efficiency and detail. A child could understand it. It incarnates scientific business organization.

Spread it out before you and you can see in red, blue and green lines and a succession of colored circles, triangles and squares the whole scheme of supplying and equipping the armies, from the wharf in the French port straight through all the processes and repacking and transshipping up to the first-line trenches. Every line on the map has a caption that explains precisely the activity that happens on it. It may be the shipping of bulk forage and grocery trains from a base port to an advanced depot. It may be an indication of the route of meat supplies, packed in detail at the wharf, and bound for a freight station. It may reveal the movement of coal from the mines to the railhead, or it may emphasize in a red circle that X Base is used solely for canned goods. I give these facts merely to show that the system was on paper before it was translated into practice.

Now let us see how it works in actual operation: For the purpose of army supply the whole of Northern France has been divided into two districts. One is the Northern Line of Communication and includes two major ports of entry and a minor one. These ports feed and supply three of the armies. On the Southern Line are three major ports, which feed, fuel and supply the two remaining British armies. All the ports are called base supply depots. By reason of the proximity of the northern ports to the fronts of the armies there is a slight difference between the organization of the Northern and Southern Lines.

This difference lies in the fact that on the Northern Line the food practically goes straight from the base depot to the railhead—that is, to the terminus of the railway line—while on the Southern Line it goes in bulk to what is called an advanced base supply depot, where it is repacked into divisional trains, each one supplying the needs of two divisions, and sent on to the railhead.

A Romance Full of Thrills

AT THE railhead the system of distribution is the same for both lines. Here the supplies are unloaded on motor trucks and sent to what is called a refilling point, where they are in turn transferred to horse-drawn wagons and taken up to the trenches. This, in brief, represents the main itinerary of the food from the time of its arrival until it reaches the quartermaster of the fighting unit, usually a brigade officer, who distributes it among the regiments—or battalions, as they are known in the British Army. The miracle of all this shipping and reshipping, packing and repacking, is that there is a definite record and check on every tin of beef until it reaches the kettle or the pot.

There is still another slight difference between the Northern and Southern Lines: At the former all kinds of food and commodities are received at the same ports, whereas at the latter each port specializes. This means that in the North a base supply depot houses gasoline, groceries, meat and

Brigadier General E. E. Carter, C. B., Director of Supply for the British Armies in France

forage, whereas in the South one port deals exclusively with forage, another with gasoline and cased goods and the third with bread and ordnance stores. Here then you have a general bird's-eye view of the domain of distribution.

The whole operation is of peculiar interest and value to the United States because our overseas troops face precisely the same conditions, both as to ports and lines of communication; in fact, the American expeditionary force is using an abandoned base supply depot established by the British in the early days of the war.

But we cannot go into the feeding and supplying of the armies without first finding out what the tools of the trade are. With fighting, these tools are men and guns; with supply and transport they are, in the main, men, motors and wagons. The men who comprise the army behind the army are the Army Service Corps—the unsung heroes of the hard-fought battles with wind, mud, rain, shells and every other menace that besets the transport of supplies under actual war conditions.

The story of the Army Service Corps is in itself a romance not without thrills and heroism. It began with Wellington's royal wagon teams, later became the commissariat and transport in the Egyptian campaign and had its baptism of blood in its present form in the Boer War. For years it was a sort of Cinderella of the army, rejected and despised by the men of the line. There is caste in war just as there is in society. Yet the aristocrats of the forces would be impotent without the underground cavalry, as the Army Service Corps is sometimes called.

At the beginning of the war it numbered less than 10,000 men and a few hundred officers. To-day it has more than thirty times that number—a host greater than the Iron Duke ever commanded, one that vies in strength with Napoleon's mightiest array. You comprehend the scope of supply and transport and the millions that they serve when it takes such an army to fetch and carry alone.

There is no space here to tell how the Army Service Corps is recruited and drilled; how the men are assembled and weeded out according to their previous civil experience in the huge training camps in England; how a farm hand becomes the driver of a horse wagon; and the one-time chauffeur of a peer's limousine in London becomes the driver of a five-ton motor truck in France; how grocers' clerks develop into supply-depot stackers; how brokers, bankers, expert accountants and business men in general are trained to be the officers of these battalions. These men from the ranks of trade become the temporary officers to whom Britain owes so much.

The Elderly Subaltern

THERE are schools of instruction in France at the base supply depots, where both officers and men get a final course of intensive training. The men are put through the paces in the handling of horses, harness and wagons and the upkeep of mechanical transport. The officers are sent to school, where there are daily lectures and where they are taught how to take their places as cogs in the whole machine of provision and accounting. There is a series of textbooks for these schools just like the textbooks used in a university. The officers are required to pass an examination and if they fail they are sent back home.

One of these textbooks—and it will give you some idea of the thoroughness of the course—is called A Ready Reckoner. In this book a supply officer is shown how to divide up rations. He is shown, for example, that if 160 complete daily rations are issued to him he can find out the bacon allowance by dividing this by four, which gives him 40 pounds, or the exact amount of bacon required. He is further shown that if he divides the bacon result by two he can get the butter, cheese and oatmeal allowance, which is 20 pounds each. The whole system enables the conduct of the commissariat to become mistake-proof.

No Class-A men are now used in the Army Service Corps. Class-A men are fit for fighting. In the early days of the war there were many of them on the lines of communication, but as the armies increased and the losses grew they were all weeded out and sent up the line. Thus in the A. S. C.—the army phrase for the Army Service Corps—you find thousands of middle-aged patriots who are doing the work of younger men.

Nor is all this patriotism confined to the middle-aged. I was talking one day to the commanding officer of one of the larger base supply depots in France, when an erect white-haired man wearing the single star of a subaltern came up, saluted and gave a message in precise military fashion. When he was through he clicked his heels together, saluted again, and with a "Thank you, sir!" made off.

"Do you know who that officer was?" the colonel asked.

"No," I replied.

"He was my father."

In this case the father was seventy-one years old and a retired country squire, but like many of his countrymen he felt that he had to be doing something. It is this sort of spirit that will win the war.

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Piling Up Stores in the Rations Shed

In the Sugar Supply Shed

Spending the Red Cross Millions

The Children of the War Zone—By Elizabeth Frazer

GUARD well the little ones to-day, Marthe. Don't let them out of sight or play too far from home. You know Emile hates to wear his gas mask. He tears it off and hides it, the naughty rogue, soon as the back is turned. There! Listen! It has commenced again—the bombardment!"

Marthe's mother, a short stocky French peasant with a heavy, weather-roughened face and deep-blue eyes, held up her hand for attention; and Marthe, a slim gypsy child of seven, dirty and unkempt, with great gleaming black eyes and an uncombed mat of curly black hair, cocked an indifferent ear to listen; in fact, she was somewhat scornful of her mother's continued terror of that distant muffled roar. Heard thus, ten kilometers or more away, it was not unlike the shock of a heavy surf breaking on a rocky coast. For three years now Marthe had heard that sound. She had heard it near at hand when a big shell had exploded bang! right on top of her own house and knocked all one side out open to the sky—after which they had dragged the furniture downstairs and lived in the cellar; she had heard it farther off when bing! bang! the spire of the old mossy stone church across the way had crashed down into the street and all of the saints save only Mother Mary and her little Son had tumbled, face down, from their niches; she had heard it the last thing at night when she went to sleep, and she had risen to its sound in the morning.

And familiarity had bred contempt. It was part of the everyday tissue of her life, common as the Boches' avions, which went sailing high overhead in the sky, tiny as minute dragon flies, and disappeared into fleecy clouds. For Marthe and her mother lived in a little village in the war zone, just in front of a line of concealed French batteries which the enemy had long been striving to demolish.

Getting Used to Bombardment

AND when the Boches became enraged at their failure in locating the French batteries which roared nightly defiance they would deliberately turn their guns upon the defenseless civilian villages in between, abandoned by all save a few old people and poor families who had nowhere else to go; and perhaps they would kill an old woman or mangle a child playing in the deserted streets; after which sport, encouraged and refreshed, they would go after the French batteries again. Jean, a village boy, had explained all this to Marthe. His entire family had been killed in an explosion, and since then he had turned into a wild, moody character, following the army or roaming the countryside.

Marthe listened to the distant struggle of artillery and then she shrugged her shoulders and said calmly: "It is not near. To-day it is not as near as yesterday. I do not think they will bother us any more. For yesterday Jean and I went through the village and counted, and every single house has been hit. They have finished with us, *maman!* If the guns do not come after us this afternoon may I take Emile and gather flowers for the shrines?"

Her mother shook her head. The frugal breakfast of soup over, she was fastening on her apron of coarse ticking to go to work in her field. It was for the sake of that precious plot of five hectares of wheat that she had stayed on in the village, taking fearsome chances, after the enemy had started to gas the entire district and the French orders of evacuation had come.

"You would let little Emile be gassed," she murmured reproachfully, "while you run off to gather flowers!"

"*Zut!* They have not gassed us for ten days. And it is cold down here, *maman.* Even in the middle of the day it is cold—and dark. Emile sneezes all the time. And he is getting as white as plaster."

Her mother sighed. "Very well," she consented grudgingly, "you may go. But for an hour only. I do not like it, though. Tie Emile's mask behind his back where he cannot find it."

"Yes, *maman.* But they are not going to gas us any more. Jean said so."

"That Jean!" cried her mother angrily. "What does he know about it? Even the good God himself does not know any more what they will do! And I will not have you playing with that scamp, that *jeune sauvage.* He is not respectable. Chasing all over the country! Following the soldiers! *Hélas!* What is our poor country coming to? A fine crop of young vagabonds we shall have after the war!"

She thrust into her pocket a hunk of dark sour bread and a fragment of cheese, kissed Emile and Marthe, caught up from the mattress a pallid, somber-eyed girl baby, and went out to the field.

Left to herself, Marthe took Emile, climbed the few steps leading up from her cave home and sat watching the German aëroplanes. They passed, singly or in groups, frequently. The thin drone of their motors coming from the north could be heard long before even Marthe's keen eyes could pick out the black speck far up in the pale-blue ether. The thunder of artillery had grown fainter and died away. Certainly Jean was right. What was the fun of shooting at houses that were already knocked down?

That afternoon, with Emile clinging to her fingers and every now and then looking up with a delighted smile into her eyes, Marthe led the way to the ruined church. From the leather belt which secured the boy's diminutive black cotton apron dangled the gas mask. According to orders Marthe had tied it behind his back, and at every step it bobbed up and down like an absurd little antiquated bustle. The sun shone brilliantly. It was an ideal day in which to be out of the cellar. Arrived at the church, with its small inclosed garden of silent inhabitants, Marthe ensconced Emile, always obedient, smiling and tender, upon a grave close under the wall of the old stone chapel, and then rambled off to gather bouquets for the shrines.

How long she remained away, how far she wandered, she did not know; but when she returned little Emile had mysteriously vanished. In her absence the old stone church had altered also. One entire side had fallen out and lay prone, a chaos of tumbled broken granite, upon the mossy ground. And now Marthe recalled having heard an explosion, but so accustomed were her ears to the sound that at the time she had but vaguely marked it. That accounted for the church certainly.

The Flight From the Village

BUT Emile—where was Emile, obedient, tender little Emile? She ran about, peering behind gravestones, calling shrilly, and at length, smitten by a nameless anguish of horror, scared in every atom of her small being without knowing why, she fled, sobbing wildly, to her mother and poured out her story.

That night there was a hurried exodus. Marthe's mother, broken by the death of her small son—for if his disappearance was a mystery to the girl it was not to her mother after one glance at the high-piled broken granite—decided to give up her field; but it was like wrenching her heart out of her body. Jean, chancing by that way at dusk, offered his company as far as the next village, for Marthe's mother, a true peasant, had never in her life traveled more than a dozen kilometers from her own doorstep, and knew less of the outside world than she knew of heaven. So Jean had taken charge. And now he walked beside the refugees, carrying a huge blanketful of their possessions strapped across his shoulders and holding by the hand Marthe, who still wept bitterly at the thought of abandoning her little Emile to the cold and the dark of the deserted churchyard. She pictured him sobbing and stumbling among the mossy stones, and calling in sweet, plaintive tones for his sister. That the fall of the church wall had anything to do with the vanishing of Emile did not once enter her head. The two were separate catastrophes—the one, familiar, ordinary; the other, mystifying, terrible. She too bore a sack of household goods upon her back, and from her free hand dangled a small, battered bird cage.

Behind them trudged Marthe's mother, harnessed to the shafts of a dump cart piled high with mattresses and bedding, and bearing on top the small slumbering Georgette, cozy and warm, nested deep in pillows. Since viewing the fallen wreck of the church not one sound had the mother uttered. If she had marked Jean's opportune appearance on the scene she did not betray any sign of his presence. And now she plodded forward, shoulders bent,

The Wash-up. Above: A German Put a Lighted Bomb Into This Child's Hand. The Only Reason It Did Not Blow the Child to Pieces Was That It Was Defective

Little Rapatriés Taking Their Morning Exercises

It is Chiefly the Old People and the Little Children Who Return

gripping the shafts, dry-eyed, stolid, mute. What were her thoughts upon that twilight road?

Ahead of her Marthe and Jean held low-voiced conversation as to the probable whereabouts of Emile. The boy, who upon hearing her tale had instantly divined the truth, declared it was his opinion that the sacred Mother Marie, looking out through the window from her shrine in the church, had seen Emile, and noting what a gentle and gay little kid he was had borrowed him for a time to play in the sky with her own small Son, who without doubt must be horribly bored among all those solemn, grown-up saints and angels. And this idea of the *jeune sauvage*, the vagabond of the fields, comforted Marthe greatly.

In time they arrived at a village which thus far had escaped shelling. A shelter was found for them. And for a month the peasant mother remained in her new, strange surroundings. But her heart was so heavy that she could not sleep or eat or speak. She suffered as an animal suffers, dumbly. A stranger would have called her sullen—a clod. For hours on end she sat in the same chair, heavy, immobile, and stared out upon a field of grain and poppies and thought of her own plot lying untended in the sun. And finally the tug of the soil became too strong. She returned.

Established once more in the damp cellar of their wrecked home she became herself again, and the first night she chatted volubly with Marthe, to whom she had scarcely addressed a word since their flight; she even sang as she hushed the small Georgette off to sleep.

A Substitute for Little Emile

"LISTEN, *petite!*" she said to Marthe after supper. "I am going down the street a moment to see Madame Barrois. She tends the field next mine. Perhaps also I can get some goat's milk for the *bébé*. *Ne bouge pas! Sois sage—hein?*" And Marthe had promised soberly not to budge and to be good. She felt lonely the first night, and she wished that Mother Marie would see fit to return Emile. There was such a thing as keeping a borrowed article too long!

Half an hour later her mother burst into the cellar, tears upon her cheek and a strange light in her eye. In her arms she bore a child who bit and wailed and kicked and screamed without cessation: "*Maman! Maman! Maman!*"

"*Ça y est! Tais-toi, mon petit gosse!*" [Enough! Enough! Keep still, my little boy!] murmured Marthe's mother, pressing the small head close to her bosom. "Thy *maman* is gone, *pauvre enfant!*"

She placed the sobbing child in Marthe's arms. "Listen to me," she said. "Emile was taken from us ——"

"I know. The Mother Marie borrowed him to play with the infant Jesus. Jean said so."

"Very good. For once that Jean was not so far off. And now the good Mother Marie has given us this poor little one to nourish in Emile's stead."

To Marthe this exchange seemed only simple justice and she did not trouble her head with the details of the transaction. Nor did her mother explain that on arriving at the dugout of her friend she had knocked repeatedly without receiving a response and was on the point of leaving when from out of the darkness behind the door had sounded a shrill, angry, sobbing little voice: "*Maman! Maman! J'ai froid! J'ai froid!*"

Hastily Marthe's mother forced the door, made a light, and discovered her friend lying upon the floor, the victim of a shell, and the child beating the still, inanimate figure with his puny fists and crying: "*Maman!* Wake up! I'm cold!"

After this Marthe's mother tended her own and her neighbor's field, and Marthe joyfully tended little Emile's substitute.

One afternoon shortly afterward she took her new acquisition out to wash him in the canal and see what kind of bargain Mother Marie had made with her anyhow. And while she was thus employed, down on her knees scrubbing absorbedly, there drew up quietly behind her a large, military-gray automobile, from which two men descended. It was, in fact, Prefect Mirman with an American friend. M. Mirman was prefect of the department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, a portion of the country bordering on Alsace, which included a large area of the battling frontier of France. The prefect himself held a position comparable in importance to the governorship of New York, and he had in his heart a deep overflowing love for his suffering people which resembled that of Lincoln's.

But Marthe could not know that. She sprang to her feet, terribly startled, staring behind the men at the big, gray, snorting, quivering, smoking beast—the first she had ever laid eyes on—and instinctively threw her new little brother behind her. The prefect, reading her intention of flight, laid a restraining grasp on her shoulder. Marthe faced him, pale, hostile, her pupils steadily enlarging.

"Poor unfortunates!" said the American. "Why are they permitted to remain?"

The prefect smiled slightly. "They are not. They stay without permission. It is impossible for you Americans, who are always traveling about, to conceive the love, the passion with which our poor people cling to the nourishing soil. Transplant them rudely, scientifically as you may say, and they pine, they die. That is the simple truth. Well, what are we to do? For example, take this situation. All throughout this northern-frontier district the civilian population was ordered to evacuate when the enemy started its deliberate bombarding and gassing of defenseless open towns.

"Some of these little villages lie directly in the line of attack. It is conceivable that, given a temporary reverse of our army, they might fall into Prussian hands. And should that unfortunate event occur I do not want left in those villages any women, any young maids, any half-grown lads or any infants! The majority of the population, of course, get out instantly when the evacuation orders come. But there is always left a residue of those who cannot or will not go, poor people in villages or farmers who have never traveled farther than twenty kilometers in their lives, and whom it is as hard to uproot, even in this time of stress, as it is to uproot a hardy old tree. Simply they prefer to remain here and take their chances. But that must not be!"

Marthe on the Defensive

"SO FOR the past two months, since the evacuation orders became effective, I have driven from one end to another of my department, searching out those who remain behind. And I explain, I beg, I urge, I entreat. I promise that they shall not go far from home; that their children shall remain with them; that as soon as it is safe they shall return; and if they have crops in the ground they may go certain days to tend them, leaving the children in safety. It has defects, of course, this plan of mine, for often our shelters are bombed, but just at present it is the best I can do."

And here the prefect, one of the most romantic and truly great figures in France, looked down at the reluctant young person he had been holding fast while he discoursed, and said: "Well, little mother! How goes it, eh?"

Silence. Marthe simply glared at him, clutching tightly behind her the substitute Emile, naked save for a pair of diminutive trousers.

"Where is *maman?*"

Silence.

"Who is that you are hiding behind you?"

"Nobody. There's nobody behind me!" At this mendacious statement the prefect, father of his district, laughed. "Ha! 'Tis a little angel then? I'm going to see!"

He bent over her shoulder. But Marthe, who had been edging out from under the restraining hand, suddenly whirled, caught up the boy, scudded to her cellar across the way, and shut and barricaded the door. She was not going to risk a second disappearance!

The prefect approached, knocked, and addressed gentle, persuasive words

(Continued on Page 51)

Refugees From the Gassed Districts

CARITAS

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

THE scheme was very simple indeed. The Sentinel Film Corporation fathered it. It had no mother. Maguire, vice president of the Sentinel, not only had evolved the idea but had named it. He called it the Caritas Chain. Vague memories of a term and a half at evening high school, eighteen years earlier, apprised Maguire that *caritas* was Latin for charity. He explained this to Zigler, president and sole visible stockholder of the Sentinel.

Zigler's scholastic education had gone without high-school trimmings, having been interrupted when, at twelve, he went to work as handy boy in his cousin's one-room garment factory. From that moment he had become a self-made man, who bowed before his maker, and who had scant patience with folk fashioned along more showy and less practical lines.

Nevertheless, at this proof of his subordinate's classical lore the great man was secretly impressed. Higher education, though useless for oneself, was a pretty thing to buy, along with the more practical services of a good colleague. Besides, now that Zigler came to say the two words over, one after the other, *caritas* really did sound a good deal like charity.

Zigler was certain Latin must be a mighty easy language to learn—if, like himself, the student chanced to note its strong likeness to English. Zigler even nourished vagrom plans for spending an entire week's evenings—sometime—with a really good tutor, and mastering it, root and branch. It would be a handy tongue to speak in the office—with Maguire—when he did not want a stenographer or an actor or an exhibitor to know what he was saying.

Young Chris Lane, Maguire's sixty-dollar-a-week protégé in the Sentinel's publicity department, was almost as strongly impressed as was his overlord at the vice president's easy familiarity with Latin—until he went to the public library and asked for a lexicon, wherewith to verify the translation.

Lane always verified things. Not that he was suspicious, but because, for five years before coming to the Sentinel, he had been a newspaper reporter, assigned to police headquarters.

Yes; until he looked up *caritas* in the lexicon, Lane was almost as much impressed with Maguire's erudition as Zigler had been. After he read the translation he was infinitely more impressed. For, according to the brand of Latin dictionary on view at the library, *caritas* did not mean "charity" at all; it meant "high price." Which was an inspired definition for the Sentinel's Caritas Chain, originated and laid out by Maguire.

A series, or chain, of summer resorts was to be visited by a squad of three Sentinel employees between May and October. During the winter the squad's activities were to be shifted to such places as Palm Beach, Pass Christian, Asheville, and the like.

At each resort the richest class of temporary sojourners were to be approached by the Sentinel's spokesman with the following proposition:

In return for contributions amounting to $2974—"exactly the price of manufacture," and so on—the Sentinel was to make a two-reel picture, which would give splendid rôles to the contributors and their wives and children.

This picture was to be shown at the local Casino or Country Club, at five dollars a ticket, the proceeds to be devoted to whatsoever charity the colony might choose. The film was then to be destroyed, lest it fall into unworthy hands, and lest the rabble later be allowed to gaze on Society at Play.

The Sentinel, it was to be explained to "prospects," had been growing wealthy through the public's appreciation of its peerless pictures. The Sentinel, therefore, wished to show its appreciation to the public by helping along the holy cause of charity. Wherefore, the Caritas scheme. The Sentinel had whittled down the price of production to the thinnest wedge, the net result being the aforesaid $2974.

This, it was to be explained, would pay—and just pay—the salaries and traveling expenses of the squad, the cost of films and of developing, and such other heavy charges as must attend the venture. Reimbursed for that amount, the Sentinel had no desire to profit further. The rest was charity—or *caritas*, if you prefer.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print."

And there is positive magic in seeing one's face in films. Thus, there was a strong human-nature tug to the Caritas project, as to everything Maguire undertook to put across.

The difference between the Sentinel's avowed aims and the Sentinel's real hopes in the deal chanced to be the precise difference between charity and *caritas*.

The actual cost of making each two-reel picture in the Caritas Chain would average seven hundred dollars.

"But at First You Didn't Seem to be Much Interested in It. I Mean When I Told You the Story"

Actors, costumes, jewelry, props, settings, exteriors and interiors alike—in short, all adjuncts—would eagerly be supplied by the people who should appear in the picture. The Sentinel's total outlay, thus, would consist of the cost of film and development, and of three employees' salaries, which must be paid anyway.

The plan was simple. It was beautiful! It would net the Sentinel much advertising and $2274 at every resort where the three earnest workers should spend ten days on the making of a picture.

Whether or not the picture would be of a sort alluring enough to draw a fifteen-cent audience at a public theater was no concern of anybody's. It would assuredly draw a five-dollars-a-head local crowd. The performers would see to that. The acting might be terrible; but it would probably be of as good an order as anyone in the select audience could achieve. And the worse the acting, the happier would be those spectators who had not been asked to take part in the charitable work. The trio of Sentinel men picked out to tour the resorts were Regan, the second director; Blake, the camera man; and Chris Lane.

Lane protested loudly and long when Maguire told him of the assignment.

"I don't know anything about the Society crowd," he declared. "I don't speak their language. I'd probably crab the whole thing the minute I opened my head. Besides, you said you were going to send along a lightning scenario writer. Why can't he do my end of the job there, whatever my end of it is to be? Why can't he?"

"He's going to, Chris," replied Maguire, with the encouraging smile of a dentist to the man whose tooth he is about to pull. "He's going to. The same chap is to go to the places, in advance, to put up our proposition to these people, and to write the scenarios to fit their especial talent, and to swing whatever publicity the resort newspapers will give the Sentinel. Same man for all three jobs."

"There ain't no sech animal!" scoffed Chris.

"There is!" asserted Maguire with that same tenderly encouraging smile. "He is Chris Lane."

Presently, out of the tumult of explosively disjointed protest babblings with which the frantic Chris assailed his chief emerged the half-tearful statement that Lane had never in all his twenty-seven years written a motion-picture scenario, and had not even the remotest idea how to devise a plot. Chris also repeated several times that he had no skill or experience in handling people of the type he was to meet at exclusive summer places. But the bulk of his emotion surged about his ignorance of plot building.

Magure heard him out, the encouraging smile shining ever upon the sufferer. When Chris was exhausted and was certain his appeal had melted every heart within earshot, Maguire once more took up the tale.

"As for getting on with that crowd," he said unctuously. "I picked you out for the whole thing just on that account. You've got presence, son—presence! That's what you've got—presence! It's a rare gift, let me tell you. And it carries a man far, especially among the people you'll meet at those places. At that, the proposition's so easy," he went on with exalted assurance—"so easy, a tongue-tied mental defective with red hair couldn't fall down on it. I've written out your whole line of talk. All you've got to do is memorize it. Those plutocrats and their plutocrines are due to go into raptures over starring in movies, and having their houses and grounds and clothes and diamonds pictured. That's nature! It's nothing for ten of them to put up two hundred and ninety-seven dollars apiece for such a chance."

"But I never ——"

"I've made out a list of gilt-edged 'prospects' for you to tackle too," cooed Maguire. "As soon as you land one resort the news will travel. And at the rest it will be like selecting monocles for a blind man. We're starting you at Haverham because the boss knows a fellow there who'll put up the first two hundred and ninety-seven dollars and talk some of the Country Club crowd into chipping in. He's a man who travels in the right set. And he's under some kind of obligation to the boss—I don't know what. But he is. See? Chris, the whole road has been steam-rolled and carpeted for you. Why, it's ——"

"I tell you," vehemently persisted Lane, ignoring his chief's honeyed words and clinging miserably to his one trump—"I tell you I never made up a plot in my life. I don't know how. Why, I can't even make up stories to tell to my sister's kids. I just have to revamp Red Riding-Hood or Cinderella for them, with another set of names, when they ask me for a new one. In a million years I couldn't ——"

"Good boy!" applauded Maguire. "You've hit the very thing we have in mind. Gee, but you've got a headpiece of your own! That's exactly what you're to do at ——"

"*What's* what I'm to do?" asked Chris in sulky suspicion.

"Why, just what you do for your sister's kids," beamingly explained Maguire. "We've fixed up a bunch of six of Pieters' old scenarios, and six reading synopses to go with them. We picked them out of fifty because they lend themselves best to society stuff, and because they're the easiest ones to shift round so as to fit any peculiarities or specialties of the people who are to act in them."

"But I don't ——"

"Oh, yes, you do, old man!" playfully contradicted Maguire. "Here's the idea: You go to Haverham, we'll say, with those six scenarios in your grip. You get the crowd interested in the Caritas Chain and get them to raise the $2974. The boss suggested three thousand dollars; but I showed him it would look more like figuring to actual expenses if we didn't make it a round number. Then you ask what kind of picture they want. Tell 'em they can have any kind. That's in the blank contract anyhow. It looks as if we suspected them of intelligence. Sort of compliment, you know.

"Well, not a mother's son or daughter there will have a ghost of a plot. So the minute they begin to look foolish it's your cue to offer to grind out a scenario for them. They'll jump at it. Then sketch one of your six plots to them. Do it offhand—as if it had just popped into your mind. They'll think you're a genius. If they don't like the first plot—but they will—spring the second on them. Then, when they are agreed on one, tell them you'll write the scenario of it that very night, and that you'll have it ready for the director so they can begin rehearsing next morning.

"Regan will take care of the rest of it. Just give him the Pieters scenario and turn him loose among them. We've been coaching Regan all week so he'll talk to them as if they were humans. It means his job. He's in front of a phonograph three hours a day, practicing how to talk civil. You'd never know it was Regan, to hear him. He's working up a nice smile, too, with his shaving mirror, every morning. So that's settled! Now ——"

It was not settled. Not until after another thirty minutes of steadily losing warfare did Chris Lane surrender. Next day he set out for Haverham.

To live without hope is to live without fear. To be fearless is often closely akin to being invincible. Chris entered upon his money-raising campaign at Haverham with not one vestige of hope. He stated his business with no great enthusiasm, but with no trepidation. He unconsciously gave the impression of offering Haverham the one golden chance of its life, and of caring not at all whether or not Haverham might have the intelligence to take advantage of that chance.

To his dull amaze he found almost no difficulty in interesting a group of men in his scheme—especially after Zigler's local beneficiary had paved the way. The needful $2974 was subscribed by thirty people in a single evening, and the contract was signed. Chris telegraphed for Regan and the camera man to come on.

Next morning Lane was summoned to the Country Club to discuss further steps in the campaign. There he found gathered in a veranda wing fully half a hundred men and women, ranging in age from eighteen to sixty.

These were the lucky people chosen by the finance committee to appear in the picture. If the choice had been

made to the accompaniment of a running fight that had left the ground behind it high-piled with dead hopes and mangled feelings, this was no knowledge or concern of Lane's.

The thirty stockholders had chosen as they or their womankind deemed wise; and the result of that choice was assembled—collectively—awaiting instructions.

Chris Lane faced the heterogeneous crowd and began his prepared speech, quickly recalling the salient points in the six plots he had memorized, and trying to decide which of the sextet would best fit this scratch aggregation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, mechanically focusing his gaze on the least impersonal pair of eyes in his audience and selecting those of a thin girl in khaki, "I understand you have been picked out by the committee to act in this picture. The Sentinel Film Corporation's best director and star camera man will be here on the noon train. Work on the picture can begin first thing to-morrow morning. Nothing remains but to decide on a story and draw up a cast. Your committee will distribute the parts as they see fit.

"Of course the Sentinel could offer you the use of any of its many successes; but the president thought you would prefer a brand-new picture. Now if you care to invent such a picture for yourselves our contract permits you to do so. But as that would mean a good deal of thankless work for you I can save you the trouble. This happens at present to be my business—to supply picture plots and scenarios. Shall I outline an idea for a rattling good picture—an idea that has just occurred to me? It seems to fit in unusually well with the scenery hereabouts and with the personalities of ——"

"No, thank you!"

It was the thin girl in khaki who broke in on his glib address. And now Chris realized that he had expected, from the first, some such interruption. He had not known why he expected it. He did not now know. But he understood at last that it was not friendliness he had read in the thin girl's eyes. It was an eager self-interest.

"I beg your pardon," he faltered; stilted diction and rapid delivery alike deserting him.

He noted that he alone seemed surprised at the girl's words. To the others the interruption seemed something they had awaited with due stolidity.

"No, thank you!" repeated the thin girl. "You won't have to make up a synopsis for us. Not even to turn a synopsis into a scenario. We're going to use mine. You know the contract says we may."

Lane did not answer. He gazed, round-eyed and helpless, at her. Then he glanced about the group. A little shabby-faced man in white—Marcus Derrick, who had subscribed the colony's maximum sum of five hundred dollars to the Caritas Fund—cleared his voice and said:

"Yes, Mr. Lane; the committee has kindly agreed to use my daughter's synopsis. I understand there are certain—certain technical matters about such things that she may need your help on. Perhaps you'd better go over them with her at—at her leisure."

He subsided behind his cigar.

"Very good," assented Chris meekly.

"I'm going across to the Casino," said the thin girl. "If you'll walk there with me I'll tell you the story of the picture. Then I can send the script over to your hotel when I get home."

"By 'script,'" explained Derrick, "my daughter refers to the manuscript of her motion-picture synopsis."

"I see," answered Lane; a shade less meekly now, as he grew hot at the thought that Derrick had not even bothered to introduce him, and that the girl did not seem to consider such formality needful in making the professional acquaintance of a man of Lane's class.

The thin damsel detached herself from the compact group and moved down to the driveway below, carelessly nodding to Chris to follow. As the sulky youth obeyed, Derrick called over the veranda rail to his daughter:

"While you're at the Casino, Gracia, you might as well telegraph to Van to come on for the rehearsals. You remember what a help he was when you got up the Masque of Beauty last year."

"All right," answered Gracia over her shoulder as Chris fell into step beside her. "Good idea! Thanks."

"You know, Miss Derrick," ventured Chris, turning her father's suggestion over in his mind, "the company is sending its star director out here. Regan is the very best man in his line. And if he has one flaw it's his dislike of interference. Your friend Van really won't be needed to help ——"

"I know," responded the girl. "I know. Everybody knows—except my father. Mr. Vansittart would only tangle things up, as he did when we gave our Masque. Something tells me I'll be so busy I'll forget to telegraph."

Chris looked at her in faint new interest. In spite of her thinness and the fact that she had greeted him somewhat as though he were a plumber's assistant, he began to like her just a very little. Also, he liked the long mannish stride that enabled him so easily to keep step with her.

And her eyes were good. They reminded him of those of a dog he had owned when he was a kid; not the solemn and professionally loyal type of dog, but a highly independent, own-your-own-soul pup, alive with ideas and gifted with a weird sense of humor.

"Listen, Miss Derrick," said Lane with a new courage. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather we'd use this plot of mine and save yours for some bigger time? There's a splendid market for original plots, you know; and ——"

"Mine has been to market," she supplemented. "And it has squealed Wee-wee-wee! all the way home; in fact, it's been to nine markets. Nobody wants it. But perhaps when it makes a hit here, at Haverham, some manager will buy other plots of mine. That's why I wheedled dad into subscribing so much for the Caritas Fund. I made him do it on condition the committee would use my picture."

"I see," said Chris, liking her a grain more.

Then, after they had covered another fifty yards Casinoward, he asked:

"How did you happen to write it? Not that it's any of my business; but I thought ——"

"I wrote it as a short story first; ever so long ago—nearly two years," she informed him. "But nobody seemed to care about printing it; so I wrote it as a play. And you'd be amazed to know how many managers didn't want it. One evening some of us went to the motion pictures over at the village. I had never been to them before; and it occurred to me right away that my story or play would make a splendid picture. I could see it at every step. So I bought a book that told how to turn a story into a scenario. And I did it. Since then I've sent it to ever so many places; but it always came back to me. Let me tell you a funny thing: I sent it to the Sentinel, among others. And it was returned. Isn't it queer that the Sentinel should be producing it after all?"

"Yes," he agreed with charming frankness; "it certainly is."

Nevertheless, when they reached the Casino and Gracia went to the news stall in search of a magazine she wanted, Lane stole a minute to send this telegram to Maguire:

Haverham crowd insists on using scenario by local talent. Contract permits it. What shall I do?

Gracia was waiting for him on the Casino balcony when he came out. She had seated herself boyishly on the rail. And she nodded him to a chair. After which she drove straight to the business at hand.

"I call my picture Salvation," she began.

"Salvation!" echoed the wondering Chris. "Then it's—it's a religious story—a sort of—of——"

"No," she denied; "it isn't. I wanted to call it Regeneration. But that title's been used on a story or a play, or something; so I looked up my book of synonyms. And I picked out Salvation. The hero is a crook; but he is a crook only because he hasn't had any chance. He is well born and well educated, though; and he ——"

"I thought you said he hadn't had any chance?" involuntarily objected Lane.

"I mean no moral chance," said Gracia a little impatiently. "No one has taken any interest in him, and he has been led into evil ways. Neal Cantrell is to play the part. He'll do it very terribly, of course. But the Cantrells paid four hundred dollars; so he ——"

"Naturally," replied Chris with understanding and with a morbid anticipation of seeing the completed picture. "And your hero is a gentleman crook? Go on."

"Not a gentleman," she corrected; "just well bred. He falls in love with a factory girl, and for her sake he resolves to reform. It is a war, you see, between holy love and the craving for crime."

"Psychology stuff," assented Chris. "I understand. You—you play the girl, I suppose?"

The tan of her cheeks took on the shadow of a flush. Her eyes lost for a second their lazy assurance.

"I want to," she admitted. "So does Hilda Crewe. So do six other girls. They're all prettier than I. They'd all look better on the screen. But—well, it really isn't vanity that makes me want to play it. It's because I've created the character and I know how it ought to be played. The others don't. Not that that matters, I suppose. Let's get on with the plot.

"She lives with her married sister," continued Gracia. "The sister is married to a detective. The detective has sworn to catch the hero—like Javert in Les Misérables, you know."

"I know," said Chris—who did not.

"Well," went on Gracia, "there is a dance at a hotel in the city where they live."

"In the city?" muttered Chris, starting. "But ——"

"The detective is sent there to protect the jewelry of the guests," she went on, unheeding. "Detectives are hired to do that in real life."

"I know," said Chris; "but I thought the scenes were all to be up here, round ——"

"And," added Gracia, "the heroine and her married sister are there too."

"At the dance?"

"No; of course not! They are in a room upstairs. Their flat in the tenement is being redecorated, and they are at the hotel while it's being done—they and the sister's three-year-old child."

"And Perhaps," the Girl Was Saying, "it May Help to Reform Someone. Is That Foolish? We Writers Have a Tremendous Responsibility, Haven't We?"

"Oh!" said Chris, with explosive interest. "I see."

"The hero learns about the dance and he goes to the hotel to rob," said Gracia. "Then the hotel catches fire. All the guests rush out, screaming. The hero sees his chance to run from room to room, stealing the money and jewelry, and so on, that the occupants have left in their haste. He collects a big suitcaseful of it. Then, as he passes through a fourth-floor room on his way to a fire-escape he hears a cry. It's the heroine's sister's three-year-old child, who has been left behind. Each of the sisters has thought the child was with the other. The hero can't get down the fire escape through the flames with his plunder and with the child too."

"No," babbled the dazed Chris. "He can't."

"He must make his choice," continued Gracia, eager with the bliss of creation. "It is the final battle of good and evil for possession of his soul. At last he sighs. And he throws away the suitcase of money and jewelry and rescues the child. He carries the child down through the flames while the crowds in the street cheer and weep. When he gets to the bottom of the fire escape he is nearly dead with pain and suffocation and fatigue.

"The detective—whose own child the hero has just saved, you know—is there, waiting for him. The hero is too weak to escape. He surrenders. The detective pretends not to know who he is and lets him go to where the heroine is waiting for him with open arms—just as the burning hotel collapses into a smoking ruin. Do you like it? And do you think Purified by Fire would be a better title?"

"Yes," said Chris vaguely.

His thoughts had sped miles beyond the recital, and now had plunged him into a slough of obstacles, neck-high. He was beginning to lose mental coherence.

"I'm glad you like it," said Gracia, less familiarly now that the zest was fading. "And you think the title ——"

"Miss Derrick," blurted the unhappy Lane, beginning at the very middle of his miserable computations, "the contract calls for a two-reel picture. The plot you've outlined couldn't possibly be run off in less than ——"

"Oh yes, it could!" she assured him. "You'll see that when I send the script over to you. At first I had it in seven reels. But last night I spent hours and hours in cutting it down to two. The first reel describes the life of the riverside tenement district and explains the characters. The second is taken up with the dance and the fire. There are only seventy-six scenes in all, and fifty-one captions. It can be played, I should think, in about half an hour or so."

"But"—protested Chris—"but—but —— How about the locations, and all that, Miss Derrick? The cost of the burning hotel—even if the exterior is only a painted front—will be more than a thousand dollars; a lot more. And the front will have to be practicable if the leading man is to come down its fire escape. Why, three thousand is more like it! And the riverside tenements—well, of course we can use a back drop for them and for the river. But ——"

"No, we can't," she contradicted, "because the first scene is on an excursion boat, coming up the river. The heroine is on it—she and her sister. They see the detective in a police-patrol boat chasing the hero. The hero is in a naphtha launch. The patrol boat is gaining. The hero runs the launch alongside the excursion boat and jumps aboard the lower deck. The heroine takes pity on him and hides him. That is how they first meet. We shall have to go to New York or some other river city to take those scenes, I'm afraid, because the only river anywhere near Haverham is the Pequannock and that's only about as wide as this balcony. You could wade across it. Besides, they've neglected to build a city behind it for a background. And we ——"

"Miss Derrick," cried Lane, in black despair, "a picture such as you're describing couldn't be made, in the way you want it done, for five thousand dollars!"

"So much as that?" she asked, surprised. "Why, my father and I worked out the expenses on paper and we figured it all under forty-five hundred. But you are in the business; so you know best. It's too bad it costs so much. But it's for charity!"

Chris rose groggily to his feet. For the first time he realized that he had brought to this Caritas assignment a subconscious craving to make good; and here he was letting the company into a net loss of several thousand dollars! The company that gave him his bread! The company to which he had grown to feel almost the same absurd filial loyalty he once had lavished upon his newspaper!

That this tragedy was caused by no fault of his and was quite beyond his control comforted him not at all. Five years of reporting had ground into Lane's soul the fact that results and not intentions count, and that the mere ethical question of fault is of interest to no one except the faultee.

He had been sent out by Maguire to make good on Maguire's most cherished scheme; a scheme that was to solidify Maguire still further with Zigler. Maguire had trusted Lane, had backed him, had staked all on Chris' fitness for the task.

And here, at the very first link in the Caritas Chain, the expenses were to exceed the profits by several hundred per cent! Moreover, would this not be a precedent for unrecognized geniuses and geniusettes at the Chain's future resorts? All because one thin girl in khaki ——

"I'm glad you like it so much," Gracia was saying. "I'm going home now. I'll send the script across at once. Oh, what fun"—she went on, as if to herself rather than to the man—"what fun it must be—will be—to see one's own picture produced! Even here, where everybody knows dad bought the chance for me!"

"Yes!" mumbled Chris, his thoughts everywhere at once.

"I suppose"—she said with an odd childishness, and hesitating as she started to go—"I suppose it must be the wonderfulest thing in the world to read one's own printed book or to see one's produced play or motion picture, and to know it was accepted because it was so good—because it was too good to reject—too good not to be given to the whole world! It makes my silly little triumph look horribly small."

"I doubt if seven thousand dollars would cover it," announced Chris, coming to earth as the wistful-noted voice ceased.

"I'm so sorry!" she said, stiffening. "But then, as dad says, the contract doesn't set any limit on the price of production. And it's for charity. I'll have the script at your hotel before lunchtime."

She went away, walking with that boyishly swingy stride Chris had admired. But he did not watch her go. Before she had rounded the corner Lane was exhuming a sheaf of letters and papers from his inner coat pocket. From the mass he separated a slip of paper and pored over it with haggard eagerness. It was one of the blank contract forms.

No; there was not a line, a phrase or a word in the whole simple document that limited the price or the authorship. The contract assumed $2974 as the cost; but only so far as concerned such details as the photographing, the developing and the employees' salaries. It also guaranteed all expenses. And it did not circumscribe those expenses.

So certain had Maguire been that his "prospects" would rejoice in the chance of exploiting their own homes and clothes and jewels that it had not occurred to him to insert such a precautionary clause.

Thus, the Sentinel was bound by its own agreement to produce a two-reel picture, which the party of the second part might select. The six sample plots abounded in ballroom scenes, mansion exteriors, country-club backgrounds, and the like. Two of them contained golf matches, and one the climax of a tennis tournament.

"We might have known!" Chris fumed inwardly as he trudged back to the hotel. "We might have known! A tenement crowd would have wanted a picture all cluttered up with dukes and duchesses, and open-faced shirts, and a Comedy of Manners. So, naturally this silk-stocking bunch would clamor for slum stuff and for stunts. Those river scenes! Three boats to charter and a billion extra people! Why, the street crowd at that fire can't cost less than five hundred—even if we work trick-camera duplicates! And the lead will have to get an acrobat to double for him in the fire-escape act! And a hotel interior, and transportation to New York and back for the Haverham actors in the river scenes! And ——"

He groaned and gave up computing. At the hotel he found a telegram (collect) from Maguire in answer to his own. It read:

"Let them use their own plot if they want to. Why shouldn't they? It's one to the good for us. Carry your own weight boy and dont waste the Sentinels money and my time by wiring me about every measly detail that comes up."

Lane went to the telephone booth and called the Sentinel on long distance—only to learn from the vice president's stenographer that Maguire and Zigler had left the office ten minutes earlier on a three-days motor trip to some location or other, the address of which the stenographer did not know.

Put a timid child in water up to his neck, and his feet will cling nervously to the bottom. Throw him into ten feet of water, and Nature—whose real name is Necessity—will make him swim, unless he is of the type that is born to drown.

The departure of his chiefs for places unknown cut the bottom clean from under Chris Lane's feet. Whereat, his bemused brain all at once became steady and began to work far above form; for he did not belong to the drowning breed.

To all intents and purposes he was now the Sentinel Film Corporation. At least, he was sole guardian of the Sentinel's imperiled interests in Haverham. And those interests just now seemed due to receive a black eye from a blow that threatened to mar the prestige not only of Lane himself but of Maguire, the boss who had sent him thither.

This Caritas Chain was the joy of Maguire's heart. Its failure—and so costly a failure—at Haverham would hurt him badly with Zigler. It would inevitably lead the president to veto any extension of the scheme to other resorts. On Chris Lane depended everything.

At this point in Chris' meditations the script of Salvation was handed to him by a messenger. Chris did not so much as bother to unroll it. His mind was too busily racing. Within another half hour the race was won.

The director and the camera man were due to arrive on the noon train. Chris left word at the hotel desk that he would be back in an hour. Then he asked the way to the Derrick cottage.

He found Gracia reading in a hammock as he climbed the thirty-room cottage's porch steps. She was alone; and she looked politely astonished at sight of him. Chris resented the look and the girl behind it.

"Miss Derrick," he began, before she could speak, "I've done a rather nervy thing, and I don't know whether you'll approve. But—didn't you say something about wishing you could see a picture of your own that had been accepted on its merits? Didn't you? Well, anyhow, it seemed to me, afterward, you had. That plot you told me this morning now—it's far-and-away too big and too unique to be wasted on one private exhibition. So I phoned the office about it. I called up on long distance."

"You did!" she exclaimed, evidently puzzled at his rapid-fire harangue. "But why?"

"Just for the reason I've given you," he said. "The idea seemed too big to be wasted like this. Well, the office agrees with me. Miss Derrick"—portentously—"I'm authorized to offer you three hundred dollars cash for your Salvation picture. That's a hundred-and-fifty a reel—about double our regular rates. But it's worth the extra cash and we want to cinch it. Will you let the Sentinel have it for that? Will you? It's a top offer."

The girl was staring at him open-mouthed, stupefied; her lean face was pallid under its tan. Gradually the pallor gave way to a bricky red. The vagueness left her big eyes, to be replaced by a glow that made her almost beautiful. The supreme emotion of a writer's life was upon her. It was her Moment.

Chris dared not look longer at her. He did not know why. Eyes lowered, he hurried on:

"You see, Miss Derrick, we can give this thing the swellest kind of production—Cliff Herford and Madeline Burt for the leads, and all. I know the money part of it doesn't mean much to you. Still, it's something to know, as a beginner, that you're getting double the rates paid to most professionals. And if you like you can help direct the production. How about it?"

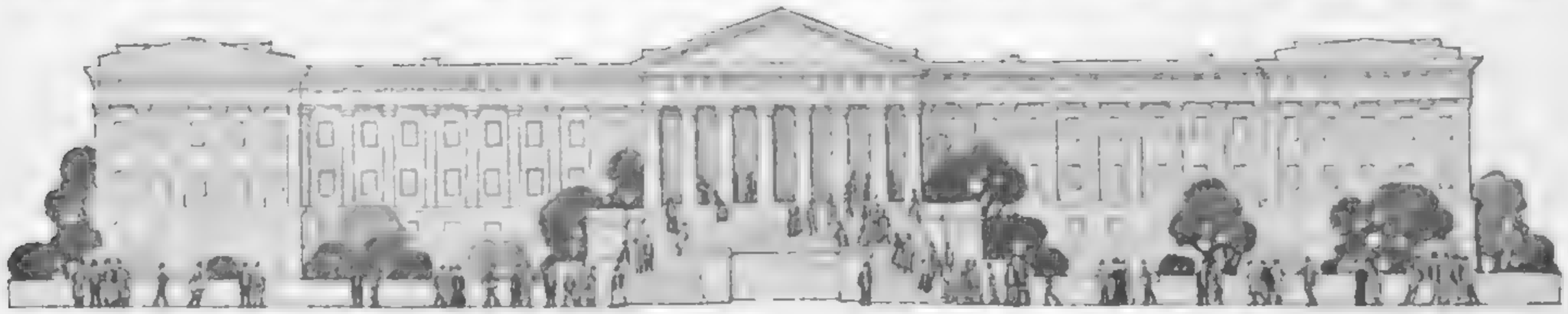
Another agonizingly endless ten seconds crawled by before the shivering Gracia found her tongue. Then, red and trembling, she made answer—almost shouting the staccato words: "Yes! Yes!! Oh, yes!!!"

"Good!" approved Chris, trying to steady his own voice. "Here's a memorandum I've scratched off as the company's local representative. We can sign it now, if you like. A regular contract will be sent to you later on. I'll give you a check for the three hundred to-day if you don't care to wait. How does this strike you?"

(Concluded on Page 52)

"Not a Gentleman," She Corrected; "Just Well Bred. He Falls in Love With a Factory Girl, and for Her Sake He Resolves to Reform"

OUR TOWER OF BABEL



By WILL PAYNE

LAST September Chairman Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, submitted a little table of appropriation bills passed and pending which showed that in the first year of war Congress would authorize the disbursement of eighteen billion and odd dollars and sign contracts involving a further disbursement of two billions and odd. The table footed up twenty billion six hundred millions. When Congress adjourned about three weeks later a revised table footed up twenty-one billion three hundred millions.

Deducting seven billions for loans to the Allies and two and one-half billions for contracts signed but not covered by appropriations, you have eleven billion eight hundred millions as the certain net outlay of the Federal Government in this first year of war. Probably when the winter session of Congress is heard from it will be more.

That is roughly a hundred and sixteen dollars for every man, woman and child in the country, or five hundred and twenty-two dollars for the average family containing four and a half persons—which would probably represent about half the income of about half the families in the country.

If you examine the items in Chairman Fitzgerald's table you will see that what Congress really appropriated was food, clothing, iron, steel, copper, leather, gunpowder, and so on, which somebody's labor must produce. In other words, it appropriated the labor of the people of the United States.

Pharaoh had a simpler system. When he wanted a pyramid built he commanded so many thousand men to stop working for themselves and go quarry the stones, haul them to the appointed place and pile them up according to the architects' plans. We levy taxes and issue bonds, but it comes round to pretty much the same thing. When you buy a Liberty Bond, or pay the eight per cent tax on a railroad ticket, or stick that extra penny stamp on a letter, you know it is real money out of a real pocket, and that it would have been devoted to some more selfish purpose if the Government hadn't required it.

There is nothing illusory about the whole eleven billion eight hundred millions. Every dollar of it is just as real as the dollar bill which your wife lost out of her hand bag last month and still thinks of regretfully, because if she had known she was going to lose it she would have bought a matinée ticket with it.

The Clash of Prerogatives

THE plan under which the Government handles this money, and whether that plan is an efficient or wasteful one, are as important to you as whether your own household and business are managed extravagantly or economically.

In the course of his speech on war appropriations Chairman Fitzgerald mentioned that Congress wanted to appoint a special committee to look over and check up the spending of those billions.

Congress was impressed by the fact that it was an enormous amount of money—far more money than any government in the world ever had at its disposal in a year. Mr. Fitzgerald pointed out that in three years of war Great Britain had raised twenty-one billion and odd dollars, including loans to her Allies—or almost the same amount which we were spending, lending and obligating ourselves for in one year.

It was only recently that the Federal Government had ever spent as much as a billion dollars all told in a year. Net ordinary expenditures—not counting postal expenditures met out of postal revenues—were less than three-quarters of a billion in 1916.

Congress, of course, merely authorizes the expenditure. The actual spending is done by the executive departments. Those executive departments are organized in the same way and directed by the same persons as last year. Taken together they form a concern that has been used to spending a billion dollars or less in a year, and that now abruptly finds itself called upon to spend a billion a month.

It naturally occurred to Congress that a concern so situated might require advice and assistance. Nobody knew better than Congress that Government expenditure in the past had been characterized by much waste. Experienced Senator Aldrich had said that with proper organization and care the Government might get the same results and still save thirty cents out of every dollar it spent. The organization and care were substantially just what they had been when he made the statement.

Congress authorizes the expenditure and is responsible to the public. Quite naturally it was somewhat shocked at the idea of turning over a billion a month to a concern that was said on high authority to waste three hundred millions in spending a billion a year. So it proposed to appoint a joint committee to supervise war expenditures.

And immediately it ran into the snag which has always kept our Government from achieving a reasonable degree of economy and efficiency in the expenditure of public money: President Wilson registered an energetic and decisive protest. Writing to Congressman Lever—for publication—he said: "The constant supervision of executive action which the proposed committee contemplates would amount to nothing less than an assumption, on the part of the legislative body, of the executive work of the Administration." In other words it would be an encroachment by the legislative branch of Government upon the executive branch—and Presidents, as heads of the executive branch, do not tolerate that.

Chairman Fitzgerald upheld the President in this protest, saying: "Before the executive department of the Government can initiate any policy that involves expenditure it must first submit its recommendations to the legislative body, and authority to initiate the policy must be provided by legislative action. Before the policy can be carried into effect the Congress must determine the extent and character of the work by making appropriations therefor. When the legislative body has authorized the policy and provided funds to enable the policy to be carried into effect it has done all that it should do except such auditing or checking as may be appropriate after the expenditure is made. But the duty of conducting the work and making the expenditure is purely an executive function."

Theoretically the legislative branch cannot have anything to do with the spending, because that would be an encroachment upon the executive branch, and the executive branch cannot have anything to do with the appropriating, because that would be an encroachment upon the legislative branch. And each branch is as jealous of its strict constitutional prerogative as a woman with a police record who has broken into good society is of her reputation.

That is the snag upon which every attempt to introduce order, system and economy into Government affairs has stuck. It is like a store in which Partner Smith does all the buying and Partner Jones does all the selling, and Smith will no more let Jones talk to him about the buying than Jones will let Smith talk to him about the selling. Only Smith & Jones would soon go into bankruptcy, whereas our Government has the boundless wealth of the United States to draw upon.

The men who devised our Government were animated by an intense suspicion of government. The political ills with which they were best acquainted had risen through somebody's attempt to abuse powers of government with which he was invested. They were thinking about Charles the First and George the Third.

Their debates show that what they were most anxious about was to construct a government whose powers could not be abused by the persons in whose hands such powers lay for the time being. They argued that if the powers of government were divided up and set apart one from the other, with each part as distinct and independent as possible, no one person or set of persons could acquire enough governmental power to set up an autocracy or oligarchy. In a general way they reverted to the celebrated precedent of the Tower of Babel—a project, you remember, which was frustrated by visiting the workmen with confusion of speech so they could not work together.

If your chief concern about the hired man is that he may steal your horse, it is well to rivet a ball and chain on his ankle. But if you want him to be as spry as possible in the hay field, the ball and chain will be inconvenient. The shackles which the framers put on our Government to keep it from stealing the horse have been excessively inconvenient in the matter of efficient and economical government operation.

The plain fact is that the people of the United States nowadays care very little about the strict constitutional division of the powers of government. They have no more fear of a dictatorship than of a griffin. In twenty-five years there has been no session of Congress without a cry of alarm from some member, or several members, about encroachments by the executive branch upon the legislative branch. And the public is about as much impressed thereby as a rational adult is by an infant's statement that there's a two-headed bear behind the woodshed.

Distrust of the Spenders

BUT people in the Government care a great deal about this constitutional division of powers. A member of Congress is naturally very jealous of the prerogatives of the body to which he belongs, because his own personal power and dignity are merely a reflection of those prerogatives. Presidents will not tolerate legislative encroachment upon the executive branch because that lessens the weight of the office they hold. So, though the people care little, this jealousy is a vital motive in the working of government, and it has so far wrecked every attempt at a more efficient working.

Yet it is possible—and practicable, I believe—to achieve a far more efficient working without fatally lacerating either branch's tender regard for its prerogatives.

The statement may sound presumptuous in view of the very meager progress—or no progress—which has been achieved since the subject began to receive wide attention, which was about the time when Senator Aldrich made his famous statement that the Government might do its work quite as well and save three hundred millions a year if it would organize for efficient and economical operation.

Some time after that President Taft appointed a non-political commission to study the working of the Government with a view to introducing economy and efficiency. The commission spent much time and labor investigating and made a number of reports. One voluminous report, dated June, 1912, gives a detailed survey of the Government's plan of operation.

Some essentially minor details have been altered since then, but, with those comparatively unimportant exceptions, the report is still a picture of the workings of the Government as regards its general plan for raising and spending revenues.

There are ten executive departments, each quite independent of every other so far as its practical workings and operations go. Each department contains a number of bureaus and offices, like the Bureau of the Census in the Department of Commerce, and the office of Comptroller of the Currency in the Treasury Department. In addition there are a number of independent bureaus and offices, like the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission.

The bureaus and offices in a department are to a large extent independent of each other as to their workings and operations in nearly the same way that each department is independent of the other departments. It is these various divisions of the executive branch of the Government that do the actual spending of public money.

Along in the fall each bureau or office sits down and figures up what it wishes to spend in the next fiscal year. In various cases the heads of these bureaus or offices are political appointees who change when the Administration changes, or oftener, and who have had little or no experience in administering an office such as they are now called upon to preside over. In practice such heads will depend upon a chief clerk or other subordinate who has no reason to care particularly whether the office is run economically or not. Naturally a man who is charged with a particular bit of Government work thinks that particular bit of work is very important and would like to see it amply supplied with funds. Probably he considers that if his bureau or office doesn't get the money some other bureau or office will, so he might as well ask for plenty. He isn't thinking about the department as a whole, still less about the Government as a whole.

The estimates of the various divisions are turned over to the head of the department. He is always a political appointee, changing when the Administration changes, or oftener, seldom with any practical experience in managing such a concern as that which he is now in charge of. He is thinking mostly about large questions of Administration policy, about his own politics or about broad policies of his particular department. Naturally he wants his department to cut as large a figure as possible. There is really nobody with the time, technical knowledge, experience and authority to take the estimates from the divisions of a given department and sift and coördinate them.

Each department having collected the estimates from its various divisions puts them together and sends them on to the Secretary of the Treasury. It appears to have been the intention to make the Secretary of the Treasury the overseeing fiscal officer of the Government—the budget maker. But since Hamilton's time that intention has lapsed. In practice the secretary, in the main, only compiles these various estimates, prints them in a book, and sends the book to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Recently it has been the practice for the President to hold a Cabinet meeting for the purpose of considering the estimates of expenditure before they are submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury.

In the first place the members of the Cabinet are the same men who have already sanctioned the estimates—that is, they are the heads of the executive departments. They have no more knowledge of the subject and no keener motive for economy when they are sitting as Cabinet members than when they were in their own offices. Then custom and etiquette have tended powerfully to make each department distinct. It wouldn't be good taste for the Secretary of Agriculture to tell the Postmaster-General that his estimates were extravagant. It is of course absurd to suppose that the President can have the detailed information and the time to analyze these ponderous estimates and criticize them intelligently.

When the Speaker of the House gets the book of estimates from the Secretary of the Treasury he cuts it up—without any action by the House and in obedience to the standing rules of that body—and sends the pieces round to various committees. Presumably the intention was that the House Committee on Appropriations should pass on all the estimates, and thus that the expenditures of the Government should be considered as a whole by one body. But that is now far from the case. The Committee on Appropriations passes on most expenditures that relate to the general overhead expenses of the Government at Washington and a number of other things. But overhead expenses of the Department of Agriculture, expenses of the forest service and various others go to the Committee on Agriculture; river and harbor improvements go to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors; military and naval expenditures go to the war and navy committees, and so on. Ten or more separate committees handle the appropriations for a given year. The Committee on Military Affairs handles estimates for the army; but estimates for fortifications and coast defense go to the Committee on Appropriations. The last-named committee handles more appropriations than any other, but for the purpose of handling them it divides itself into various subcommittees, each dealing with a particular set of subjects.

"It is seldom the case," says President Taft's commission, "that the appropriations for an entire service or department are found in one appropriation bill or are considered by one committee."

Piecemeal is the rule throughout. The estimates are made up separately and acted on separately. Except for the practically incidental moment when they come together in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury to be edited and compiled for the printer, they are practically never considered as a whole.

Membership of these committees of the House to which the estimates are referred in severalty is constantly changing. Each of them has a new chairman whenever the political complexion of the House changes. Members drop out at every election. Moreover, as a rule each member of

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The Biography of a Million Dollars

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

X

THE shades were all down at the bank when I got there—drawn for the day. But the door was unlocked. I opened it and stepped in.

"Cripes!" I thought to myself, "what a dark, still hole it is in here after hours!"

Back of the glass you could see the clerks with their heads down by their green electric-light shades—writing. But no one was moving round or talking; and there was nobody at all in the main corridor. So I went along back, my heels clacking on the marble.

"What can I do for you?" said this still-faced fellow, coming out from a door, bowing.

"I want to see Mr. Billings."

"I'm Mr. Billings' secretary," he said, and smiled—with the lower half of his face only.

"I've got to see him personally," I told him.

"I'll see what I can do," he said, and bowed and disappeared again, and left me standing there. It was so still you could hear the pens scratch—those white-fingered clerks working on their books. I stood and watched them. It always looked to me like a curious way of earning your living—sitting there juggling figures in that still hole; more so, I suppose, to a man used to banging round a machine shop all his days.

"Won't you come this way?" said Billings' secretary, coming back, bowing again; and he showed me ahead of him into a little private reception room in back, with one electric light going.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, and smiled that smile with the lower half of his face again. "He'll see you when he's disengaged."

"All right," said I. "Whenever he's ready."

Then he turned on more light and bowed and went out again, and left me there.

"You get on my nerves," I said to myself, watching him. "You bow too much to suit me."

I was getting nervous, probably, over this game I was going up against—waiting in this place I wasn't accustomed to.

It was stiller yet in there; a small room, without any outside windows—fixed up regardless, with red-leather furniture and high-polished woodwork, and little oil paintings of sheep round the walls.

Stiller than underground.

I sat down and ran over that statement of the business I brought with me; looked at it all again to be sure, and sat waiting all the time with my eye on that door in the shiny woodwork where Billings' secretary had gone out.

I sat there. Not a sound from anybody—for ten minutes!

"Cripes," I thought; "he takes his time about it!"

And I got up and walked round and looked at the pictures of the sheep. And watched that shiny door sideways!

It opened once, and my man—the secretary—came back again. And I got up.

"Not yet," he said; "he's still engaged." And he went on out, stepping softly on that Oriental rug—every hair in his head and thread in his clothes and muscle in his face just where it ought to be.

And I went back and sat down again—picking at my hat band in my lap, waiting. It struck me sitting there: "How many other fellows must have sat here, in this still hole, just as I am now, waiting—and got turned down!

"Gad," I said to myself, "what a power these still-faced fellows have got over you. In these banks! Just sit and smile, and make you wait. Forever if they want to. Just say they can't see you.

"Refuse to see you at all," I said half out loud—and pulled out on my collar. And I got up on my feet, thinking of it! The sweat came right out on me.

And I sat right down again and stayed there—watching that door as if I expected the devil to pop out of it. Fighting something you know is one thing; fighting something back of a door, that don't make a noise, is another.

"Won't you come in now?" said Billings' secretary, opening the door without a sound.

And he bowed and showed me out ahead of him, still and polite as an undertaker at a country funeral. And I pulled my coat collar down, seeing his smooth one, and followed down after him into Proctor Billings' private office.

"Come in, won't you?" said Proctor Billings at the door, and held out that long cold hand of his. "Sit down!" And he smiled with the lower part of his face, like that secretary, without the eyes lighting up at all.

Right over him, where he sat down at his desk, hung the face of old man Billings, his father, an oil painting taken just before he died; as like the other man as the two Indians on two copper cents—as I always said—and just as hard. Only the son was polished by his education.

"Will you smoke a cigarette?" he said to me, and handed out his gold case. And I took one with his gilt monogram on it.

"Now what can I do for you, Mr. Morgan?" he said, making that faint smile on his lips again—with just as much expression in those gray eyes of his as two annealed steel balls would have. And his face fell still again.

"I came to see you about that check of mine," I told him.

"What check?" he asked me.

"That one you sent to protest—the one to Briscoe—for insufficient funds," I went on explaining.

Not a flicker in that face, anywhere!

"I'm sorry," he said finally, "but I'm afraid you'll have to tell me all about it."

So I did. What else was there to do? And he sat there watching me, listening to me, explaining still. I was doing all the talking; I saw that.

I was almost begging him now. It made me hot. But the madder I got the more I had to go along—he doing nothing at all but listening.

"If it had been my fault," I said, "I wouldn't feel so strong about it. I wouldn't feel I had just the same right to be here now, asking you to help us out."

And he nodded, listening, without the slightest expression in his face—one way or the other.

"I don't see now," I said, flaring up a second in spite of myself, "why it was you didn't notify us when it happened. Give us a chance, anyway."

"Let's find out," said Proctor Billings, and stuck one of those long white fingers on a push button.

"Was Mr. Morgan's check protested yesterday?" he asked the man who came in—one of the tellers.

"Yes, sir."

"Without notice to him?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"They'd had their two warnings for overdrawing this month," the teller said, and stood up, stiffer than a soldier, watching him—and avoiding my eyes.

"Is that right?" said Billings to me.

"Probably it is," said I. "I told you how it happened."

"We've had a lot of trouble with that account, Mr. Billings," said the teller, still watching him. "You know that."

"That's all," said Proctor Billings, without answering him. "When you go out send me in the card on that account, please."

"Yes, sir," said the teller, and bowed to him and went out. And I sat there waiting.

"You see?" said Billings, asking another question.

"Yes," said I.

"That's our rule."

"I see," said I, holding back a second or two to try if he would go on talking. "I see," I said, when he said nothing; "but that don't help me any. What I've got to see is how I'm going to get out of this. These Briscoe people are our biggest creditors, giving us special accommodations under a special agreement. There's no telling what they'll do to us when our check goes back to them."

He sat there waiting, smoking, hearing me explain, with the picture of his father over him, and a vase of cut flowers on his desk, all his ways and face and manners still and quiet and exactly right—and showing exactly nothing of what he thought!

"I've come here," I said, "because you're the only man in the world now that can pull us out."

"Well," he said, "what is it we can do for you?"

"Can't you stop that check before it gets back to them?"

"Let's see," he said, and pushed a button on his desk.

"Just where is that check?" he asked the teller when he came in again. "Could we stop it now before it gets back to Briscoe & Co.?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. But I'm not quite sure."

"You see, please."

"All right," the teller said. "And here's that card of the account you were asking for, Mr. Billings."

And he bowed again and went out. And we two sat there, Proctor Billings looking over my account, while I gaped round at the flowers on his desk and the walls and the picture of old man Billings over him—with his cold face, and his straight lips, and his old long nose, thin as an icicle.

"They certainly do look alike," I said to myself—"the same eyes and mouth, the same long, thin, frozen nose"; and I thought again of what they used to say about the old man—that when he had the nosebleed it was ice water that came out and froze on his chin. This young man was just like him, you could see, the same thing exactly, with a college education, trained in this game of keeping his face still, handling money, from the time they gave him his first quarter.

He sat there now, motionless, reading my bank statement.

"I hope you will find you can catch the thing, somewhere," I broke in finally.

"Come in," said Proctor Billings, turning to the door. Then the teller walked in again.

"It's too late," he said. "They say that it's gone through. The notification will get to Briscoe & Co. tomorrow morning in the mail."

"That's all," said Proctor Billings, dismissing him.

"It can't," I said. I was almost crazy. "You've got to stop it for me somewhere"—and I got up on my feet. I felt like a fish with a net round it, drawing in. "We've got to do something!" I said.

"Well," he said, and took another cigarette. "What would you suggest? We'll do all we can for you," he said, and smiled that lip smile of his again—"reasonably, of course."

"Can't you call them up on long distance?" I asked him. "You know them personally, don't you?"

"Yes."

"The old man Briscoe?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Can't you call them up and tell them, then?"

"Tell them what?"

"What I told you. About how it happened. About that girl's mistake."

"That wouldn't do you any good now, would it?" he asked me, holding his cigarette off and watching it.

"Why wouldn't it?"

"That isn't what they'd ask me now if I called them up. Now their check's gone back to them. They wouldn't stop there. They'd be sure to ask me now how you stand anyway. How solvent I considered you, myself. That would be it, wouldn't it?" he asked me.

"Probably it might," said I.

"What could I tell them?" he wanted to know, while I sat still. "What could I say to them from this?" he said and flipped that statement of my bank account across the desk to me.

I looked at it—and laid it down!

"You owe them money, don't you?" he asked me. "And a lot of it?" he asked me.

I nodded to him.

"What they'll want to know of me, I should imagine especially if I call them up—is whether in my opinion they'll get it back; what the best thing is for them to do."

"I suppose so," I answered him finally.

"What could I answer them? What could I advise them," he said, "from what I know?"

He had me cold, on the face of the thing—all wrong; explaining, explaining, explaining from the beginning—and still wrong at the end. And he sitting there watching, asking questions. He had me there with my back against the wall, fighting for my life; and everything polite and still and smiling, without turning over one of those white hands of his. It made me hot to see him maneuvering, playing me off my feet in that game of his I didn't know. It made me mad, but at the same time I saw, quick as a flash, it gave me the opening I was after.

"I'll tell you what you can advise them," I said, staring into those metal eyes of his—"if you want to know. Just this one thing: If they shut down on us now, we're busted!

"Naturally," I said, going ahead, "you're interested too. Or your bank is—to the tune of a thousand dollars, anyhow. But it's in your hands," I said. "You can let us go; or you can bust us—for the mistake of a fool girl bookkeeper—if you want to!"

He sat looking at me, behind that mask of his.

"But I want you to understand this," I said, "before you do it. I want you to understand if you do, or they do, you'll be doing the one thing that'll hurt yourselves most."

"Why?" he asked, speaking again finally, and sat still, with those polished steel eyes on me.

"I'll show you why," said I. And I pulled out my statement of the business from my pocket.

"You remember the bicycle business," I said "how much there was left of it when it tumbled?"

He smiled, looking at me—the smile thinner than the edge of a knife.

"What Do I Look Like to You—a Man That Would Double Cross His Best Friend—for the Sake of a Few Dollars? Or a Million, Either!"

"Quite well," he said in that college-educated talk of his.

"One pile of junk," said I. "Wheels and screws and tubing!"

"And crazy credits," said he.

"Well, here it is," said I, and tapped my paper, "right over again! With this one difference!"

"What?"

"Stopped, it's the same—a heap of junk. But going, it's a fortune!"

He said nothing at all.

"A fortune!" I said, and slapped down the paper on his desk. "Fifty thousand dollars a year, next year, if it keeps going!"

He reached out his hand for it. But I didn't let it go yet.

"And another thing," I said, looking him in those eyes, "it's just as well to understand: This business is our business! And anybody that thinks he can grab it away from us and run it himself will find when he comes to look at it he's got just the neck and tail feathers—that's all! This is a two-man business," I told him. "We started it and made it and know it. And we're the only ones that do. That business is all carried round under two hats. And nobody wants to make the mistake of thinking they can get it and set it on its feet and start it going again—without us. For they can't. That's one sure thing!"

"Fifty thousand dollars a year!" he said, paying no more attention to that last talk of mine than if I hadn't been giving it at all.

"Yes," said I. "Take a look at it!"

And I handed him the statement.

"This will show you the whole thing," I said—"what we've done, and what we've got, and what we're going to do."

He ran his eye down it.

"Who made this out for you?" he asked me. "Is it reliable?"

"It ought to be. I got the best people in town to do it." And I told him who they were.

He glanced his eye up and down and turned the pages.

"Would you care to let me take this?" he asked me.

"Glad to," said I.

"Overnight?"

"Yes, certainly. But in the meantime, what about getting Briscoe & Co. on the long distance?"

"It's too late to-day," he said. "They'll be gone for the night. Besides," he said, and turned that mask of his on me again, talking that polite cold talk, "what is there I could say to them—yet?"

And he got up from his chair and stood there in front of his flowers, under the painting of the old man. And I got up after him. That was all there was for me to do.

"I want to say this thing, though, before I go," said I: "If you do this, naturally we ain't asking you to do it for nothing."

"I see," he said, freezing up stiffer still. "Well, this is scarcely the time to discuss that."

I could see then I hadn't suited him, the way I got at it.

"I'll let you hear from me in the morning," he said, and held out that long hand—and smiled that thin-lipped smile.

And I went out through that empty private reception room with the pictures of the sheep on the wall. Stiller than ever; all the electric lights out but one!

"Cripes," I said to myself; "what a power these still-faced dudes with the money have over you!"

Not a word, not a flicker of an eyelash or a change of a muscle in his face to show where I stood. It was part of the game they were trained to—these men that run the banks; these bowing men with white fingers and fine clothes and masked faces.

"He's got me," I said to myself, out in the twilight in the street—"he's got me right in the palm of his hand. He can ruin me as easy as he can shut up his fingers—if he thinks that'll figure out best. All he needs to do is to sit and watch and wait. All he's got to do is to do nothing!"

"What a grip they've got on us," I thought, turning to go home. "What a great big powerful thing these fellows have got control of!"

XI

WE SAT there, Pasc and I, that next morning in our old office, he on his side and I on mine, not saying a word, waiting. I felt rotten. I'd hardly slept all night.

"What do you suppose he'll do to us, now he's got us?" I asked Pasc finally, sitting there with my head in my hands. I had a headache over my eyes that jumped like a young rabbit.

"I don't know," said Pasc, looking up.

He was over there at that old table he had on the other side of the room from me, with his old stub and envelope out, working like a beaver. He'd got an idea during the night on an auxiliary exhaust or something, and he was afraid it would get away from him.

"Lord!" I said, sitting up. "If the flood came it would still find you plugging on some improvement on a motor."

"That's all I'm good for," said Pasc, wetting his pencil point with his lips and looking sideways at the envelope. "But I do expect I can make that exhaust a hundred per cent better than it is now."

"Sure!" I said. "Always!"

And he went on working.

"Cripes!" I said, rolling my head in my hands. "I'd give my left eye to know what's going to happen to us in the next twenty-four hours."

"I wish I could help you out," said Pasc, looking up. "I wish I was some good to you in that line. But there's no use of pretending. I ain't."

And I got up on my feet, starting walking.

"They are a natural mystery to me," said he—"banks and money. They always were."

"They are to most of us," I said, "except to those damned pale-faced fellows that run them."

"I always think, somehow," he went along, "of a lot of little fine wheels, meshed in together, running in oil. Stiller'n the wheels in a watch. But they're beyond me!" and he went back at his envelope again, for fear he was forgetting something.

"Why Shouldn't I Have Him Up to Dinner if I Want To? I Stand by My Friends"

"I guess you're right," I said. "They've got a regular system—a regular machine—for extracting money from everybody and everything they come in contact with; every business in the country."

And right after that the telephone started ringing.

"Yes? Hello!" said I, grabbing it.

"Mr. Morgan?" said the voice—that pale private secretary of Billings'.

"Yes!"

"Mr. Billings wishes me to say he will see you at ten-thirty if you are at liberty?"

"I'll be there!" said I.

"Thank you. Then he'll look for you," he said, politer than ever, and hung up.

"At liberty!" I said, starting marching round again. "At ten-thirty! Cripes! He's in no hurry about this thing! Old man Briscoe would have us dead and buried by the time he gets round to us." And I grabbed up my hat then and went out and walked the streets, until it was time for him to see me.

"Good morning," said Proctor Billings, when I finally went in, getting up cold and polite and deliberate as ever, with a fresh flower in his buttonhole and a new bouquet in the vase behind him. "Take a seat!"

I said how-d'-do and sat down and held on to myself, waiting for him to start in.

"Will you smoke a cigarette?" he said to me, holding out the gold case again.

It was a regular part of the ceremony. He always opened with it—like an old-fashioned meal with prayer.

"Not now," said I. "Maybe later."

And he laid the case on the desk where I could reach it.

"Well," said I, starting off to talk again, in spite of myself, "have you looked it over?"

"Yes."

"What'd you think of it?"

"It's a very interesting statement," said Proctor Billings.

"That's what I thought you'd say," I said, encouraged. "So now," I said, "the bank can go ahead, can't it, and straighten us out in this Briscoe thing?"

"No," said Proctor Billings.

"No!" I said. "What do you mean? I thought you just said we had a wonderful statement!"

"'Interesting' was what I said," he came back.

"Well, interesting then. Isn't it good enough for you to get us out of this?"

"The bank, you mean—as a bank?"

"Why, yes," said I.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be justified, from a legitimate banking standpoint," he said, sending out his cigarette smoke. "We're speaking now about anything we might say about you to Briscoe & Co.?" he asked me, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes," said I.

He shook his head. "We couldn't do it," he said, knocking off his cigarette ashes—"under the circumstances."

I sat there for a minute, letting it soak in. And just then a knock came at the door—that secretary!

"Long distance wants you."

"The same call?"

"Yes."

"Give them the same answer. Tell them I'll call when I come in."

"Yes, sir."

There was a little fine rosebud in his buttonhole—the color of flesh. I kept my eye on that, waiting, while they were talking.

"Briscoe & Co.," Billings said to me, when the man went out. "They've been calling all the morning."

"Now here," I said, stiffening up when I heard it. I knew it was a matter of minutes now. "You say you can't do anything!"

"As a bank," he said again.

"Not even tell them about that protested check—how it happened?"

"We might do that," he said; "yes. But what good would that be, when old man Briscoe calls me up—as he evidently is doing—and asks me personally what I think about it; your whole situation, and what he'd better do about it?"

"Well," I said, watching him, "what will you say to him—now you've seen that statement?"

"I wouldn't advise him one way or the other."

"That's all you'd do, huh?" getting hot again.

"What else could I do under the circumstances? What would you do," he asked, looking over at me, cooler than ever, "if you were in my place in this bank?"

I didn't say anything.

"You wouldn't be here now," he said, "if your condition wasn't critical."

And my eyes fell down to his rosebud again.

"Well," I said finally—"what's the answer?"

"You've got to have capital!"

"All right," I said, looking him in the eye; "then why don't you loan it to us?"

"As a bank?"

"Yes."

"Because it's not a bank's business to, not a conservative legitimate bank's."

"I thought a bank's business was loaning money?"

"Not to a concern without capital," he came back. "It's the business of somebody else to furnish the first money—the capital that takes the first risk of the enterprise, and gets the profits. That's not a bank's business."

And the talk came to a stop again.

"I don't say," he went along, "you couldn't find some banks that might do it for you—who aren't so old-fashioned and conservative as we are. You might try it," he said, knocking his cigarette ashes off again, "and see."

"Try it, hell!" I said to myself, getting red in the face. "With old man Briscoe waiting now on the other end of that wire!

"Let me ask you something, for a minute," said I. "You say I can't get capital out of your bank or any other bank, legitimately. Well, where am I going to get it?"

"The natural way," he said, looking over at me, "would be to get some individual to put it in."

"I see," said I, watching him. "Well, who? Do you know anybody?"

"I can't say that I do."

"Would you?" said I, keeping my eyes right on him. "Would you consider it yourself?"

And I froze up waiting for him to answer.

He took his time about it.

"I might, possibly," he said then, looking over, "if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?" I came back like lightning.

"I have no intention of forcing myself into the situation."

"Forcing nothing!" I said. "Would you consider it?"

"Under certain circumstances I might."

"What are they?"

"How much money do you think you ought to have, right now?" he asked me then.

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Twenty-five might be better, I should imagine," he said. "You should have enough—it's safer."

"All right," I said, jumping right after him. "Now what would you want? How would you fix it?"

"I should have to ask you ten per cent interest—in the first place," he said.

"All right," I said, and I groped my hand out for a cigarette, keeping my eye on him—to see what was coming next.

"Under the circumstances," he said, his face as still as always.

"That's all right," I said again. "And then what?"

"Control," he said, not moving a muscle.

"Control!" I said, sitting up straighter. I saw it coming now. I saw him reaching out his hand for it—that whole thing that Pasc Thomas and I had bet our lives on—and taking it away from us.

"Control?" said I, standing up. "Control what? Do you mean to say you want us to hand over the stock majority of our company for twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"Not at all," he said. "I wouldn't consider doing that, under present circumstances, for a minute. Sit down, please!"

And I sat.

"Understand, please," he said, still more polite—with those gray eyes of his on me, "I'm merely stating the only conditions I would take up this matter on—at your request."

"Yes," I managed to choke out of myself.

"I wouldn't think of investing money in your concern now, under any condition," he told me. "But I do see, I think, a plan by which I can loan you money, with reasonable safety—for this kind of private venture; and hope to get it back. But to do that the one condition is that I have absolute control of the stock—until my debt is paid, you understand?"

"Yes," said I.

"Is it agreeable to you?"

"Yes."

"Because if it isn't we'll drop it now."

"It is," I told him.

"When I'm paid," he said, "of course, the control goes back."

"All right," I said, watching. "And what else?"

"I want to be perfectly clear about this," he answered me, looking down and talking very carefully—"before we go any further. This bank has conducted a legitimate banking business in this city for a great many years. It was established by my father, and was run along strictly legitimate banking lines by him. And up to date neither it nor any of its officers has ever taken any of its customers by the throat and taken their business or their stock away from them.

"And this arrangement of ours will be made on the same lines—if at all. I'm telling you now the conditions I will come in on. If they are not agreeable to you, you need not consider them at all."

"I understand," I said; "and it's all right. Now go ahead. What other condition is there?"

"I believe," he said, "if your company pulls out—by the aid of my money—I should have an option to buy a certain amount of stock. I should consider myself entitled to it. To buy it—at a price."

"What price?"

"Par, I should say."

"All right," said I. "let's say par for the minute. But how much?"

"A third."

"A third of the stock at par," said I, thinking.

"Giving me the same amount as the other two stockholders," he said. "That's the only basis I'll consider it on."

"Well—all right," I said to him. "How long would you expect the arrangement to run?"

"We could try it for a year, first," he told me, "and see how we stand then."

And I said all right.

"Just one thing more," he said, "we should understand now: If I do this it may mean a general shake-up—a reorganization—if I think your business needs it."

"How about the running of the shop?" I asked him.

"That's your work—the detail. Though, of course, I should always have the final authority—the right to act—until my debt is paid."

"All right," I said. "Go ahead! Cut down, reorganize. I guess we need it anyhow. Especially financially. We never did claim to know that end of the business."

"Yes, I think I can be of use to you there," said Billings.

"I know you can," said I.

"And now," he said, "I'll have this memorandum drawn up between us, to send to you; and I'll call up Briscoe."

I got up. I saw it was my cue to. And he got up with me, very polite and agreeable.

"I believe," he said, "I can be of use to you in this business—on the financial end anyway. My father used to say," he went on, glancing up again at old man Billings over his head, "'A new business is like a new baby. It's apt to be all right if you can get it through its second summer.' And the finances are where it's most apt to break down. There's where I can be of some use to you, I think. I ought to be. I ought to know something about it," he said, looking up again at the painting of the old man; "I had one of the best teachers in the world."

And he held out his long hand to me.

"I believe you will," said I, looking up with him at that old lean face upon the wall. "You certainly ought to!" I thought to myself.

"I believe we ought to make a strong team," I said, shaking hands. "And there's plenty in it for all of us, you'll find."

"I hope so," said he.

I left him standing there under his picture of his old man, with the bouquet of flowers back of him. And I walked out through the still reception room with the sheep pictures on the wall—feeling better!

There were three or four there waiting. I noticed one man that I knew. That pale-faced secretary came out of the side door after I did.

"Just a few minutes now," he said to this man, who got up, grabbing hard on the rim of his hat—"and Mr. Billings will be able to see you."

"They all have to come to them," I said to myself. "They have got to come where the money is—sooner or later."

There was something in my hand, I noticed, when I got out on the street. It was that gold monogrammed cigarette I'd taken to smoke, all ground up to nothing, where I'd been squeezing it.

XII

"HE HELD us up, Pasc," I said, talking it over with him that night; "and declared himself in on us. That's the English of it."

"And yet," said Pasc, "if he gets any stock he's going to pay real money for it—when he might have just made us hand it over."

"I can see why, in a way, too," I came back at him. "He's safer putting in his money this way, on a loan, where he can get it out again; and then buy his stock—after he sees how good it is—for nothing, practically. What's par, the way we've got it capitalized now?" I said.

"The Time May Come," I Said, "You Won't Turn Up Your Nose at a Good Job as a Machinist"

"And if he wants to be crooked and take it away from us," I said, "all he needs to do is to wait until he gets onto the ropes of the business, and then work some shenanigan while he has control of the thing—smash it and take it over."

"Why should he do that," Pasc wanted to know, "when he had us in the first place?"

"Clear enough," I told him. "He'd know the business then. And at the same time he'd have the record there of our agreement, to show how fair and above board and proper he was with us."

"Do you know anything to prove that?" Pasc asked me.

"No. I just think so on general principles."

"You're too suspicious, Bill," said Pasc.

"I am with that kind of cattle," said I. "That's the way they get their living. They're trained to, all the time."

"That ain't the way they'll act, in my opinion," said he. "That ain't what I think he's likely to do here."

"What do you think?" I asked.

"I don't think so bad of him as you do," said Pasc—"from what I hear. I think he's sharp. But I don't think he'd cheat you outright. I think he'll do what he thinks has the look of being fair and square in business."

"Gad, yes—in business!" I said. "Business the way his old man did it."

"He seems to think a good deal of his old man, according to you," said Pasc—"and his reputation."

"Well, he's the only one that does," I said, "that I ever heard of. That's just what he'll do. He'll do business like his old man. He'll get you where he wants you first. And then he'll be as kind and soft-hearted as an adding machine—an adding machine," I said, choking up, "crossed with a rattlesnake."

"A little more adding machine wouldn't hurt us in that business very much," said Pasc, "in my opinion. If he starts to reorganize it the way he said he might, it won't be the worst thing that could happen to us."

"There's something in that, Pasc," I had to admit. "I expect we could save a dollar that way now and then—if we had system. And that wouldn't make me mad, anyway! And anyhow, about all we can do now is to make the best of things. He's got us any way we turn."

"It'll work out all right, I think," said Pasc.

But when Billings started to work it out in detail—that reorganizing business—it wasn't so agreeable to either Pasc or me, especially when it came to cutting out our people we had had with us right along.

That little bookkeeper—that Myrtle—had to go of course. She was done for, anyway, by that mistake. She never came back to the office after that thing, except to finish cleaning up her desk. In her place Billings put an experienced bookkeeper—a lean, lantern-jawed Scotchman, standing all day, deaf and dumb, hanging over his books, working and getting out statements for Billings himself to work on.

Pretty soon Billings was having me over to the bank to talk about them—and cutting out a man here and there. I put up a fight once or twice, for one or two of them, but he wouldn't have it.

"That's what ruins most businesses—making it a personal matter. My father always told me," he said, looking up again at his picture: "'Business isn't friendship; it's arithmetic. The multiplication table plays no favorites,' he used to say, 'and in the long run a business don't either; for if it does there won't be any business.'"

So finally I went off and did what he told me. One of the first things he ran across, of course, was Chuck—that boy of Tom's. We had had him on the pay roll most of the year, riding for us and training, ever since he won that first race.

"Who is this man?" Proctor Billings asked me. "Just what does he do?"

So I told him. "He isn't riding all the time," I said. "But he isn't very high-priced, comparatively; and we've always figured it paid us well."

"I see," said Billings. "Well, I'd like to look into it—to see just what he does produce for us."

"I've looked it up," he said a day or two later, "and I'm pretty clear that it doesn't pay. Racing has had its day as advertising. He isn't bringing his money back. We'll have to let him go."

"But we can't let him go!" said I.

"Why not?"

"Why, he made us, in a way," I said. And then I told him just what he'd done for us.

"I see," said Billings, thinking it over. "Well, I tell you what you can do: You can let another man go and give him a place inside the shop—if you want to. I should think it might be better for him than this irregular traveling round the country, racing."

And I Sat Right Down Again and Stayed There—Watching That Door as If I Expected the Devil to Pop Out of It

And he put it up to me to do. I never felt rottener about anything in my life. It didn't mean anything to Billings, of course. We weren't human beings to him, any of us: nothing more than cogs in the machinery—figures in a column. But I knew myself just how the kid would take it.

He didn't say a word when I was telling him about it—just sat there, chewing gum now and then, and looking up with his head down a little, with the whites showing under those hard blue eyes of his. I told him I was sorry, but we'd made up our minds we'd have to give up racing. "But I can give you just about as much money there—inside," I said. "Or it will be as soon as you get started."

He didn't say anything for a minute—just sat there with those sulky eyes on me.

"I know how you feel about it, probably," I told him. "But I'd advise you to take it. You can't tell when this racing might blow up. And this here would be a steady thing for you—a life job if you wanted it. And I'll be here—always—to look out for you."

"Aha?" he said, looking at me with a little crooked smile. "Well, I guess I won't take it. Just as much obliged."

"Why not?" I came back at him. That look on his face made me a little sore.

"How about you?" he said. "Would you want to go back in the shop?"

"That ain't the question," I said, getting hotter. He had a different way with him than he used to—older and sulkier and more devil-may-care. "The question is do you want this job I'm offering you? It's a good job!" said I, watching him.

"Maybe," he said. "But it's not my job. That ain't what I'm cut out for. I'm a rider, not a mechanic."

"All right," I said, "that's your lookout." He had me mad now—the way he said it as much as what he said—that smart-Alec, indifferent way kids talk nowadays when they're trying to show how independent they are. "The time may come," I said, "you won't turn up your nose at a good job as a machinist."

It was true enough, too, what I told him. But I felt meaner than a dog, saying it—and mad at the same time!

"Anyway," I said, "there it is. I've offered it to you."

"Don't worry about me," he said, starting chewing gum, working his jaws and looking up at me. "I can place myself all right. The Rajah people have been after me for six months—for more money than you gave me. But I turned them down right along. I turned them down," he said, getting up. "I thought I'd take my chances and stay on with you here. I thought maybe you wanted me to. But this is different!"

He turned round and went out. He had changed a lot in a few months—grown quite a little and got a lot cockier and surer of himself, knocking round the country, winning races that way. He was a pretty wise boy by this time; and his success at riding had given him a swelled head. I didn't care for him a whole lot. But that didn't let me out from what I owed him.

(Continued on Page 74)

HARVEST GLOOM

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

MR. DEXTER I. MARKIN, sales manager of the Perfection Waist Company, Paris and New York, was a bright young man with a future filled with all the possibilities of a freshly forged, well balanced jimmy. In his letter applying for the position offered by Box 113-S in Ready-to-Wear a year before, Mr. Markin had admitted in the first paragraph that he possessed personality, punch, purpose, and the ability to instill the selling spirit. He said it in the same modest way two weeks later in the private office of Mr. S. P. Silver, president of the Perfection Waist Company. His was the deprecating tone of the *artiste* giving due credit to his gift.

"But what experience have you had in the waist business itself?" said the president.

Mr. Markin assumed Attitude Seven—illustrated on Page Twelve of Convincing Speech—one arm gracefully bent over the mahogany desk, the other forming a sweeping curve from shoulder to elbow—and said:

"Mr. Silver, the modern method of merchandising a product ain't—isn't—born of a rudimentary knowledge of the product itself, but is more like—rather is based on a general knowledge of many products. Now this knowledge is ——"

"Ain't ——?"

"Of course this knowledge must go to the bone an' must comprise many things. F'rinstance, in a product used by the feminine the approach must be made ——"

"Sure it must—but where did you ——?"

"Now personally, it is my idee that the way to success lays not merely along the road of merely changing your numbers every year, but includes a broader survey ——"

"A surveyor in the waist business is ——"

Mr. Markin allowed the ghost of a teeny weeny smile to lighten the interview for an instant, then assumed Attitude Eight—"Emphasizing the Point." In this the right hand became clenched, the left dropping to the knee.

"I was referring to the world in its bigger meaning. Now if you will allow me to come in here and place your selling probl'm on a broader, scientific basis I am sure it will be like a draught of old wine in the veins ——"

"Anybody found with ol' wine in their veins during working hours is instantly discharged," said the president triumphantly.

Another teeny weeny smile.

"Ha, ha! Of course! Surely! But what I meant is—if this is all arranged we can immediately get down to real construct've effort an' ——"

Mr. Silver brought a heavy hairy hand down on his verdant blotter—a convincing hand.

"But it ain't! I wanta know first of all where you got any experience—if any." This last with almost bitter emphasis. "Then I wanta know where you ——"

Mr. Markin held up a pink, staying hand.

"In that connection I refer you to the Mode Blouse People, for whom I traveled through New York an' Pennsylvania for four years. Now Mr. Silver"—as if the interview had terminated satisfactorily—"if you will have somebody show me to the office formerly occupied by your sales head I will get down to work amediately."

This last was in accordance with Chapter Two—"Always assume that the prospect is in a receptive mood."

The president stopped with his hand on the buzzer. New York and Pennsylvania was good territory—too good for a fool; besides, the young fella had a way about him. Maybe—hesitatingly—it was only confidence instead of . . . after all, this new stuff . . . progressive. . . . The hand went back to the blotter.

"But Adele—Miss Glaub—Stop an' Think. You Know I Wouldn't Allow Anything to Happen Between You an' Me fr Anything"

"You got a hellva lot of nerve," he admired grudgingly.

Mr. Markin qualified the praise.

"It don't take nerve to sell a man something he needs," he explained.

"Thanks for the favor"—dryly.

Mr. Markin indicated by a pleasant gesture, reminiscent of Ballroom Hints to Beginners, that it was nothing.

"What other experience have you had—if any?" Again the emphasis on the last two words.

Mr. Markin was loaded for bear.

"I have just finished a complete course in advertising, selling, sales plans and the modern psychology of merchandising; an' when you have added to this my knowledge of the business—you got"—Mr. Markin hesitated, then picked an adjective out of the past—"you got a copper-riveted, bombproof cinch . . . easy, like that."

"We ain't playin' any cinches, or this psychology stuff," sneered Mr. Silver; "we are selling waists—an'"—slowly—"we wanta keep on selling them."

Now, as has been previously remarked, Mr. Dexter I. Markin was a bright young man with a future. Mr. Markin saw that the immediate future—was not—unless he took off his gloves and went after this old hard-shell. This was a comparatively easy matter for Mr. Markin, as he had only to forget that he was a recent graduate of a thorough sales managers' school and remember the method of handling Mr. Herman P. Ferkin, of the Beau Art Store, Franklin, Pennsylvania.

He leaned across the verdant blotter and waved a warning finger in the astonished face of his prospect.

"Don't you think, Mr. Silver," he admonished, "that just because I am wise to all the latest idees of puttin' across the goods, that I ain't hep to the waist game. Don't get the idee that because my talk is polished for a fine educated man like you, that I don't know how to handle little Miss Ginsburg with her bunch of small-town slang."

A smile of genuine interest twisted the corners of the Silver mouth and brightened the small, dark, restless eyes.

"Don't forget, because I started out on the modern method of getting by, that I don't know when to go in heavy for Georgette with hand embroidery and beaded trimmings—an' when to lay off. No sir'"

Mr. Silver forgot the buzzer.

"An' furthermore I got a hunch of putting in an automatic system of mark-up whenever the silk market takes a jump that is goin' to net the company that gets me a fine little profit."

Mr. Silver brought forth from his desk a very small box of very large cigars and registered, first, hospitality—and then reproach.

"Why didn't you say all this at first instead of waitin' until I was all ready to have you showed out?" he demanded.

Mr. Markin allowed the corners of his blue-brown mouth to exhibit two gold molars as he slowly exhaled the first blue ring.

"When I am in Rome," he said, "I do as the Romans does. When I walk into the office of a president of a company I give him a line of talk for presidents; when I see that he is a practical man—why I give him a line of practical talk. It does the same thing that a change of pace does for a pitcher."

"Yeh?"—uncertainly.

"Sure! A slow one on the outside'a the plate—then a low one—close up. A batter is just like a customer after y'get his number—he's easy."

Slowly it came to Mr. Silver that Mr. Markin was a sharp young man.

"Tell me some more about this number stuff," he commanded.

"Well"—Mr. Markin seemed to be reaching up into the well stocked Markin mental file—"take f'rinstance a person like Harry Wolf, of the Blouse Shop, Harrisburg, P. A." Mr. Markin said it as if the abbreviation was pronounceable. "Now Harry he always falls for high colors. You know—like Kelly an' Nile green, mustard, gold, blues, an' colors like that. Now I am the only man that has ever kept on sellin' Harry year after year. Why?"

Mr. Silver did not know.

"Simply because I didn't sell him the stuff he wanted to buy. At the end of a season Harry always had a lot of colored stuff that didn't sell, because—well, you know yourself, Mr. Silver, that they ain't enough women in Harrisburg to keep on buyin' those high colors forever. Naturally, Harry he feels that the salesman is just as much to blame as the women. Now instead of selling him that big-town stuff I persuade him to take a lot of nice quiet flesh an' white crêpe de Chines an' Georgettes an' plain little voiles. What's the result?"

Mr. Silver did not guess.

"They are nice little models, frill collars an' trimming of venice lace here an' there, so they sell steady. At the end of the season Harry thinks that there is something about my waists that makes 'em sell better—an' if he had only bought some high colors of me that they would be gone likewise."

Mr. Silver nodded heavy approval.

"Now on the other hand take the case of Miss Hyman, that buys for the Economy Store, in Pittsburgh. . . . Mr. Silver, there was a woman that I never could sell until I discovered that she was a odd-lot fiend. I coulda' gone to her a hundred times an' said, 'Miss Hyman, here are a lot of the greatest frilled Georgettes we ever had at $31.50 a dozen,' and she wouldn't have bought a dozen. But when I went to her an' said, 'Miss Hyman, I got 143 Georgettes with beautiful frill collars, in white an' peach only, that you can have at $34.79 a dozen'—why, I sold them just like that!"

Mr. Markin indicated with a quick snap of his brightly manicured fingers just how fast they had gone. Mr. Silver watched the operation in silent approval. Unquestionably this young man would go far.

"I tell you, Mr. Silver, that it's watching the little things like that, that we have got to instill into our salesmen." For a momentous second Mr. Markin hesitated,

but the prospect was gazing with absorbed interest at the golden filigree that was slowly shriveling under the heat from his cigar. "It's gettin' their number an' then going after 'em with the right line of talk! That's the modern idee, the idee that I intend to put into the Perfection boys."

Tick, tick, tick, tick, the little bronze desk clock measured off the seconds while the heavy lids of Mr. Silver's eyes drooped over the blackened band. Finally like a noiseless desk top they rolled back.

"Sure, that's the idea," he agreed.

Mr. Markin unconsciously assumed Attitude Three—"Assurance"—and let the right thumb slip through the armhole of his natty, classy, striped vest.

"Good!" he congratulated. "Fine! Now then my first suggestion is that we ——"

Seconds rushed headlong into minutes, minutes ticked quickly into hours, hours were soon days, days fast became months—and now there were nearly eleven of them. But no fleeting second, no rushing hour or day was able to pass without testifying to the brightness and sharpness of Mr. Dexter I. Markin, sales manager of the Perfection Waist Company. Each was a glaring, commanding little poster that announced some new mercantile triumph. Mr. Markin was the shining, glistening, well-groomed, classy personification of the new era. Mr. Markin was sharp psychology itself, in fawn spats and old-rose neckwear.

"Pep without purpose is piffle," read the motto, neatly framed in mahogany, that stood on the Markin desk in the privacy of the Markin office. Sometimes Mr. Markin reversed it for the benefit of some salesman who seemed to fail in selling the female contingent.

"Piffle with a purpose is as good as pep," he would say. "They like a little soft stuff in business just as well as they like it anywhere. No lady buyer is too old or too cranky to believe that there is something about her. . . . Find out what it is. . . . Not too thick, though."

Unquestionably Mr. Markin was a keen student of human nature. After he had sold Miss Ida McPherson, the angular Scotch buyer for the Chain Stores, Inc., the largest order that ever went out of the house Mr. Silver called him to the executive office and congratulated him personally. In closing he handed Mr. Markin another cigar and remarked, "Honest, Markin, I believe you could nearly sell Miss Glaub, of the Mammoth Store, in Bigburg."

Mr. Markin went through the figure of speech called pricking up his ears.

"How's that?" he said.

"Miss Adele Glaub," his boss explained, "is the one big buyer in Bigburg that nobody seems to be able to sell except Rosewater, of the A. & R. Waist Company, an' once in a while Joe Block."

Mr. Markin got out a silver-tipped pencil.

"Partic'lers," he clipped crisply.

"They ain't none."

"No?"

"No."

"Why?"

"How should I know? Our models are as good as theirs—better. Our prices are as low—maybe a little lower. But we can only sell her a few gross now an' then."

"Funny"—meditatively.

"Ain't it?" agreed his superior.

That afternoon Mr. Markin and Ferdy Frieshman, the Perfection salesman that made Bigburg, exchanged telegrams. Mr. Markin's wire went straight to the point: "Why don't we sell the Mammoth a big order?" Frieshman's reply was equally direct: "They won't buy any."

"A married man with two twins ain't got any business on the road any more," said Mr. Markin as he prepared a reply. It was equally terse: "Meet me in Bigburg—Reliance Hotel—24th."

Two days later Mr. Markin burst—that is, if a nifty, nobby, pearl-gray figure like Mr. Markin's can be said to burst—into the private office of Mr. S. P. Silver.

"It's all over but the shoutin'," he announced with Markin exuberance to the weekly copy of Ready-to-Wear that shielded that heavy individual.

"Heh?" lowering the paper.

Mr. Markin ran a triumphant hand through his sleek black pompadour.

"Believe me, Mr. Silver, the Perfection Waist Company has been losing twenty thousand dollars' worth of business a year, because they didn't have me sooner."

Mr. Silver's "Yeh?" was noncommittal.

"Sure! It was layin' out there in Bigburg all the time. Why, it is so easy, Mr. Silver, that I ——"

Mr. Silver rose halfway from his chair. "You didn't get any twenty-thousand-dollar order?" he breathed.

"No, not exactly; but"—Mr. Silver sat down—"the Mammoth business is just as good as settled."

"You got it all fixed up?"

Mr. Markin spoke slowly, as if explaining the meaning of the inner consciousness and the psychological tendencies of the present, to a child.

"I ain't even talked to Miss Glaub yet," he explained. "I didn't wanta after I saw Joe Block an' got the idee. Say, Mr. Silver, you ain't got no idee how it goes along with the talk that I have been handin' the boys—why, if Frieshman didn't have a coupla kids an' ——"

"I never heard," interrupted his superior, "where a coupla kids had anything to do with the waist business."

"It ain't the kids—it's just the way they make a man feel. Now if Frieshman hadn't been married he would have got the hunch. Maybe he got it an' was afraid of it."

"Afraida' what hunch?"

Mr. Markin filled ten seconds with merry laughter, then took the chair beside the desk.

"Say, it's funny, Mr. Silver. It's the funniest thing I ever run across. Listen to this—I wouldn't'a' believed it if I didn't see it from a distance. Say, it's funny! Nate Rosewater—he's been allowing Miss Glaub to vampire him into selling her waists."

"Vampire him?"

"Ain't it a scream! I ask you if you ever heard anything funnier? Listen: Somebody told Miss Glaub that she looks like this moving-picture star, Miss Beda Thara. Ha, ha! An' she wears big earrings an' black gowns. Ha, ha! All Rosewater had to do was look as if he was fascinated, an' he got the orders. See?"

Mr. Silver saw. "But where do we come in?" he added.

"We come in," continued Mr. Markin, eyes bright with the joy of the smartness of it—"we come in by goin' Rosewater one better. I'm going to take charge of Miss Adele Glaub myself an' put on a performance that will make Rosewater look like Eddie Foy—worse maybe. I'm going down to Bigburg next week an' become so fascinated that I'm going to sell two gross of those Number Three Forty-sevens—those Georgettes with the tucked yokes an' the lace-edged collars—at practically cost."

Disappointment showed in every curve of the many in the Silver executive chin. Mr. Markin hastened to continue:

"An' then I am goin' down there again in about a month, an' before I come back I won't be able to resist selling two gross of those new voile sports blouses—the ones with the detachable elbow sleeves—at sixteen dollars a dozen instead of twenty."

Mr. Silver's eyes hardened. "They ain't any trick about selling waists if you want to give them away," he observed bitterly to the ashes of his cigar.

"Listen! A week before she is due to come East for her spring line I am going to be passing through Bigburg—an' of course I can't resist stopping off"—almost defiantly—"an' this time I let her have a coupla gross of those little figured organdies—you know, those Three Twenty-ones, with the plain collars and cuffs—at a bit less than cost."

Mr. Silver's taut frame said plainly that the scheme was impractical—foolish—dam' foolish.

Again Mr. Markin's silver tongue hastened on:

"An' then for the harvest! I have her convinced that all she has to do is look into my eyes an' I forget prices entirely! She looks over the line and I never ask her to buy a waist. It is the psychology of selling, Mr. Silver; I don't approach her then, a-tall. That night over a quiet little dinner with lotsa' soft music I forget everything but she—and I sell her about eight thousand dollars' worth of waists at a nice little mark-up over list price, which has gone up on account the high cost of making silk nowadays."

(Continued on Page 58)

"Don't Get the Idea That Because My Talk is Polished for a Fine Educated Man Like You, I Don't Know How to Handle Small-Town Slang"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Notice to Subscribers

IF YOUR COPY does not arrive promptly on Thursday do not assume that it has been lost in transit. With the terribly congested condition of the railroads at this time delays to the mail-trains are inevitable. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

The American Superman

THERE are no supermen in war—or in peace—only fallible men and women that run good, average and poor. The superman with his titles, his orders, his "shining armor" and all the rest of his cheap camouflage is made after the event—about a hundred years after—by snobbish historians and descendants who find the superman stuff exceedingly useful to them in the king business.

All good supermen are dead—the deader the better, though we had self-made supermen like the Kaiser—for this king business is just a business like the movies or the circus—until the war forced them to prove up in the open. Then all the "Me und Gott" firms went out of business.

The so-called superman is and always has been plural. He is a small, tight collection of able men, headed by an abler man, who is the boss. And he is the boss because he is shrewd enough to understand that, no matter how much there is to a man, he spreads out too thin over large affairs. So he lets out his strength at usury by joining strong men to his fortunes. They in turn make sure that their subordinates and the rank and file are the best men available. So we get a Steel Trust, or a Napoleon, or a Sante Fé Railroad. These men make mistakes—plenty of them—but they don't repeat. They do not travel the vicious circle of their old blunders. They understand that no man can win with Old General Fuddy Duddy to execute his orders, and that no enthusiasm or ability can produce results in an office where red tape, politics and favoritism have desks. These are the subordinates of failure.

The first principles of winning in war and in business are the same. They call for a small, tight organization at the top, with every man selected because he can lick his weight in wildcat ideas. They call for just one question about everyone who is to be placed, either in Congress or out of it, and that is not Is he a good Democrat? or Is he a staunch Republican? but Is he the best man for the job? That is the only test that will ruthlessly eliminate Old General Fuddy Duddy and Partisan Politics. There can be no real teamwork where they are on the job. They are the true alien enemies that work ceaselessly, if unwittingly, for Germany, even though they protest their patriotism and sincerely mean it. But there is no known cure for a damn fool. Throw them out.

We have an able President, and the strongest men in America have unselfishly put themselves at his call. Much has been done by them; more will be done in proportion as the weak men sink to their proper level and the strong men rise to the top. Once we get a Steel Trust organization, with our business methods raised to the nth power by unselfish patriotism, nothing can stop us. In a republic the true superman is a united and devoted people, with determined and consecrated leadership.

For Doubters

THE Kaiser can never win this war! Say he defeats Italy. Say he defeats France. Say he gets peace with Russia and has his will in the Balkans and in Poland. Even then his position will be relatively less strong than Napoleon's once was.

The United States, Great Britain and Japan can still shut him from the sea. With all the raw-material resources of North America and South America, Australasia, Africa and most of Asia to draw upon, and with command of salt water, they can maintain an economic blockade until the people of Germany set up a people's government with which lasting peace can be made.

The United States and Great Britain will never surrender to triumphant Prussian militarism. On the sea and in the air—if the very worst happens on land—they will keep up the fight until the basis of enduring peace appears.

The Zone Postal Scheme

THE country would not tolerate a sectional tariff. It would not dream of letting the Seaboard States levy a duty on trans-Mississippi wheat and bacon, while the trans-Mississippi States set up an import barrier against Seaboard boots and calico—with Minnesota erecting a customs wall against Louisiana sugar and Louisiana putting one up against Minnesota flour.

To such a proposal—if anyone were crazy enough to make it—the unanimous answer would be: "We don't want this country cut up into sections. We want the freest possible interchange of goods, for that tends to make the nation one. We remember that when Bismarck wanted to get the separate German states into an empire he began by establishing free trade among them, knowing how that would unify them."

And at this time, of all others, when the nation is required to put forth all its united strength against a formidable foe any proposal to cut it into sections economically would be considered monstrous.

The second-class postal provisions of the new revenue bill—adopted hugger-mugger, at the last moment in secret conference—propose to cut the country into sections intellectually and to set up sectional tariff barriers against the interchange of ideas.

The basis of the country's thinking is found in what it reads, for almost all its information, outside of neighborhood affairs, comes to it on the printed page. Probably nine-tenths of what it reads is found in the newspapers and periodicals subject to second-class postal rates.

The new revenue law, establishing a zone system, with increasing rates, lays a practically prohibitive charge upon long hauls for the average newspaper or magazine. Its sure effect will be to stop national circulation of printed matter and establish sectional circulation. The Pacific States will have one set of publications, the Mississippi States another, the South another, the East another.

That this law will put a great many useful publications out of business is another question. When the publishing business is finally adjusted to it the country will be marked across with virtually prohibitive tariff barriers against the circulation of printed matter.

That the country will accept such a result—at this time of all times—is utterly incredible.

Postal Revenues

FROM the beginning the United States has never raised revenue with a view solely to revenue. Beginning with Hamilton, import duties long the mainstay of government finance—have never been levied simply for the money they would bring into the public treasury, but always with an ulterior view to their effect upon the nation's industries.

Internal revenue duties were levied mainly on alcohol and tobacco, because it was considered socially desirable to handicap the consumption of those articles.

The new war-revenue law was framed not simply to get so much money, but with careful regard to the supposed social effects of the taxes. It would have been much simpler, for example, to lay a flat ten per cent or twenty per cent on all incomes; but Congress graded the tax, because it was considered socially undesirable to tax a poor man at the same rate as a rich one.

From the beginning revenues have always been raised with careful regard to their supposed social effects. On that sound principle postal letter revenues were derived from flat rates, applying indiscriminately to all parts of the country.

The reason is perfectly obvious. The freest interchange of information and ideas was considered desirable. It was deemed a good thing for national unity that the man in New York, the man in New Orleans, the man in St. Paul and the man in San Francisco should have the easiest means of communicating with one another and the openest opportunity to keep in touch.

As the printed page was the great medium for this circulation of information and ideas, a flat postal rate was naturally applied to second-class matter.

Figuring—or guessing, rather—exactly how many mills it costs the Government to haul a pound of printed matter so many miles, and basing a rate on that, is entirely beside the question. On that principle the Government would charge half a cent for carrying a letter ten blocks, three-quarters of a cent for carrying it to the suburbs, and so on. Government revenues have never been raised on that principle. The social effect has always been a prime consideration.

Save Coal

WE NEED in the next twelve months a hundred million tons more coal than we produced during the last twelve months. Production may be increased by fifty million tons. The other fifty million tons must be saved.

This is a war of industrial production, and that means coal. It is worth fabulous prices in France and Italy now. For winning the war a shovelful of coal counts for as much as a loaf of wheat bread.

We have always burned coal extravagantly. In factories and houses defective appliances and careless stoking waste millions of tons.

A furnace or stove without proper dampers will consume twice the coal in a strong wind, with no more heat. Dampers cost little. Look to them. If your furnace is out of repair it not only wastes the nation's coal, but wastes your money.

In office buildings, apartments and houses our custom is to keep up a roaring fire, and then moderate the temperature by opening the windows. Reasonably careful stoking alone will save millions of tons. Look at the ashes. Through worn grates or defective combustion you may be throwing away a lot of slightly burned fuel.

We have got to save coal and many other things. There simply is not enough to go round for the old free-and-easy peace program and the new war program. The people of the United States, we know, are more than ready to do all the situation demands.

They require only intelligent, authoritative direction as to just what to do.

The Government asked them, with specific directions, to save food; and they are doing it. The Government now asks them to save coal. They will do that. They will meet every requirement the war lays upon them.

The Belgium of the Seas

A WHITE book recently published by the Norwegian Government shows that, up to October last, Germany had sunk over a million tons of peaceful Norwegian ships, involving the death of more than seven hundred sailors.

Most of them were sunk without warning. In some cases after a sinking ship had been deserted the submarine turned its fire upon the lifeboats, killing members of the escaping crew.

In some cases not a solitary member of the crew has been heard from, and Norway knows of the sinking only because the ship has disappeared. There is no doubt that the Christian policy of "sinking without trace" was carried out in some cases and attempted in others. There is no doubt that that has been a Prussian policy with regard to neutral peaceful ships whose reported destruction might be inconvenient to Wilhelmstrasse.

The white book says ship losses have decreased of late, due partly to better preventive measures by the Allies; also, partly due to vigorous action in Norway against German spies, who showed their appreciation of the country's hospitality by sending notice of the sailing of Norwegian ships, so the U-boats could waylay and destroy them.

The Norwegian press observes that this white book exhibits Prussian Kultur as applied to a neutral nation toward which the German chancellor recently declared his government entertained only the friendliest feelings.

This Norwegian white book is only one chapter of the Kaiser's Belgium of the seas. Every neutral maritime nation has its chapter.

It is time, we believe, for a closer organization of the anti-Prussian world. The Allies, at this writing, are much exercised over the question of closer military coöperation, with greater unity of military command. That is exceedingly important; but right coöperation must involve closer political and economic understanding. It is time for a very broad non-Prussian program, which may finally be extended to an international organization of the world.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Winifred Holt

MUCH is known, but not half enough, of the work Miss Holt has been doing for the past eleven years with her lighthouses for the blind. The Paris Lighthouse, started by the Franco-American Committee for Men Blinded in Battle, of which Miss Holt is president, has helped three thousand men. No one can give back to the thousands of sightless victims of the war what they have lost in the service of their country, but Miss Holt is doing the next best thing—she is teaching them to occupy themselves, and in many cases to support themselves, and so is giving them the courage to go on living.

PHOTO. BY H. O. JONES, PHILADELPHIA

Edward Payson Ripley

WHEN people speak of the Santa Fé they inevitably think of Edward Payson Ripley, the man who has been its president since 1896. The story of the Santa Fé is the story of his ability and railroad statesmanship. In spite of his seventy-two years Mr. Ripley is still active outside of business as well as in the office, as the snapshot below goes to prove.

Helen Taft

TO THE left is the new Dean of Bryn MawrCollege. The picture was taken at a recent May Day Fête in which Miss Taft was playing a part not quite so dignified as her present rôle. She graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1915 and since that time has been studying history in the Yale graduate school. Miss Taft is one of the youngest deans in captivity and promises to be one of the most popular.

Peter B. Kyne

THE two Captains Courageous above are Peter B. Kyne and Stewart Edward White, the well-known writers, who have temporarily renounced the pen in favor of the sword. This picture, taken recently at Camp Kearny, California, shows them enjoying Mr. White's latest story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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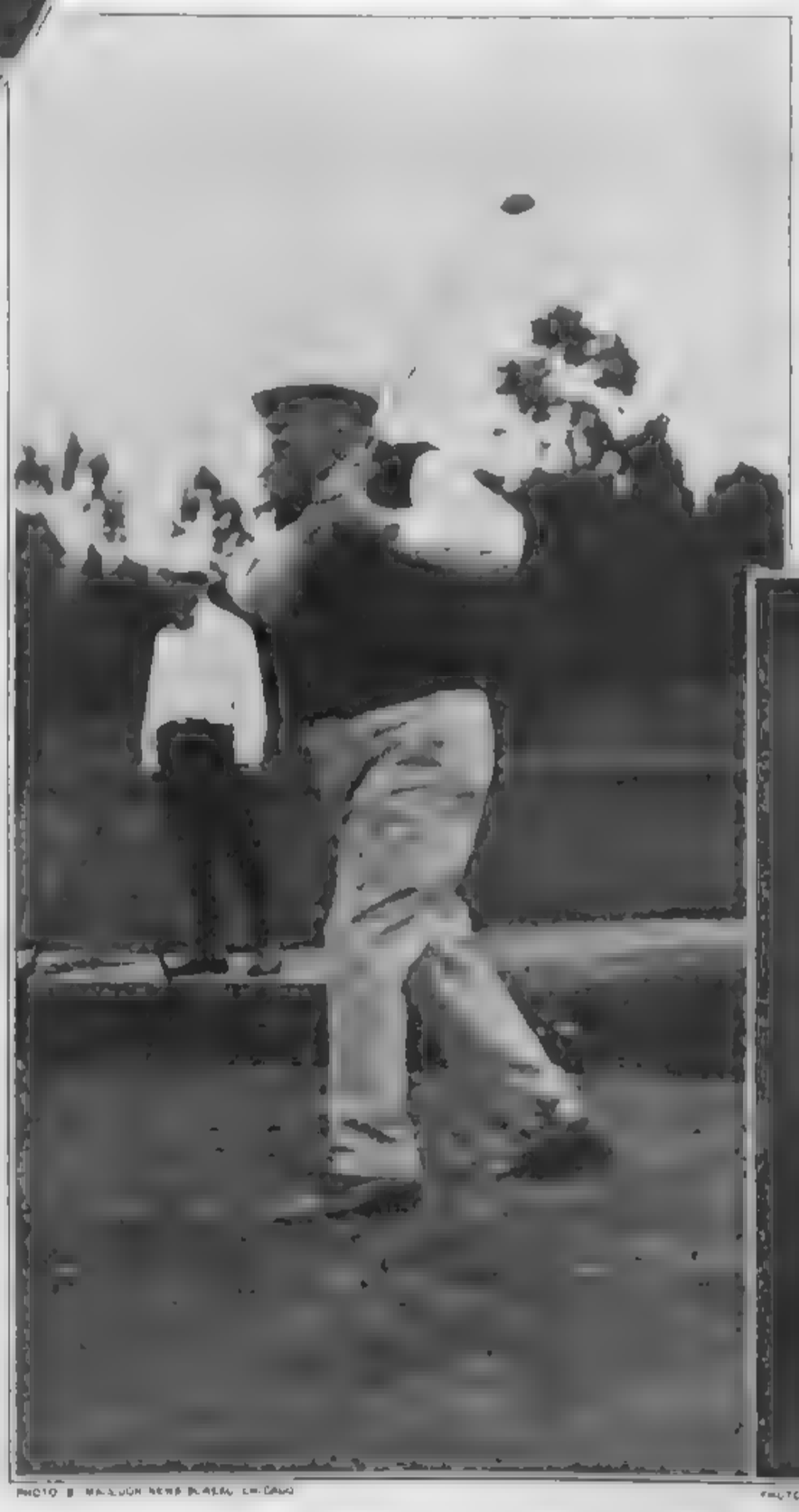


PHOTO © MACLEOD NEWS PICTURE CO., CHICAGO

William J. Neidig
An Autobiography

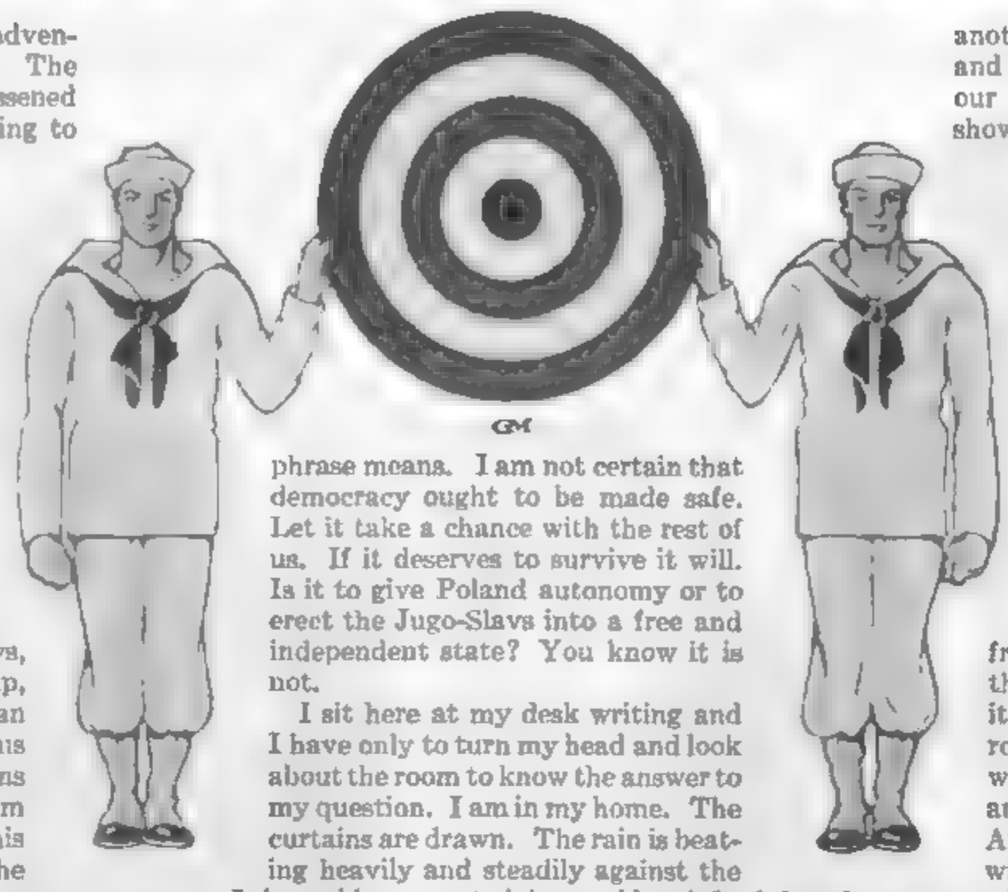
MY NAME is only mildly German, and I not at all. My appearance at times is indicated by the picture below. My paternal family came to America from Switzerland about the middle of the eighteenth century. I discovered my immediate parents in Iowa.

I am a Stanford man, a contemporary of Herbert Hoover and Will Irwin

(Concluded on Page 28)

PHOTO BY HOWE ART STUDIO, NEW YORK

ON GOING TO THE WARS



TO BE going to the wars is one of the oddest adventures that can befall an incurable civilian. The singularity of the adventure is in no degree lessened by the circumstance that it seems to be happening to everybody these days. It has happened to me. I am going to the wars. Being about to be a soldier certainly breaks into one's mornings. It is an uprooting. Really it is about the queerest, most revolutionary thing that could come to a man. You are suddenly stripped of all the garniture of living and all the little arrangements and fancies that you have gathered about you to give piquancy and zest to the routine of your daily work.

The first thing that you learn is that a soldier is not supposed to have habits. Such things are purely of the civilian world. A soldier has rules and regulations and ordinances and orders to govern his wakings and risings and comings and goings. What he eats and when and where, when he shaves, when he bathes, when he has his hair cut, what he wears, when he works, when he plays, how much cover he has on his bed, when he gets up, when he goes to sleep, how often he is to put on clean socks and underclothing—all these details of his private life are arranged for and ordered by persons whom he has never seen, never heard of, and in whom he is not interested. Presumably these arbiters of his purely personal and private affairs have under the scheme of army organization other arbiters of greater power who order them, and so on, all the way back to the President of the United States, who is the commander in chief, and who has never bothered his head, as we all know, about when the soldiers should put on their winter underwear.

And then at stated intervals young men who in effect are perfect strangers to you come round and look at your toenails and minutely examine your feet. This homely process and detail are carried on under the power and authority delegated by the Constitution to the President, and by him through commission to the officers of the armed forces of the United States. It is a solemn and overwhelming thought to reflect, when you stand in barracks with a hundred of your fellows and look down at the thinning back hair of the young man, whose name you do not even know, who is so conscientiously inspecting your tender young corns and calluses—if any—that this spectacle in all its fullness traces directly back to the meditations and deliberations of The Fathers, as the makers of the Constitution are always called in the Senate.

Getting Used to Army Discipline

I SUPPOSE it's all right; I have no doubt it is, and that it is all set forth somewhere in the articles of war, but it is a queer start for a grown man who has managed to take care of himself in a sharply competitive world, to marry, raise a family, have a home; who has, in a manner of speaking, learned long ago to blow his own nose—to be watched over and looked after and ordered to cut his toenails on the first and third Tuesdays of each month and otherwise to conduct himself within the meaning of the act made and provided as hereinafter specified, viz., to wit: Do what you are told and don't ask any questions.

You begin to learn that the army has ways of its own, and that its ways are not civilian ways, pretty soon after you get into it. Orders that must be obeyed without question and without delay, telling you to do things that you have never done before and don't know why you are doing now, always make a civilian gasp a little at first. You discover that to question and to seek to discover the motive and ultimate aim of any order that you do not understand is purely instinctive. You ask yourself quite automatically "Why should I do this?" or "Shall I do this?" When you have been in the army a little while you discover that the answer is "Yes." There is no other answer, so after a while you quit asking yourself foolish questions. This is what may be called "the effect of discipline." We Americans are always being told that we are the most undisciplined people on earth, that we do as we please and that a rigorously ordered life and discipline would do us good and make us more effective. Well, I am here to state that that theory and belief is now being tested out in about a million of us, and if after the war we don't come in out of the rain it will be because there is nobody there to tell us to come in.

Why am I in it? Why should I want to go to the wars? I don't have to go. The draft law doesn't apply to me. Why should I feel impelled to offer myself to cross the ocean at the risk of being torpedoed and drowned, to squat in a wet ditch half full of muddy water, to be continuously shot at, and to eat irregularly badly served meals?

Is it "to make the world safe for democracy"? It is not; for I don't know any more than you do what that phrase means. I am not certain that democracy ought to be made safe. Let it take a chance with the rest of us. If it deserves to survive it will. Is it to give Poland autonomy or to erect the Jugo-Slavs into a free and independent state? You know it is not.

I sit here at my desk writing and I have only to turn my head and look about the room to know the answer to my question. I am in my home. The curtains are drawn. The rain is beating heavily and steadily against the panes. It is a cold, raw, wet night outside. A fire is burning warmly and brightly on the hearth. The room is snug and gay and warm. At a reading table, under the soft rays of a lamp, my son, much disheveled, is turning Cicero's orations against Catiline from the Latin into what he fondly imagines is English. His mother is on the other side of the table, reading or sewing; I can't see which. A little wisp of a smile is on her face. Here are peace and content. Here is my home that I have worked for and sweated for, a place of refuge in a much-tumbled-about and disordered world. I am willing to squat in a ditch in France and fight to make that secure. I must.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of homes like mine all over this broad and fertile continent. Mine is possible because other men have made theirs possible. We are all together in this thing. The peace, the freedom, the right to live our own lives in our own way—all these essentials to a happy and unrestricted development and life hang upon our helping one another. We are mutually concerned in fighting yellow fever, typhoid—any contagious disease. We make people keep their alleys clean, cover their garbage pails, put oil on mosquito-breeding ponds. We protect ourselves against bad neighbors. When I come right down to cases, that is why I am ready to get into this thing, leave my home, interrupt my pleasant occupation, reduce by four-fifths the sum of money on which my family must live. The Germans are bad neighbors. Apparently they have been proclaiming for years in books, pamphlets, speeches, school textbooks—every possible agency of publicity—that they are the chosen people of the world and that they intend to dominate and rule and shape the other peoples of the globe to their own glory and aggrandizement. The Prussians who run the German Empire have taught this in their schools. They made their own people believe it.

Now I didn't know anything about this. The only Germans I ever knew or saw anything of were fat, kindly, rather chuckle-headed stupid fellows who kept delicatessen shops or had a "place" on the corner. Somebody would say "Let's go into the Dutchman's place and get a glass of beer." That's all I knew about Germans, and that's all that anybody else I knew ever knew about them. I never dreamed they had it in them to be such trained, scientific, coldblooded, cruel, bloodthirsty, lustful, savage devils, and a menace to the whole world. When they came roaring into France through Belgium they exposed their hand. There never was a chance for us to keep out of it after that. The British saw it first because they were closer to it. It took us a longer time because we were so far away and because the whole diabolical business seemed so incredible. We couldn't believe that our own homes were threatened. Tale after tale of horrors spread upon horrors have made us all see. It didn't need the Kaiser's explicit threat and promise to our ambassador at Berlin that he would settle our hash after he had finished with the Allies.

This infamous act of German aggression has made me a neighbor of and united my interests with the average decent householder of England, France and Belgium. Call us what you will—the man in the street, the middle classes, the average citizen—anything you like. We do honest, productive work to earn our living, we pay taxes, obey the laws, build homes, marry, raise a family, live on friendly terms with our neighbors. We are all kin to one another. Now when the German breaks out as he has and tries to upset our whole scheme of things and destroy our homes—well, you bet the son of a gun has got to show cause. No man that keeps a dog that sucks eggs can get away with it in a neighborhood where people raise chickens.

As a civilian and a neutral I have been on the fighting lines in France—what they call the Western Front—and have talked with the Frenchmen, English, Scotch, Australians and Canadians out there. They aren't military men—soldiers, yes; fighting men, as good as the world has ever produced, but not military men. But for the accident of geography they might be friends and neighbors of mine. They are decent and dauntless men, outraged householders who are fighting for the things they instinctively and unthinkingly cherish most and hold dearest in this world. They aren't lying out there in mud and filth, fighting vermin and disease and Germans, to lift the yoke from the bowed neck of the Ukrainians or to deprive the Turk of his nougat and his Straits. Not a bit of it! It goes deeper than that. It goes down to the very roots of living on this planet! These fellows know what they are about. Politicians and statesmen aren't going to end this war until it is ended right. And when it is ended right politicians and statesmen will not be able to prolong it a single day to attain any political end. The case has gone to the jury. What is upholding and sustaining those who are fighting on our side and us who are about to fight is the imperative craving for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There it is. You can't get away from it. It is one of the imperishable facts of existence, as much as hunger or thirst. I agree with Buck Caperton, my neighbor. Sometimes he comes over to my house in the evenings and we talk about all these things that are making such a clash and noise in the world.

What the Germans Wonder

"THE Russians are all right," says Buck. "They are in the same state of mind as the kid who has just been told who Santa Claus is. They know they have been bunked for a long time, and they aren't quite certain in their own minds yet about some other things. But they'll settle down! When those lads learn that they can have a haircut and a shave without any harm coming to 'em, and somebody tips 'em off about stuffing their shirt tails inside their pants instead of leaving 'em flapping outside, they'll be regular folks. Yes, sir! Give 'em a chance and their front name will be Mister. You watch. Why, look at the Japs! What did they amount to so long as they went about on the streets wearing fancy bathrobes? But see what happened when they took to ready-made store clothes and derby hats! Same way with these Russians. They are just finding their way about, but at that I bet you they've got lots of Germans guessing and wondering whether they aren't being bunked just like the Russians were."

The Lord knows I don't hanker after a military career. I am not going to the wars for love of soldiering or because I like the army. To be absolutely on the dead level, I think it's a dull life and a narrowing one. It teaches you the virtue of obedience; but obedience is one of the virtues, in my opinion, that can be easily overdone. Carried too far it cramps your style.

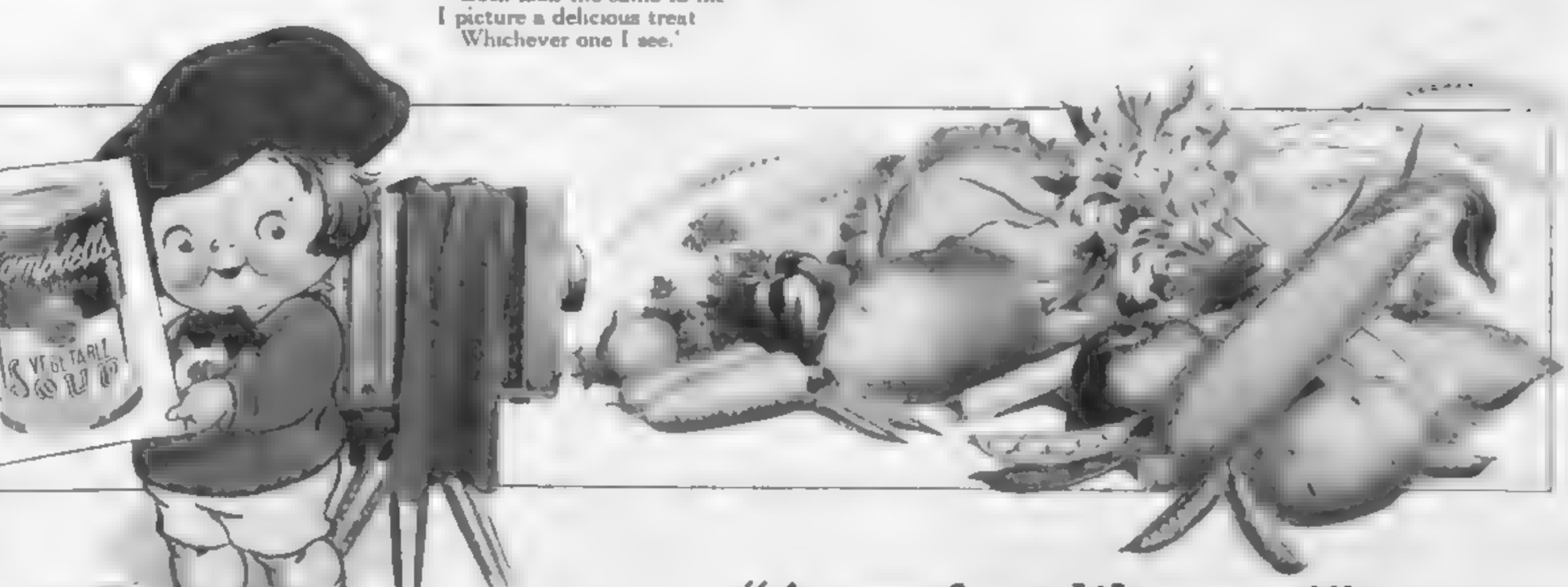
I am going in because I see it clearly as a duty, and I shall be glad to get out just as soon as the job is ended as it must be ended. I am willing to stay on until the German is thoroughly taught his lesson. I have talked round with most of the fellows in my part of the country who have been drafted or who have volunteered and they feel about it just as I do.

Old man Hazard's red-headed boy, who has volunteered, was giving his views about the whole thing last night at the drug store. He quit clerking and started a little grain-and-commission business of his own two years ago, and he is still paying for his home. Some of his friends thought he had no call to go. They thought he ought to stick by his business, for of course all the trade he has built up and all the connections he has made will be clean shot to pieces when he gets back. But that boy is all right. He's got a red-headed temperament and he's got imagination.

"You remember when we used to live at the old McComb place out there on the pike, and you remember, Doc, that old cesspool we had there? Well, every once in so often that cesspool had to be cleaned out. It was a dirty job if ever there was one. We all used to dread it when the time came round and the old man said it had to be done. But it was always done. We had to do it or quit living on the place. Twice, when the old thing got foul, the McCann boys and old man Blaisdell came over and helped.

(Concluded on Page 28)

"Those products rare, this label neat—
Both look the same to me
I picture a delicious treat
Whichever one I see.'



"A perfect likeness!"

Yes, you get the same effect—the same wholesome quality and right-out-of-the-garden flavor—when you eat *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* as if you had gathered the vegetables fresh with your own hands, and made them into soup in your own home kitchen.

The same—yet even better, because no private kitchen has the advantages and facilities that we possess in making

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You could not gather in a day's marketing the combination of choice materials from which this tempting soup is made.

We use selected beef to make the stock—including of course, the nutritious bone-marrow. And in this stock we blend fifteen different vegetables and fragrant herbs, beside barley, rice and macaroni "alphabets."

Every ingredient is a special high-grade variety—large firm white potatoes, fine Jersey-grown sweet potatoes, big yellow Canadian rutabagas, plump red Chantenay carrots, Country Gentleman corn, baby lima beans, small peas, Dutch cabbage and the best tomatoes, green okra and celery that grow.

To these we add a touch of delicate spices and for flavor's sake, a suggestion of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

A remarkably well-balanced combination this—appetizing, strengthening and of exceptional food-value. It is an extremely economical food both on account of its nourishing character, and because its use involves for you no expense for extra materials, no cooking-cost, no waste.

It is good policy to order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case and always have it handy.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Give Her a Quality

Sedan Anchor Top Coupé

Glass-Enclosed

Order a genuine Anchor Top by mail or wire, or from your dealer today. Accept no other.

No Christmas or New Year's gift could please a woman motorist more.

These are the final word in clean-cut snappy style tops.

Overland For Models 85 B-4 & 6 and Country Club

Buick Models D 34, D 35, D 44, D 45 and New 1918 E 44, E 45, E 49

Oakland Models 32 and 34

Our Anchor Glass-Enclosed Top will make a drawing room of your car. Warm in any weather. Electric dome light.

Custom now demands closed tops all-year-'round. An Anchor Top will double the value of your car in new appearance and desirability—at low cost.

Beautifully Finished. Strong, Light, Durable. No Overhang. No Squeak or Rattle. Comes Ready, Complete. Anyone Can Put on Easily and Quickly.

Prompt deliveries are going in every direction.

Glass lowered, or closed, as you please. Doors open as one.

Very Latest Style. Pleasing Lines. Wonderful Value.

Highest quality coach building by experts using finest materials.

Looks exactly as if built on your car. No over-hang

Classiest Jobs Every Way in Materials and Expert Workmanship.

Snappy Anchor Top for Overland Country Club Model 90. Perfect fit

$65 to $175 and Up

According to Car Model

F. O. B. Cincinnati, Ohio

Fully guaranteed. Perfectly safe in ordering yours by mail or wire. Give make of car and model. $25 deposit accepted.

DEALERS: Write for Splendid Proposition

Anchor Top & Body Co.

Factory Established 30 Years.

6339 South Street,

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FREE

Send me complete literature, prices, discounts, etc., on the Anchor Top—FREE.

Name of car _____ Model _____

Say whether Dealer or Owner _____

Name _____

Address _____

Order!—I am enclosing herewith $25 deposit. You will ship C. O. D. balance at once, as per your express we will ship C. O. D. balance at once.

(Concluded from Page 26)

They weren't particularly asked to, either, but they knew we were up against it, what with Chet having hurt his leg and the old man being ailing. They came over and helped simply because they were good neighbors. I don't see that there's much difference between this war job and cleaning that cesspool. It's as much our business as it is that of the fellows who have been at it for three years. We ought to help them, and I'm willing to do my share. That's the way I feel about it."

There's another angle from which to look at the obligation to serve. I believe in universal military training and service. I don't know any good reason why every able-bodied citizen shouldn't serve a time in a citizens' army. It is as much an obligation of citizenship as paying taxes or serving on the jury. I don't like to pay taxes, and as for serving on a petit jury I would rather carry a gun any time. But these things have to be done. We all know it, and we do them. I don't believe in maintaining a large hired professional army. It costs a lot of money and it doesn't suit our style of business. Yet I see clearly enough that if we don't clean up Germany and put some sense in her head we'll have to maintain a big army. We can't afford to take a chance so long as the present rulers of the Germans are at the head of affairs and the people themselves have no voice in their government. Wilson is dead right on that point. He handed it to the Pope straight. We can't do business with a lot of crooks who don't keep their word and who are ready to do any dirty trick to gain their ends. Those people have got to show that they are ready to do business on the level before anybody will ever trust them again.

America's Part

I notice that this spirit and attitude of mind that is permeating the National Army is spreading. People who haven't had their imaginations touched before begin to see the whole war job straight and unclouded when they get a chance to go to Europe. I wish all the members of Congress could spend a week in the trenches. I see in the papers that one of the Minnesota congressmen has seen the light. He went to France, and now he understands what thousands of fellows in the training camps had already sensed.

"I am now convinced," this congressman says, "that the part America must play to bring the war to a successful issue is vastly more important than I ever had imagined. Furthermore, I now see this is a war of peoples as well as of armies, and this makes it all the more evident that America's wealth, resources and man power must be given to it.

"For the first time in history the British people are keenly alive to America and her people. I believe that Great Britain and America have been drawn more closely together to a better understanding in the past year than in any time in history. The part America is to play in this struggle is, as leading Englishmen tell me, gigantic, and I believe as a result her position among the nations of the world will be made still greater."

Still you can't blame some of these fellows who have been slow to see our job clearly. There's been a lot of poisonous dope spread about through the country by German agents of one sort and another. They have confused the minds of people: good, straight, honest folks, who were so far away from the scene of all the trouble that it was hard to make them understand how nearly it affected us.

But whenever you read in any newspaper, whether printed in the German or the English language, that we should keep our soldiers and our munitions and our food at home for our own use and protection, and not send them to aid the allied nations now fighting in France against Germany, you must know that the Government at Washington has proved this to be one of the very lines of argument which the German war office has used to corrupt the sentiment of the American people and undermine popular support from our own Government.

Whenever you hear of any organized opposition to the draft law, and the claim that it is not constitutional, you can be equally sure that this is exactly what our enemy wants the American people to believe, and what she has a thousand ways of planting in the public speeches and writings of weak, foolish and disloyal Americans.

When you see or hear any line of talk that tries to build up American prejudice against England you can make very sure that it is only the influence of Germany trying to do her best to divide the forces that are arrayed against her.

Whenever you hear any sentiment that hampers our war program, whether it bear the label of peace or politics or any other false label, you have a good right to suspect that German money and initiative are giving it an impetus.

We must know Germany for what she is—a despotic military monarchy that can and does plan wars of conquest and subjugation in cold blood. Already her rulers are publicly planning what they should do in the next war—how they should profit by their failures in this. They have no intention of giving up their original program for world dominion. The peace they would offer at this time, whether its terms are victory or compromise, would only mean a few years of rest, a continued preparation and a new war of conquest and dominion. There can be no peace with any government that has not been reared upon the ashes of the present one!

You may have heard people say "Let the German people attend to their own form of government." If the government was one that limited itself to running Germany this might be allowed, but when it wants to dominate the world it ceases to be a German question and becomes a world question and stays a world question until this spirit of world conquest is driven out.

And because of all these things I am off to learn "Hay foot, straw foot, belly full of bean soup, Hep! Hep!" and to stand erect, head up, shoulders thrown back, chin drawn in, breathing from the diaphragm, with the arms hanging naturally by the side, little fingers touching the seams of the trousers. Can't you see me doing it? And me with six acres of the prettiest young apple trees that you ever saw just coming into bearing, and wondering who's going to spray them. But it's got to be done and I am going to do it of free will.

There are more than a million other fellows with me in this business, but there are times when we all feel with Arnold von Winkelried, in the poem in McGuffey's Fifth Reader, when he bared his breast and rushed upon the spears: "I wish this thing hadn't happened."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 25)

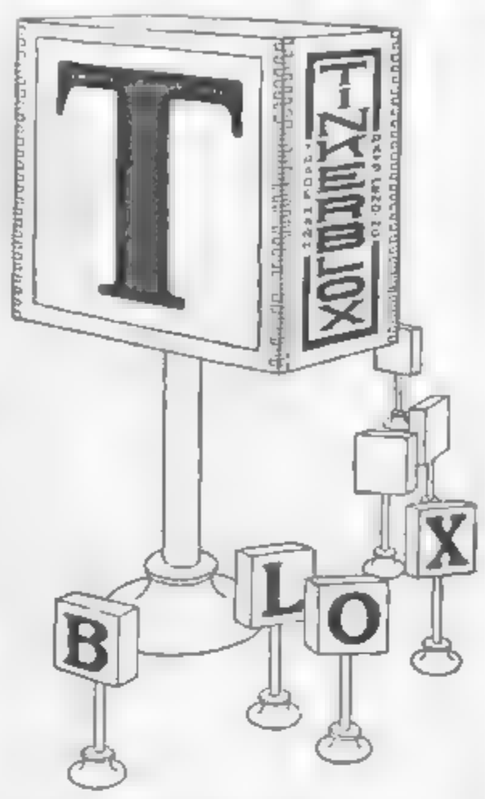
William J. Neidig

and a member of the same nonfraternity; A. B. Palo Alto to San Francisco; editorial and free lance work there; later returned to Stanford as a utility outfielder on a faculty baseball nine, in 1902 hitting a three-bagger off the pitching of Vernon Kellogg, of the Belgian Relief Commission; later still taught at the University of Wisconsin, where I ultimately died of starvation.

I am therefore the author of: 1. A life of David Starr Jordan, written before the trip to Stockholm. 2. A volume of fairly good verse (Macmillan), now out of print. 3. Historical articles carrying back the earliest dates for American playwriting more than a hundred years. 4. Proof (now universally accepted and of which I am a little proud) that some of the Shakspere quartos bear false imprint dates. 5. Various short and long stories. I am also the inventor of an automatic typewriter end index for indicating the distance remaining to the bottom of the sheet, on which I have taken out a number of patents.

My first SATURDAY EVENING POST story was published early in 1916. My present residence is Chicago; my present recreation is riding in the surface cars.

WHAT HO! TOY TINKERS



Oh curious, quaint little letter-men, oh square little Tinker Blox,

What wonderful nursery thoughts you build from a single Tinker-box.

Oh spread you out, little letter-men, line up in your ranks and say—

"What fun it must be to teach tots to spell when you make 'em think it's play."

That's just a simple rhyme-description of Tinker Blox which make little solemn-heads friendly with the alphabet.

The Toy Tinkers of Evanston make Tinker Blox and the whole Tinker toy-family—make them for tiny tots and older kiddies too. The Tinker toyshop is their playground; and there they keep these simple Tinker rules, and think of them each single toy-making day:—

To be toy-artists first and business folk afterward.

To make toys that develop young imaginations but never puzzle little minds.

To make toys that help youngster minds think "building up," and never "breaking down."

To make quainter toys that are safer toys and which will never hurt or bruise or scratch—ever.

So the Toy Tinkers respectfully invite *you* to make "Tinker" the standard of your child's toys and to buy the Tinker playthings—all tucked up, by the bye, into snug little boxes that are handy for the mail.

TILLY TINKER: The nursery Pavlowa who dances divinely and scorns winding. 15c.

TINKER TOY. Builds almost anything with or without a name. Even WITHOUT instructions. 50c.

TINKER PINS. You play with pins, but it's skill that wins. $1.00

TINKER BLOX. Little letter-men who teach tots letters while they play. 50c.

Your toyman smiles as you buy a "Tinker"—it will make you happy, too!

TOY TINKERS OF EVANSTON

In the State of Illinois

The Sensible Christmas Gift —Neōlin-soled Shoes

OUTSIDE the lights and the miles of inviting windows and the holly everywhere. Inside—father and mother, all flushed and eager, as they talk of the small folks' presents and the final shopping to be done that night.

"If we could only make a gift that would teach some lesson when it is gone," said mother.

"A gift that would teach a habit—a good habit," said father.

"The habit of saving," said mother triumphantly—"*And I know what to buy!*"

Well, she ran for her hat without another word, and father ran for his own, and chuckled. He'd thought of something, too. He wouldn't tell. She wouldn't, either.

Out into the frosty air they went, out into the joyous streets crowded with happy faces, made beautiful by the spirit of Christmas.

"I'll bet you can't think what *my* gift is," said father.

"I know you can't think what *my* gift is," said mother.

And they laughed like children at the very same time; for they'd stopped right in front of a shoe store—and the secret was out!

"A pair of Neōlin-soled Shoes, size 3," said father to the shoeman, thinking of little Jack.

"A pair of Neōlin-soled Shoes, size 9," said mother, thinking of a certain little girl wrapped up in dreams. . . . . .

So Neōlin Soles became *their gift of the habit of saving*. Have you ever thought of that?

* * *

Neōlin Soles, in addition to wearing far, far longer than most leather soles, mean a gift of foot-comfort unequaled. Their flexibility makes steps easy and resilient, cushiony yet firm.

Neōlin Soles mean a gift of waterproofness not temporary merely, but one that can never be washed away. And they never swell or stiffen after wetting, but hold the uppers in their style and shape.

So—longer-wearing, easier-feeling, damp-defending Neōlin Soles—let them be the universal gift! Buy them on all styles of shoes. Have old shoes re-soled with Neōlin. Look for the word "Neōlin" underneath. Without it you have not bought Neōlin.

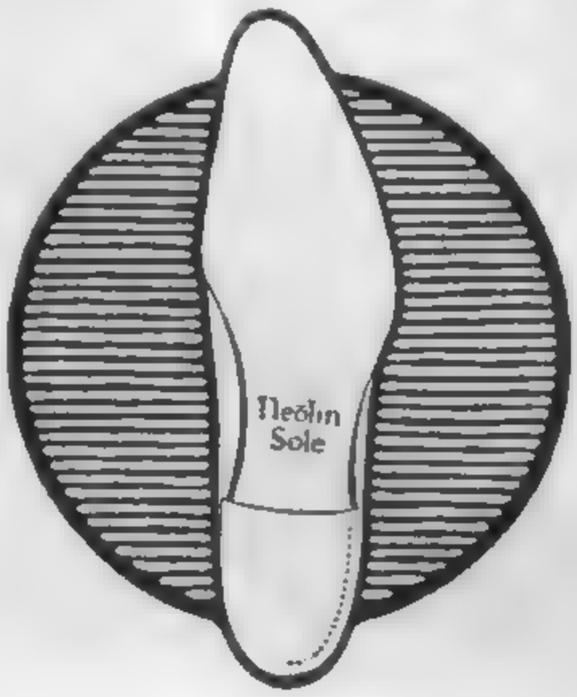
Mark that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Neōlin (TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



Soles

There's warmth, comfort and good style in the "R & W" Tourist Ulster. It's a fine big, roomy, double-breasted coat; just the thing for winter travel, motoring or street wear.

Our designer has produced an Ulster that has the same grace and clean-cut lines that is shown in our single breasted models.

The convertible collar, the broad sweep of skirt and the generous pockets offer features that custom-made garments do not excel in.

Ask your dealer and look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection.

Makers of good overcoats raincoats trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

FEEDING THE FIGHTING MILLIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

One more highly important detail must be mastered before we can proceed with the operation of the supply and transport in the field. This detail deals with the most important freight that transport is called upon to convey. I mean, of course, food and its accessories. Everybody eats, therefore everybody is interested in the kind and quantity of food that the soldier gets. We will halt our line of march, therefore, and take a look at Tommy's larder.

What most people do not realize is that Thomas Atkins is probably the best nourished soldier in the world. He is fed like the proverbial fighting cock. Moltke once said that "no army food is too expensive." This injunction, laid down by a master of warcraft, is followed to the letter. The soldiers get the best that the market affords, and lots of it. Officers and men have precisely the same ration. I have eaten at many a Tommies' mess at the Front and behind the lines, and I have always found the food abundant and excellent. Indeed, after courting eternal indigestion with French war bread—it is one of the real horrors of war—it is always a luxury to get the field-baked white bread that is part of the British army ration.

The soldier's daily ration has been scientifically worked out by the best food experts of England. In the Boer War it was one and one-fourth pounds of biscuit, one pound of fresh meat or one pound of tinned meat, four ounces of jam, three ounces of sugar, two ounces of desiccated vegetables, one-half ounce of tea, half an ounce of coffee, pepper and salt. This, however, was hermit's fare compared with the almost infinite variety of food available for the fighting man to-day, because, as you may recall, there are exactly 454 items on the quartermaster general's list of supplies.

At the beginning of the present war the Boer War ration was immediately reënforced by four ounces of bacon, three ounces of cheese, extra tea, and one-eighth of a tin of condensed milk. This ration was the same for the men training at home and in France. Later a ration allowance of eight cents a day for each man was made to take the place of part of the home ration, and to be spent under the direction of the officers of units.

Two Kinds of Ration

Early in 1917 a very radical amendment was made in the ration scale in France. Two rations were established: One for the troops at the fighting front, who had to depend upon what is issued to them and who undergo severe physical hardships; and another, and slightly smaller, ration for the troops on the lines of communication.

The food for the fighting men is practically the same as for the men in the rear. The only difference is that they get more of it. The fighting, or field, ration costs forty-five cents a day per man, while the so-called L. O. C. ration costs thirty-nine cents.

Meat, of course, constitutes an important item in the stoking of the soldier's stomach. The British Tommy is a carnivorous animal and must have his beef. The normal daily ration for the fighting man is one pound of fresh or frozen meat. Three days out of every seven he also gets a small portion of the so-called M. and V. ration, which is meat and vegetables, cooked and canned.

Four days out of seven instead of the M. and V. ration he gets a similar portion of canned pork and beans. There is also an allowance of four ounces of bacon, which is served at breakfast.

Bread is a very important item. The regular daily allowance is one pound of fresh bread or ten ounces of biscuit. Usually the bread ration is so arranged as to include seventy-five per cent of bread and twenty-five per cent of biscuit.

Other items in the normal daily allowance for the troops at the Front are: Ten ounces of rice; two ounces of butter—which is served three times a week; three ounces of jam; five-eighths of an ounce of tea—or coffee when desired; two ounces of cheese; two ounces of oatmeal, three times a week; three ounces of sugar; one ounce of condensed milk; an ounce of pickles, three times a week; two ounces of potatoes; eight ounces of fresh vegetables when obtainable—or two ounces of dried vegetables as a substitute; salt, pepper and mustard. As a luxury each man gets two ounces of smoking tobacco or cigarettes once a week and a box of matches three times during a fortnight.

Rum is issued at the discretion of the general officer commanding. Its issue depends upon just what the troops are doing. In very cold weather a nip is given out every day, whether the men are in the first-line trenches or behind. Rum is always used, however, in that ghastly moment just before daybreak, when the troops "stand to" with ears, eyes and heart alert, waiting for the enemy attack that sometimes comes and sometimes does not. No ordeal, not even going over the top, is such a strain on nerves as this period of tense expectancy.

The L. O. C. ration, which is also served to the G. H. Q. troops, is precisely the same as this, except that instead of a pound of fresh or frozen meat each day only twelve ounces is issued. The issue of the remaining items on the list is on a corresponding scale of reduction.

Cosmopolitan Eating

The ration that I have described is the regular issue. It has become, however, a sort of elastic institution, adapting itself to season and locality. At some of the huge camps the men raise their own vegetables, the garden being tended by the permanent force. At one camp in France I saw a pigsty and a rabbit warren, which enriched the diet and provided extra luxuries for the men, because some of the meat is sold to the natives.

Then, too, a so-called system of substitution adds to the variety of Tommy's food. Last summer, when bacon was scarce all over England, sausage, fish, rabbits and brawn—or chopped meat—were substituted for the home forces. The War Office now controls a whole chain of sausage factories, and a sausage issue takes the place of fresh meat one or two days a week in the field. This will mean a saving of five million dollars a year to the government. When I left France the Director of Supply was establishing piggeries to maintain a steady supply of bacon.

Long experience with the feeding of soldiers has taught the food experts that the best way to keep men fit is to vary their diet as much as possible, hence the substitution is carried out to the last degree. Sardines or tinned herring in tomatoes or canned veal loaf often takes the place of preserved meat at the midday meal, while Cambridge sausage or roast sausage is used in lieu of bacon at breakfast.

The British Tommy, unlike the French poilu, has two big meals a day. He has his bacon or tinned meat of some kind, bread and jam for breakfast, while at lunch he has stew or bully beef, potatoes, vegetables, and always a dessert, generally a pudding of some kind. His evening meal comes under the head of tea, and includes tea, cold meat, bread and jam. In the trenches supper is always hot. At all three meals he has his option of tea or coffee. These are the standard menus, subject always to amendment by reason of the system of substitution that I have described.

If the field and L. O. C. rations were the only food issues, the task of provision would be comparatively easy. But the British armies in France to-day are such cosmopolitan assemblages that the matter of diet is as complicated as that of a world food congress recruited from all the nations of the universe. It results from the fact that when Britain sent her trumpet call throughout the empire all the peoples of her dominions came flocking to the standard. They represent every race under the British flag, and this means that white, brown, yellow and black men are geared up to the great cause. The Brahmin, Mohammedan, Chinaman, Kaffir, Egyptian, Fijian, East Indian, West Indian and South African—all meet at John Bull's mess table. With the exception of the East Indian Cavalry they are enlisted in the labor battalions.

You have a conflict of religion, taste, habit and custom, and every one of these

(Continued on Page 33)

Luscious and Nourishing

LET date-desserts, date-breads, and salads do duty frequently for foods that must be conserved. No self-denial involved. Dates are delicious. Dates are nourishing. In their native land dates are called "Allah's greatest gift," meat, fruit, candy all in one.

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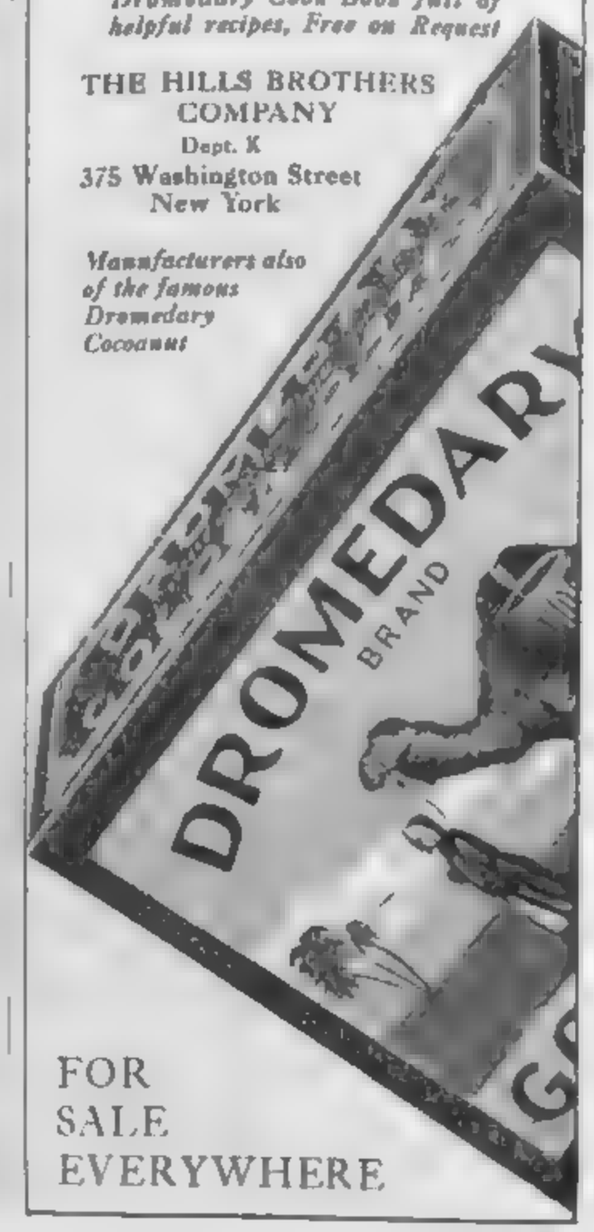


FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

All upholstery is removed from the cars for thorough cleaning

After standing [illegible] hours the cars are aired and brushed [illegible]

Safeguarding the Public's Health

THE regulations for the sanitary care of Pullman cars are as comprehensive, and their enforcement is as strict, as in many of the best hospitals. There is probably no other public place where health and cleanliness are matters of more conscientious care.

The modern Pullman car is wellnigh aseptic. It is steel throughout; a man can carry in a wheelbarrow all the wood used in its construction. Underneath the green carpet is a monolithic floor. Steel and concrete cannot shelter germs: and the polished surfaces of the interior of a Pullman are easily kept clean.

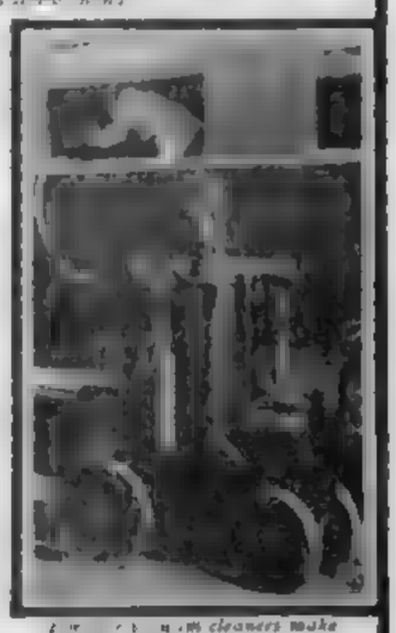
After every trip skilful workers unlimber all seats and cushions and insert the prying nozzles of powerful vacuum cleaners into every cranny. Mattresses, blankets and pillows are hung in the open air to be purified by the sun, the most effective of all antiseptic agencies. All used linen is removed and fresh linen neatly stocked; water coolers are sterilized with steam; the wash rooms are thoroughly cleansed with disinfectant solution.

At frequent intervals carpets are removed and renovated and the floor thoroughly scrubbed. As an additional precaution all cars are regularly sealed and fumigated for a period of not less than three hours, after which they are thoroughly aired. This process is also ordered on any special occasions when it seems desirable.

The laundering of bed linen and blankets is done with all the skill and thoroughness of the most advanced steam laundry practice. The smallest permanent stain or scorching of linen causes it to be discarded. Mattresses and all upholstery are frequently renovated, the contents being removed and fumigated; and pillows are treated in the same manner.

Four thousand workers are employed and 383 yards maintained by the Pullman Company at various points throughout the United States, for no other purpose than the cleaning of the cars, and stocking them with fresh supplies.

Pullman [illegible] not [illegible] the dust from every corner

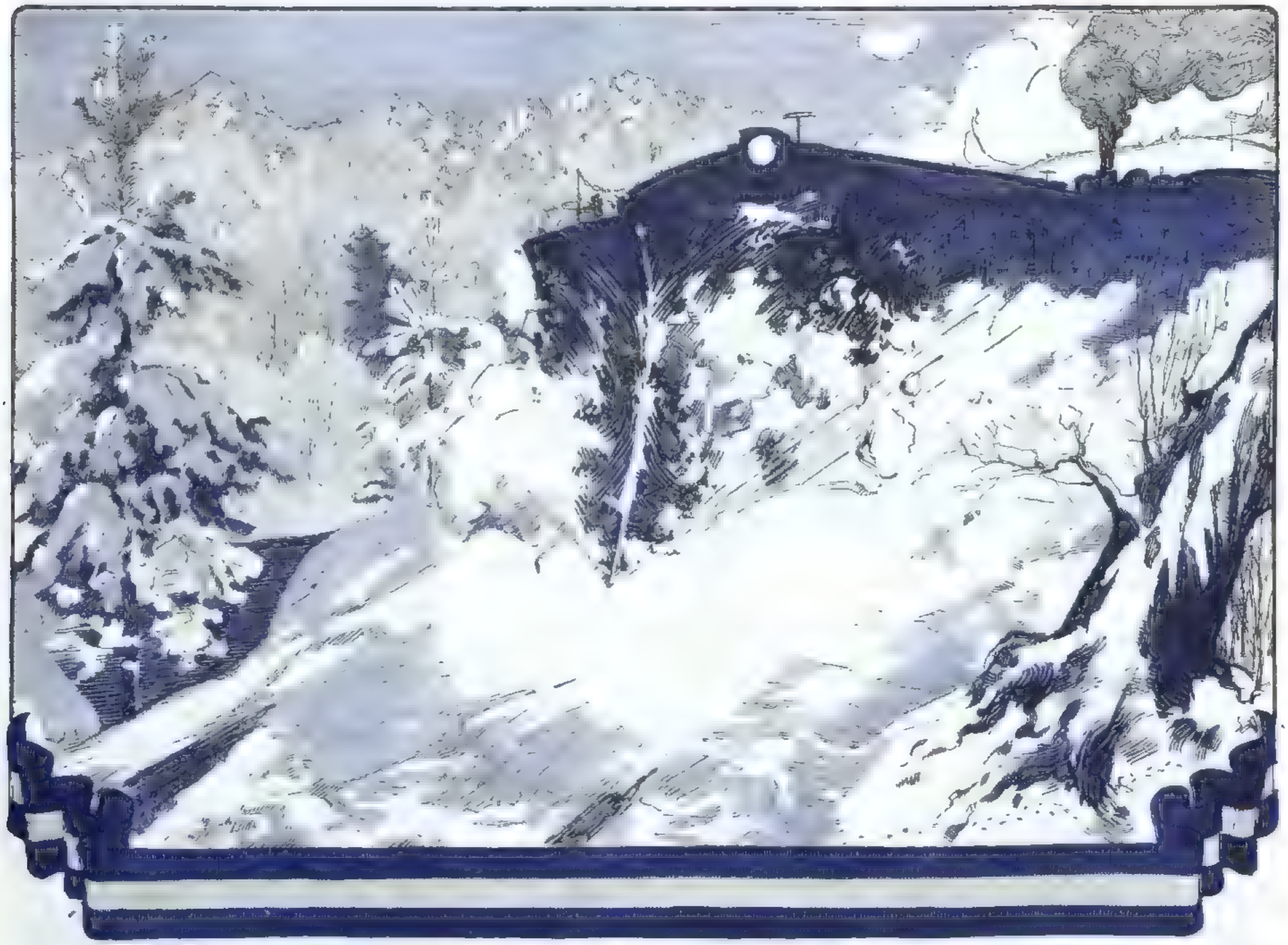


[illegible] vacuum cleaners make [illegible] and thorough [illegible]

Every 8 or 9 months every [illegible] is redone and no [illegible] sterilized.

Every one of the 383 car cleaning yards throughout the country has its battery of portable vacuum cleaners.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago



Clear the Track for the Greatest Mileage

That is what the United States Tire Company has done,

—"cleared the track" for the greatest tire mileage.

Every obstacle of mechanical difficulty in manufacture,

—every inability of skill that lies in the human equation,

—every impediment in the securing of the right and true and tested materials for tire making,

—all these have been cleared off the track,

—and the result is the supreme tire mileage of United States Tires.

* * * * * *

To tell you what these obstacles, inabilities and impediments were would be to catalog at length the past vicissitudes of all tire making right up to the present widely accepted standard of tire manufacture—United States Tires.

The United States Tire Company has swept these difficulties aside as completely and irresistibly as a great railroad snow plough clears the track for the progress of traffic to come.

It has designed and built five types of tires that are masterpieces of mileage,

—and it has been enabled to do this only because behind this Company were the vast resources of the largest rubber manufacturers in the world.

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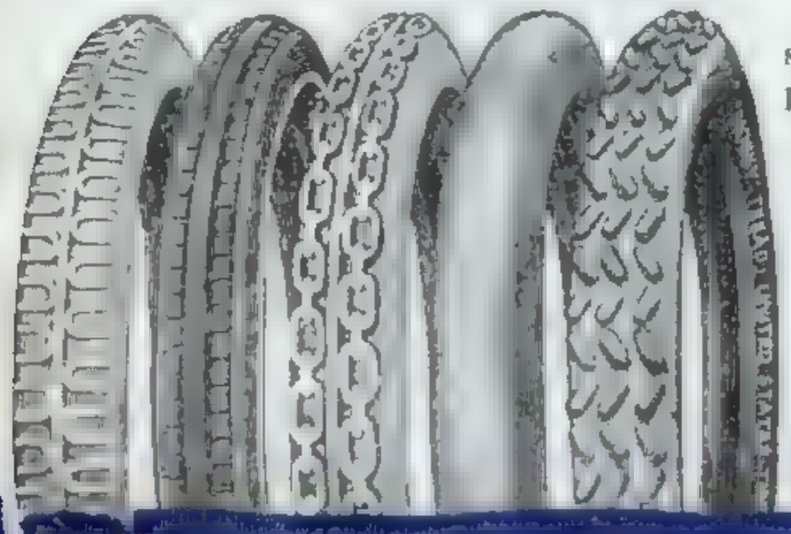
Do the tires you use give you the supreme mileage and service that make you say "I am completely satisfied"?

If not, try United States Tires.



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United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aeroplanes

(Continued from Page 30)

eccentricities, born of climate, temperament and tradition, must be met and appeased. If not, the fighter or laborer is dissatisfied and his efficiency is impaired. Hence a separate and distinct ration is issued to every one of these foreign groups. At one base supply depot exactly seventeen different diets are supplied.

The Indian personnel, for example, has a ration which consists of atta, which is mealie meal; dal—a split pea; ghee, or nut oil—which is a substitute for butter; goor, a native sugar; mixed spices, fresh vegetables and fresh meat.

The meat for the East Indian troops is obtained in very picturesque fashion. The East Indian will eat only goat and sheep meat, and this only when the animal is killed according to native rites. Near one of the British base depots in France is a huge goat and sheep farm, which is conducted entirely for the native troops. Every day you can see bearded and turbaned priests slitting the throats of the beasts with much Oriental ceremony. When the natives get their meat they know it is not profane. No British quartermaster would dare to try to deceive them.

The Fijians have a ration of frozen meat, rice, sugar, fresh vegetables, margarine or some other edible fat; while the Chinese are content with a little meat and a large amount of rice and bread. One of the luxuries of the Chinese diet in France is nut oil. Lentils, cheese, fresh vegetables and bread form the larger part of the menu of the Egyptian labor corps. So it goes. Every taste must be pandered to. It is the price that must be paid to keep the huge labor machine oiled and going.

Nor must it be forgotten in connection with field rations that there is also a separate diet for the German prisoners of war, who are technically divided into what is known as P. of W. companies and segregated in camps surrounded by barbed-wire fences. The British have found that it is both practical and expedient to let the German prisoners run their own mess. The normal daily ration of a captured Hun is nine ounces of bread, six ounces of fresh or frozen meat five days a week, and ten ounces of salt-cured herrings, sprats or smelts two days a week. He also gets half an ounce of tea or coffee, an ounce of sugar, four ounces of potatoes, two ounces of turnips and peas or beans, three ounces of rice, two of oatmeal and a little jam and cheese. Recently the British have succeeded in making the so-called *schwarzbrot*, which is the familiar black bread of Germany. This not only makes the Boche happier but saves considerable money to the government.

The Base Supply Depot

Then, too, the British issue food to the French, Belgians, Portuguese and American troops in some instances, and also to the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, or the "Waacs" as the Tommies call them. You can see, therefore, that with all these different types of rations, with the iron ration—the tinned emergency food that every soldier carries in his haversack—and the train ration—which is given to the troops for consumption while traveling on boats or trains—there is an immense amount of detail to the provision of the inner man alone.

Fortunately, animals have no choice of food, and the issue of forage is a simple matter. Heavy draft horses get seventeen pounds of oats and fifteen pounds of hay a day, while officers' mounts and other horses get twelve pounds each of oats and hay. This is also the forage ration for mules of fifteen hands and upward that are employed on heavy draft work.

You have now seen the kinds of food that man and beast require. You have also had a swift panoramic glimpse of how it is transported from ship to stomach. We can now go into the work of the system which receives, checks, stores and sets it down at the very threshold of consumption.

Perhaps the best way to continue the parallel with business would be to regard the huge base supply depots as the wholesale branches, and the so-called detail issue stores, where the units on the lines of communication get their rations, as the retail branches. Keep this distinction in your mind and it will be easier to follow the sequence of food events.

Any port will serve to begin with, because the system is the same for all. Let us first take the largest of all the ports of entry in France. It specializes in supplies. In this particular instance the specialties are forage, frozen meat and flour.

Since this port is on the Southern Line and therefore somewhat different in executive organization from the Northern Line, it may be well to say that the ranking officer is technically known as the officer commanding base supply depot. His chief is an Assistant Director of Supplies, whose headquarters are at the main advanced base supply depot that he serves, and who in turn reports to the Director of Supply at General Headquarters.

A base supply depot is simply a collection of huge sheds, or hangars, as the British call them. In this particular case they are all near the docks, where the goods can be readily removed from the ship and immediately stacked. Formerly all the work of supply and transport from the time a supply ship reached port was done by the Army Service Corps. In the autumn of 1917 the job of unloading the vessels was taken over by the Director General of Transportation, who supervises the unloading. The actual piling up of the supplies is done under the direction of the Department of Labor, which controls the many native labor battalions. But the moment the supplies are piled up in the hangar they pass into the hands of the Army Service Corps and remain in their keeping until they reach the kitchen, the stable or the garage.

Scientific Stacking

As soon as a supply ship touches at a base depot it is caught up in the toils of a perfect system. First of all one of the duplicate invoices of cargo that accompany the vessel is checked up and sent back to the port of departure in England or Canada as a receipt that the goods were delivered. The other duplicate invoice now becomes the first link of an endless chain of accounting that lasts until the supplies are consumed or destroyed.

Probe into the whole base-supply system and you find that the motto unfurled at the flagpole is "Cut the carry!" Which means that economy of time and labor in the handling of the immense stores is the keynote of progress. Everything is bent toward this end. Goods are stacked up so that they can be counted swiftly and easily. For this reason every pile of hay, oats, flour or canned goods has hanging alongside what is known as a tally board. This board contains the letter of the shed or hangar—each shed has a letter—the number of the block—every different kind of commodity has a block or a street, and every stack in that block has a number. Additions or withdrawals from any block or stack of supplies are recorded on the tally board and can be seen at once by the checkers-up.

You could make a complete inventory of a base supply depot in an incredibly short time.

One reason is that the stacking of supplies is scientifically done. In harmony with the perfection of detail that marks the whole system, the Director of Supply has prepared a manual for the Army Service Corps called The Stacking and Storing of Supplies, which shows with simple and comprehensive text and with cross-section illustrations just how stacks of cased goods, sacks, bales of hay can be piled up so as to expedite accounting and unpacking. From this you learn that there are such things as "pillar piles," for cases; and "tower stacking," which enables the supplies to be carried up to the roof.

One chapter in this book shows how much space is required for storing and stacking rations for given numbers of men and horses. A man, for example, can look at a pile of boxes and see at a glance how many troops it will feed.

Here, as elsewhere throughout the whole empire of supply and transport, absolutely nothing is left to chance. All supply officers, for example, no matter where stationed, who have the slightest contact with supplies must master a book entitled Financial, Economic and Accountancy Regulations and Departmental Instructions. Every detail of work is here specifically explained. It thus becomes the Bible of supply. You get the keynote of the whole commissariat when you find that one of the first paragraphs in the book is this:

"In time of peace the interests of economy, while entrusted in various degrees to administrative and other officers, are also

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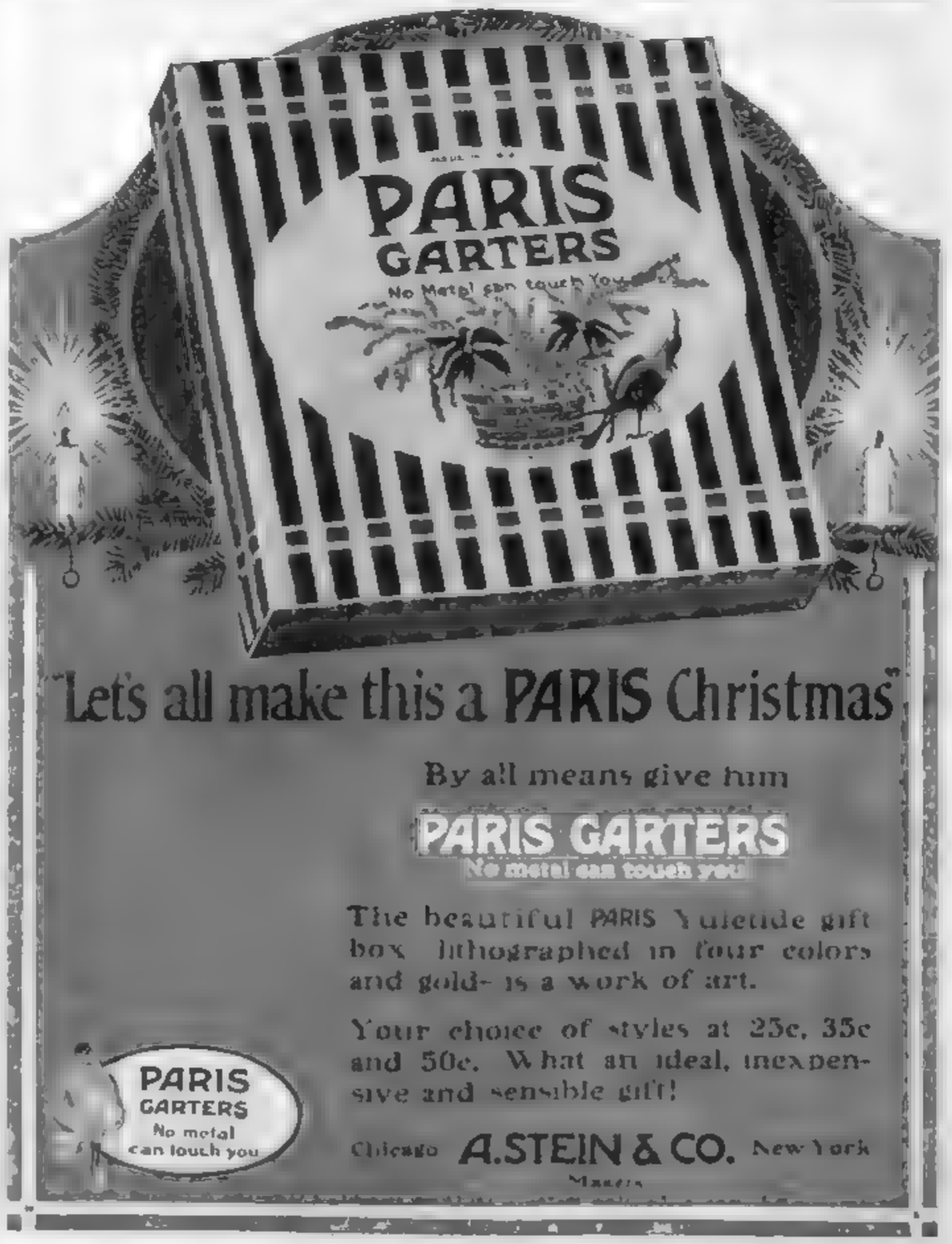
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IT does not matter for what writing purposes you require a pen, you will always find exactly the point you want, firm or elastic, fine or stub, in the dealer's assortment of Esterbrook Pens.

When your choice has been made, buy that particular pen by the box. You secure satisfaction, comfort and improved penmanship from always using a uniform style, etc., of pen.

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A new kind of package candy that all soldiers and sailors will like. Not too much daintiness, but tasteful and nutritious. Contains chocolate brittle, delightful after a hard day's hike; sour lemon drops—thirst-quenching while on the march; chocolate bars—a sustaining confection for the trenches; also chocolate covered nuts and raisins, delicious and healthful at all times. Each piece tin-foiled to give proper keeping qualities. Send him a box for Christmas. Each box contains a nice post card which can be signed by the recipient and mailed to the sender.
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safeguarded by various checks and limitations, and in particular by the total amounts voted by Parliament under the several heads of the estimates. During war, however, not only are these limitations to a certain extent removed, but the total expenditure is on a vastly larger scale. The possibilities of economy open to officers are consequently increased, and the elimination of waste in every branch of the Service becomes a matter of primary importance, and should be the object of particular concern to each individual officer."

Now let us see what happens at a base supply depot. The one I shall use for illustration is housed in the second largest hangar in the world, which is more than half a mile in length and over six hundred feet wide. It adjoins the biggest dock in France and is like a complete freight city under one roof. I have seen it when it contained 80,000 tons of supplies, of which 30,000 tons were in oats, 20,000 tons in hay, and the rest was flour and case goods.

The hangar was a Babel of foreign tongues. You heard Kaffir boys singing as they carried sacks of oats from ship to stack; a song of the Nile came from the Egyptian coolies who hummed as they staggered under bales of hay; you caught the note of a sentimental German lullaby whistled by a prisoner of war trundling a truck of canned groceries. Here was a whole world of labor, recruited from friend and foe alike, and marshaled to the stupendous task of feeding the British soldier. Amid an almost indescribable din and what seemed to be the wildest confusion there was admirable control.

The commanding officer of the depot sitting at his desk in a little frame office that is almost lost between towering ramparts of food and forage is absolute master of the tumultuous situation. He is on his job at eight o'clock. At eight-thirty he has a conference with representatives of the Admiralty, the Director of Docks, the Director of Labor and the Director General of Transportation. Thus he knows what cargoes are to be landed and what human and other machinery is to handle them.

More than this, he also knows every hour just how his whole monster business stands, down to the last case of jam. How is this possible when from 20,000 to 30,000 tons of supplies arrive and depart daily and when all this goods is being constantly transferred from one place to another?

How Congestion is Avoided

The answer is quite easy. Such a complete check is kept on every pound of incoming and outgoing stuff that the O. C., as the Officer Commanding is called, is able to send his chief at the advanced supply depot what is called the daily stock wire, which tells the precise amount of supplies on hand and what is due to arrive the next day. This is achieved by balancing receipts, as the incoming supplies are termed, and issues, as the outgoing commodities are called. The surplus is technically known as remains. This is obtained through a simple but effective process: Each group of commodities is in charge of a section officer, who renders a daily state of his department every night. This sets forth specifically the amount of food he has on hand the preceding night, the day's receipts and issues, the transfers or issues for local troops, and the remains at the time of making the report. The sum of these daily states furnishes the information conveyed in the daily stock wire.

The daily stock wire is necessary to the Deputy Director of Supplies at the advanced base supply depot, who must know just how much goods he can draw on. Remember at this point that the advanced base supply depot is the link between the base supply depot and the regulating station, where the supply trains for the Front are made up. If there is a sudden increase of troops in the field and more supply trains must be made up every day the Deputy Director of Supplies knows immediately that demands for more food can be filled at once. It is part of the perfect interlocking of supply forces.

The supplies from the base supply depot which I have just described—and it is typical of all in the Southern Line—are shipped in bulk; that is, in solid trains of bread, meat, forage, flour, gasoline or groceries. These trains, with the exception of those carrying groceries, go direct to the regulating station. The grocery trains are unpacked at the advanced base supply depot and the freight sorted out according to divisional needs.

One reason why there is such a constant procession of bulk trains out of the base supply depot is that there must be a quick turnover at the ports, because vessels are coming in every day and a congestion of shipping would be fatal. One day's hang-up might clog the supply machine all the way up to the first-line trenches. These bulk trains are loaded inside the hangars. The stacks are all piled alongside the tracks so that loading is expedited. "Cut the carry" is carried out to the last degree.

Every bulk train from any important base supply depot includes bread. This is because no base is really complete without a field bakery. Bread, when all is said and done, is the soldier's staff of life. He must get it in continuous and enormous quantities. This means that the dough troughs and the ovens must be constantly in action. These bakeries are all operated by Army Service Corps men, most of them practical bakers before they went to war. These establishments are marvels of output. They are all practically alike in operation, though in some the dough is kneaded by hand and in others by machinery. The standard loaf for the troops weighs two pounds, which is two normal daily bread rations. The average output of the largest field bakery is 220,000 loaves a day, or 440,000 rations. They work day and night.

The Field Bakeries

These field bakeries are models of production. It takes just three hours for the flour to pass from barrel to baked bread. Once baked it is stacked in bins for twenty-four hours, then sacked, weighed, loaded into a freight truck and rushed off to the advanced base supply depot. The railway tracks come right into the bakery sheds. No army bread is served to the troops until it is ninety-six hours old. Part of this time, however, is consumed in transit.

The same scientific scrutiny is placed over the army bread as over every other article that Tommy eats. At these field bakeries you will find complete laboratories which take, wash and test samples of all the flour to ascertain its ingredients. One reason for this close watch is that the soldier's bread, unlike the bread of civil life, must do considerable traveling. If there is an excess of sharp-pointed bran in the flour it will puncture the cells of gluten on the road and impair the nutritive quality of the loaf. In other words, the flour must be so mixed as to get a sufficient gluten percentage to withstand the hardship of much rough jolting and rehandling on the railroad. You will also find in these laboratories a dough meter, which analyzes samples of all the dough that is mixed.

The big fact about the field bakery, aside from the enormous output, is that the soldier's bread is safeguarded by every device known to science.

Even these field bakeries do not escape the thrill of actual war. In the Dardanelles campaign the bakers were as much exposed to fire as the fighting men. At Helles a bakery was established on the peninsula and was maintained within four miles of the Turkish lines during the whole period of occupation.

Not all the base supply depots are under cover—that is, housed in hangars. The principal base on the Northern Line—where in one day I saw 40,000 tons of oats and 32,000 tons of hay—is an outdoor town, where you can wander through acres of supplies. Here the oats are conveyed by suction from the holds of the ships into sacks, which are sometimes stacked up to a height of a hundred feet. They are protected from the weather by tarpaulins.

In order to prevent spontaneous combustion among the huge mountains of hay the temperature of the stacks is taken regularly with thermometers fastened to the ends of long poles. These thermometers are stuck into the heart of the pile every two weeks.

At the base supply depots on the Northern Line the officer commanding is an Assistant Director of Supply, because these bases and their advanced bases are practically located in the same place. Their regulating stations are also close at hand, because the armies they feed are much nearer to the source of supply than those

(Continued on Page 36)

For Their Sake—and Your Sake

THE U. S. Food Administration appeals to you to save wheat. It urges wheatless days and other wheat economies. It is to aid this end, and at the Commission's suggestion, that we publish facts about oats.

* * *

America has this year harvested a mammoth crop of oats. Wheat has soared and corn has soared, but oats have advanced but little. Oats supply, in food units, 1810 calories per pound. That far exceeds wheat, and gives to oats first place among the grain foods.

Oat-food is a battery of energy. Its vim-producing power is proverbial. To "feel one's oats" signifies vitality.

It is, with milk, a complete food. It supplies all needed elements in just the right proportion. It is rich in phosphorus and lecithin, brain and nerve constituents. It has the whole-grain vitamines. It is ideal food for growth.

* * *

Then Nature has lavished on the oat a most delightful flavor. She seems to mark it as her favorite food. That flavor makes the oat dish an inviting dainty.

It gives to bread and muffins, pancakes and cookies, delights which you can't get without it.

* * *

Measured by food value, bread and milk costs twice as much as oats. Bacon and eggs cost five times as much; so do steak and potatoes. The average mixed diet costs four times as much per unit of nutrition. So each dollar you spend for Quaker Oats saves an average of $3.

* * *

Make Quaker Oats your leading breakfast cereal. Make it a frequent supper dish. Mix Quaker Oats with your flour in bread, muffins, pancakes, etc. See recipes in each package.

It means better-flavored food. It means better nutrition. It means patriotic wheat-saving, and it means economy. Thus you will discover some new delights, which you never again will miss.

Oatmeal Bread

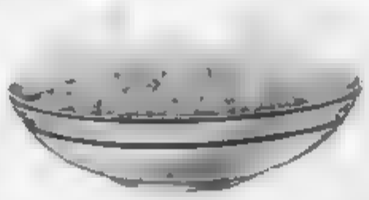
2 cups Quaker Oats 5 cups flour
2 cups boiling water
½ cup molasses ½ tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon butter or other fat
1 cake compressed yeast dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water

Add boiling water to oats and let stand one hour, add molasses, salt, butter or fat, dissolved yeast cake and flour. Let rise until double in bulk. Knead thoroughly and shape into loaves. Put into greased bread pans, let rise until double in bulk and bake 45 minutes.
This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Grade Flakes

Quaker Oats is a superlative oat food. It is flaked from queen grains only just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The quality shows in the flavor.



There are no small insipid grains. All the world over this brand has won first place among oat lovers. Yet it costs you no extra price. It is due to yourself that you get it.

12c and 30c per package in United States and Canada, except in far West and South where high freights may prohibit

Quaker Sweetbits
A Delicious Oat Cookie

1 cup sugar 2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

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YOUR SPARE HOURS can be turned into money. Let us tell you how. Agency Division, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 201 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

(Continued from Page 34)

fed on the Southern Line, where the bases and advanced depots are miles apart.

We now turn from the wholesale branch of the business of war, as represented by the base supply depot, to the retail end, which is the detail issue store. Here is where the army becomes a shopkeeper and runs a miniature department store.

The detail issue store is the place where the food for troops not at the Front is given out. This means that it supplies the whole Army Service Corps; the troops at the rest camps, where the drafts from England remain for a brief interval before going to the Front; labor battalions; prisoners of war; the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, and any other persons employed on the lines of communication.

These stores are always attached to the base or the advanced supply depots. They are literally what the word implies—stores, with counters, shelves for goods, bins for vegetables, and a fresh-meat department presided over by men who were butchers in civil life. The establishments have regular hours for doing business, the usual time of issue being during the forenoon when the men from the unit, generally a quartermaster's detail, come with their sacks if a small force is to be fed, or with motor trucks if the camp is large, for supplies for the next day.

Let us see how this works. Assume that one hundred men of the Army Service Corps attached to a base depot need food for Wednesday. A corporal and a detail of privates come the day before in a motor truck to the detail issue store with what is called an indent for rations. This is a printed form used throughout the British armies constituting a formal demand for supplies. It contains the name of the unit, its location, the number of rations required, the specific list of troops, officers and men to be fed, the kind of animals employed, the fuel and light required, and rum and tobacco needed.

The corporal hands the indent to the chief issuing clerk, who details one or more men, as the quantity requires, to assemble the supplies. The indent for rations is issued in duplicate. One of these is signed by the issuing clerk and is returned to the unit as a voucher; the other, signed by the receiving soldier, becomes the store's memorandum of issue.

When the unit to be supplied is very large the indent is handed in the day before, and the supplies assembled during the afternoon. When the corporal and his detail come the next morning he merely gives the name of the unit and everything is ready for him.

These detail issue stores vary in size and scope. Some issue to only fifty men, while others carry rations for sixty thousand. One detail in connection with them is of unique interest: Since all the stores carry rum in stock it is necessary to protect it from the ever-present thirst of the soldier. The cases of rum are never marked with the name of their real contents. They are stamped with a secret mark, which is changed from time to time and known only to the officers and sergeants in charge.

Standard Pack Trains

We are ready to start on the first lap of the journey of the food to the Front. Our objective point is the advanced base supply depot. Behind us at the base ports we have left the din of the docks, the bustle of unloading, the spectacle of the busy hangar—the whole humming round of packing and unpacking. As we go forward into the domain of distribution we find that with army supplies life is just one repacking after another. But every cycle of it has such a definite place in a definite system that no time or labor is lost.

An advanced base supply depot is the place where the bulk trains are unloaded and the freight reloaded into sectional trains that go on to the Front to supply the armies in action. The unit of supply for distribution to the Front is a division, which at full strength is 20,000 men and 5800 horses. This is why the trains that go up to the fighting line are called standard divisional pack trains. Each train carries enough food to supply two complete divisions for a day. The average number of trains loaded daily at an advanced depot is twenty-one, which means that the normal establishment sends up food every twenty-four hours for 840,000 men. During the temporary breakdown of one of the northern ports a certain advanced base supply depot had to take over the work of another similar station, and for two months it fed 1,300,000 men every day.

You cannot explain the work of an advanced base supply depot, however, without also explaining the functions of a regulating station. These two establishments are affinities. One is absolutely necessary to the other. The reason is that the divisional pack trains are made up only in part at the advanced base supply depots—where the groceries are packed—and are completed at the regulating station, where, as you have already seen, the bulk gasoline, forage, fuel and meat trains arrive direct from the base supply depot. Each bulk train contributes its quota to the divisional pack train. When the latter leaves the regulating station it has its full authorized quantity of supplies for the two divisions it feeds. This means that it carries food of all kinds, including meat, fuel, forage, gasoline, medical comforts, small ordnance stores, disinfectants and a postal car, because letters are almost as welcome as things to eat.

Details of Operating

The moment you touch trains you encounter another one of the compact organizations whose work helps to make up the sum total of army supply in France. Without adequate steam transportation facilities nothing could be accomplished. The British have had to take over, reorganize and regalvanize the whole railway system of Northern France. All operations are under the control of a Director General of Transportation—General W. A. Nash—a seasoned railroad man, who has under him an army of trained railroad men from all parts of the empire. This organization was literally put on the map by that remarkable individual, Sir Eric Geddes, who has become England's handy man for all jobs and who is now First Lord of the Admiralty.

From a château at G. H. Q. General Nash runs the trains from base to railhead. All the lines are subject to army control. It is just as if the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Reading, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Erie and the New York, New Haven and Hartford had all been mobilized for army work and were under the direction of the War Department at Washington. In order to haul the immense quantity of supplies hundreds of engines have been brought over from England and Canada. They are all marked "R. O. D."—which means Railroad Operating Department. Thousands of freight cars have been commandeered from every line in England. They are stamped "W. D."—which means War Department; and they also show a white arrow, which is the symbol throughout the war zone of that mighty organization.

Some notion of the scope of army railway operations in France is obtained when I say that the average daily number of trains operated is 220 and that the number of loaded cars conveyed each week is more than 35,000. These are standard-gauge trains. The British Government also operates hundreds of miles of so-called light or narrow-gauge railways, which often run almost up to the trenches. They carry food, ammunition, engineers' stores, broken stone and other material for road making, and trench supports, both wood and iron.

The system in operation at an advanced base supply depot is a model of time-and-labor saving. All goods are loaded and unloaded on what we would call a freight shed flanked by railway tracks. The incoming bulk train stops on the track outside the shed and its groceries are loaded onto the platform, where each kind of commodity has a section or block which is numbered. Each block holds thirty days' supply of that particular commodity for one division. Let us say that the sugar block, for example, is Number Six. All cars loaded with sugar therefore are stopped opposite this block.

On the other side of the platform are the empty freight cars of the divisional pack train. Its sugar car is put alongside Block Six. Thus only two operations are required to unload the sugar from the bulk train and get it into the sugar car of the divisional pack train. The same is followed with all commodities.

Perishable supplies are kept in the shed. Just beyond the tracks where the bulk train unloads is a huge open platform where nonperishable goods like canned goods are kept. These are unloaded in bulk and piled up in numbered blocks. The performance at the shed is repeated here—that is, cars are matched to blocks. It would be difficult to find anywhere a system simpler than the one I have here tried to explain.

Each train has a loading officer, who gets each morning a long form filled out with the necessary articles to be packed. After the train is loaded he signs the form, which is checked in turn by a checking officer and it becomes part of the permanent record of the transaction. At the advanced base supply depot each division supplied gets a number. If a train steams out with 83 on its trucks it means that this is the number of the division whose food it carries. When it gets to the regulating station a corresponding group of freight cars bearing this same number is switched on behind and the divisional pack train, now complete, goes up the line to the railhead.

With this divisional pack train goes a series of waybills. One of these is signed by the railhead supply officer, who sends it back to the advanced base supply depot as a receipt for the goods. Another duplicate is kept by him for his stock records. Still a third remains behind at the depot.

Go to a regulating station—it may be five or thirty miles from the advanced base supply depot—and you will find yourself in a maze of ceaseless traffic. Day and night scores of trains come and go, hauled by nervous puffy engines. On the network of tracks—called the *triage*—everything seems to be in confusion, but as a matter of fact it is all part of a perfectly attuned system. At every regulating station the traffic manager sits at his desk with a huge blackboard before him on which every incoming and outgoing train is marked. Though he may wear the uniform of a captain or major it is purely a temporary rank. Before the war he was an operating official on the London and Northwestern or the Northeastern or some other great English railway. He knows his job.

At these stations trains are literally regulated—hence the title. Every traffic manager in charge keeps what he calls plus and minus books. If an extra sugar or tinned meat or gasoline car comes up it is registered in the plus book. If by any chance a sectional pack train arrives with a car short it is recorded in the minus book. What is more important, the gap in the train is filled—and without delay—from the extra loaded cars that are kept on what is known as the surplus track.

A complete set of divisional pack trains is handled every twenty-four hours. I mean by this that commencing at sunset each evening the battalions of trains begin to steam away from the regulation station up to the railhead, where they are scheduled to arrive at dawn. Just as soon as one group of these trains leaves the station another installment of trains begins to arrive. It is an endless round of traffic.

Railhead Reserves

No train returns from railhead empty. It brings back clothing, shoes, guns, ammunition and engineering stores to be salvaged or renewed.

When you reach the railhead you are in the zone of the armies. You have gone as far as the railway dares to go. More than one divisional pack train has arrived at its destination to be met by an avalanche of shells and smashed to bits. From this time on you are up against danger and death; the whole system of subsistence is exposed to a hundred hazards.

Yet despite every difficulty that besets the lines of food communication the accounting and supervision go right on. The railhead supply officer keeps a daily stock sheet upon which he enters the supplies he receives from the divisional pack trains and deducts the issues that he makes.

The railhead may be the shattered railway station of a ruined French town or an improvised open-air freight yard. The steel rail follows the advancing armies. What is the scene of a bloody battle one month may be an important railway distributing point the next.

At the railhead a reserve is kept on hand to meet emergencies. Wherever you go in the whole scheme of British supply you find the reserve, which is the bulwark against breakdown in transport. This railhead reserve is renewed every month, because some of the goods are likely to spoil. It is kept under canvas which is heavily camouflaged.

The active supplies which arrive every morning are loaded into squadrons of motor trucks technically called the divisional

(Continued on Page 39)

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INSIST ON THIS TRADE MARK.

MOTHER could select nothing for her dear ones more in accord with the need of the times than genuine **Lee Union-Alls.**

The Most Practical of War Time Xmas Gifts

—the suit that conserves clothing, cuts down the monthly bills and so thoroughly fulfills every requirement of work or play.

Insist on the **Lee**—there is no other **Union-All.**

Men's sizes, 34 to 44 chest,	$3.50
Youths' sizes, 12 to 16 years,	2.75
Boys' sizes, 7 to 11 years,	2.25
Child's sizes, 2 to 6 years,	1.75

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Native to All the World

THOUGH every locality may have its typical mode of travel, there is one service which is adaptable to any road, in all seasons. Such a universal service Firestone Tires give.

The materials and structural methods in Firestone Super Cord Tires exactly provide for strength with flexibility. They successfully resist stone bruise, yield 8,000 to 15,000 miles and save fuel, two to five miles more per gallon.

Less road resistance, smoother riding, longer life to the car; these are the facts of every-day service with Firestone Super Cords.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 36)

supply column, which hauls the supplies to the refilling point. Now you encounter mechanical transport for the first time as an active accessory of the armies in the field. Frequently it must do all its work at night, because it is the target of the long-range German gun and the aëroplane.

The refilling point marks the last stage of mechanical transport. As the danger becomes greater and you get nearer to the fighting the means of food conveyance must adapt themselves to the perils of the situation. The roads are now so bad that even if there were no shells flying about a three-ton motor truck could never get through. The horse and the mule become the army prop. Henceforth and up to the time the food is actually delivered to the fighting units it is conveyed by the divisional train, which is horse transport. A divisional train consists of 455 men, 375 animals and 198 wagons.

With the horse transport you get the really spectacular contact with the firing line. Day and night it is almost constantly under fire. A German gunner would rather pot a food column than a trench, because it works a greater hardship. I have seen the roads strewn with the débris of wrecked supply wagons and black with the bodies of dead horses. More than 200,000 horses have been killed in France alone since the war began. Most of them were in the transport, because very little cavalry has been employed.

At the unit, which is usually a battalion, the food is unloaded from the wagons and taken in charge by the battalion quartermaster, who divides it into five lots, one for Headquarters and one for each of the four companies. In the company the quartermaster sergeant puts it up in sacks and gives it to carrying parties, who convey it to the trenches.

The manner of cooking depends upon the stage of fighting. The food is sometimes cooked behind the lines and carried up at night by hand in dixies, or large food containers. It may be cooked in the communication trench or in the front trench itself.

The main essential is that the horse transport delivers the supplies to the battalion, and the unit must do the rest as the circumstance of war dictates.

I made a journey last autumn from a railhead to the trenches. It was in the historic valley that British valor has glorified into one of the supreme and spectacular spots of the war—where half a dozen Gettysburgs have been fought and won since Haig began his victorious onward sweep. On either side flowed the rivers that will have imperishable names, for the Ancre and the Somme are part of the agony and sacrifice of the great struggle.

The Daily Estimates

Six months before I had seen that same region white with snow, yet blazing with death. Two mighty armies were locked in a terrific struggle. The hillsides were gashed with trenches, the roads blocked with ammunition convoys. Everything was dedicated to destruction.

When I went back the British advance had left this one-time battle ground far behind. Where the big guns had roared was now a refilling point. Not many miles to the rear, in the little city that vies with Ypres as the theater of heroic endeavor, a railhead had been established in the wrecked railway station. Motor trucks were lined up at the platform for their daily supplies; mountains of forage towered in the public square, now a mass of wreckage; on the ruins of the houses where once the citizens smoked and lived their uneventful lives Royal Engineers were rearing stables to protect the supply horses from the rigors of the winter so near at hand. A community of supply had suddenly sprung up amid a wanton waste. There was still a suggestion of close proximity to war in the boom of the far-away guns, but that was all.

The valley beyond was a flower garden. The furrowed hillsides blazed with poppies; the shell holes were rippling pools of yellow mustard plant. Nature had "come back." Only the men sleeping in the graves by the roadside would never return.

To return to practical details, the question the average man would ask at this point is: How does the advanced base supply depot or the railhead supply officer or the refilling point officer know just how much food and fuel to carry? With shells shrieking all over the place, an excess supply would invite unnecessary loss. Again, no chances can be taken in underestimating the needs of the men fighting for their lives.

You have to look only a little further into the supply system to see how it is done. Every one of the five British armies in the field has a Deputy Quartermaster General and a Deputy Director of Supply and Transport. The latter is the link between the demands of the army on the one hand and the source of supply on the other.

A battalion up front makes its demands for supplies on the brigade supply officer, who in turn demands, as the phrase goes, on the senior supply officer, who is the supply officer of the division. He renders a consolidated demand on the railhead supply officer.

If the division is recruited to full strength it means that he wants daily supplies for 20,000 men and 5800 horses.

The railhead supply officer thereupon issues in accordance with this request from the stores he receives each day from the divisional pack train. He sends a daily wire of feeding strength and reserve to the Deputy Director of Supply with the army, who makes the formal demand for all the supplies needed on the advanced base supply depot. In other words, the battalion in the trenches ultimately clears its needs through the Headquarters of the army to which it is attached.

Checking Waste

What happens when divisions change? Brigades are being constantly shifted from service in the trenches to rest camps in the rear. They usually come down very much depleted in ranks and do not require so much food as the fresh brigade that has just gone up to relieve them. It is up to the senior supply officer to acquaint the Deputy Director of Supply and Transport with the change immediately so that it can be noted in the issue of supplies.

Let us assume that the division has lost 10,000 men and that its transport is all shot to pieces, having lost 2800 animals. This means that it goes back to rest with 10,000 men and 3000 animals.

The senior supply officer simply wires: "X Division feeding strength, men 10,000, animals 3000," and the advanced base supply depot immediately adjusts its pack train to meet the change in needs.

A specific report is made on all supplies salvaged or captured from the enemy. If these are fit for consumption they are used up at once and the units consuming them underdraw on their supplies from the base.

Every possible precaution is taken against food disaster. There is always five days' reserve for each division at railhead, and a reserve at the horse reserve park, where the extra horse transport is kept to renew losses. These reserves, together with the iron rations on the men, constitute a sufficient safeguard against a breakdown in train service, which at the worst would not last more than three or four days.

Now you can see why Tommy never misses a meal.

For the last I have kept the chapter in the story of army supply, which, from the viewpoint of American business, is more important perhaps than any other. It concerns the check on waste, which extends well up into the fighting area. Aside from the fact that it saves the British Government millions of dollars every year, it points the way to a tremendous conservation of financial and material resources in connection with our own military operations abroad. It has a world-wide significance because it touches the two universal institutions—human nature and the pocketbook.

During a great war and while the nation is thrilled and touched by the news of the Front no one questions the cost. Everybody has some kind of stake in the struggle. But when the war is over and the fixed charges on glory, in the shape of taxes and other demands, must be met with irritating and costly regularity, the unpatriotic and unromantic question rises: "Where did all that money go?"

Scandal lifts its fearsome head; boards of inquiry become the habit, and good names are besmirched. It is not war that constitutes the graveyard of reputation, but the investigation that comes afterward.

The British Army is taking no chances on becoming the target for the scandalmonger

(Concluded on Page 41)

Removing the *Bitter Heart*

FEW people realize that the little "heart" or bud which lies between the two halves of a peanut, has an entirely different taste from the rest of the nut. It is *bitter*—so bitter that, if used in peanut butter, it greatly impairs the flavor. Taste a few of these hearts and see.

The careful *removal* of these bitter hearts is just one of the details that make Beech-Nut Peanut Butter *different from other kinds*.

The different *flavor* comes from *precise blending* of two different kinds of peanuts—Spanish and Virginia.

From *precise roasting*, under steady North skylights, to guarantee the exact *color*, which is the only way to determine correct roasting.

From *precise crushing* and *precise seasoning*, in a wonderful machine which does both operations, and pours out the finished butter into specially sterilized glass jars, filling them *from the bottom* to exclude air.

And from *precise vacuum-sealing*, which keeps Beech-Nut Peanut Butter always fresh and sweet, never rancid.

The different *appearance* and *texture* come from *precise cleaning processes*, which remove all skins, grit, defective kernels and the bitter little hearts.

Precision follows every step in the making of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Find out *today* how different Beech-Nut is—by trying it on bread, crackers, toast or saltines.

If your children are inclined to eat too many sweets, give them Beech-Nut Peanut Butter instead. They love its flavor—and it is nourishing, besides. A sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains as much *strength*, *heat* and *energy* as a glass of full cream milk.

Put it on the table every meal. Grown-ups love it as much as children do.

Yes—order some Beech-Nut Peanut Butter *now*.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Ask Your Grocer about the Superior Quality of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

If Your Store Should Burn

could YOU do what C. W. Kollitz, of The Kollitz Mercantile Co., Ortonville, Minn., did—reach a satisfactory adjustment with the insurance company before the ashes were cold?

Mr. Kollitz has what is known as a "Duplex" Burroughs. It adds two groups of figures at one time, giving an individual total of each group and a grand total of both. The Duplex is invaluable in recapitulation work

MR. KOLLITZ was burned out in September, 1916. Within two hours after the fire he was able to show the insurance company exactly how much merchandise was destroyed, because he had *visible evidence* to prove his statements.

An Emergency that Proved the Value of Knowing Your Business

Listen to what Mr. Kollitz says:

"My perpetual inventory was a tower of strength to me in that emergency; but remember this: I would never have had it if I had not believed in knowing my business *every day*, in *every detail*, through all the long years when I had no fires.

"And the profit built on that daily knowledge far outweighed the special dividend on accuracy—so to speak—that followed the fire."

Burroughs Machines Make it Easy to Get the Facts

Mr. Kollitz today has seven departments in his store: groceries, dry goods, notions, women's clothing, men's furnishings, shoes and shoe repairs.

Daily recaps of sales in each department, at cost and selling price, as well as for each clerk, are made on the Burroughs Machine. At the end of the month the Burroughs is used again to get the totals.

Mr. Kollitz also keeps track of merchandise returned, stock on hand and other data that help in the conduct of a successful business.

From these figures he watches his gross and net profits.

And in addition to all this, ledgers are always posted up to date and postings proved daily. Balances are easily obtained.

50 Per Cent Saving in Time

Time-saving has a cash value, for it means more work and better work with fewer employees.

As Mr. Kollitz says: "When you can get all the benefits of Burroughs accuracy and promptness and actually save money by doing it, it's hard for me to see why any store proprietor can give house room to the expense and inaccuracy of pen and ink."

No Business too Small for a Burroughs

The 96 Burroughs models cover the needs of the smallest as well as the largest business. Consult your banker or telephone book for the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Burroughs offices are also maintained in all the principal cities abroad.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125

PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

(Concluded from Page 39)

when peace sheathes the sword. A remarkable system of auditing and accounting has been in operation from the first day of war that will show the British taxpayer just where every penny of his money has gone. It applies every possible antidote to extravagance. As with corporations, the greatest of these is publicity.

There are two separate and distinct curbs on army waste: One operates under the supervision of the financial adviser of the War Office, who must render an accounting to Parliament for all war expenditures and who has a complete working organization in the field which deals entirely with finance; the other is the Investigation Department under the control of the Director of Supply at General Headquarters, which follows up all supplies and sees that the issue of food does not exceed actual consumption.

Take the financial supervision first. In a building in a certain French town not a great distance behind the lines is a complete financial bureau in charge of a major general who before the war was at the head of a great business. The record of every dollar that the army spends in France—and there is a very large field expenditure—goes through his office. The voucher for each ton of biscuits that lands in France must pass his scrutiny and show that the food is either in stock or eaten.

Every day—as General Pershing has already learned to his cost—some sort of claim is made by the French for damages. If a pig is run over by a motor truck the peasant immediately sends in a claim for a thousand francs. The usual French claim of this kind ranges from ten to twenty times the real value of the damaged goods. Every pig destroyed, according to the owner, could do everything but talk. All these claims must be investigated and paid. Likewise the immense bills for billeting must be audited.

Everything is investigated. If an officer's car is smashed up a board of inquiry sits on the case to find out whether the accident was due to carelessness or to the natural hazards of congested road traffic in the war zone. If it is proved that the accident was due to carelessness the officer is required to pay the damages; if it was unavoidable it is "written off" and marked "To be borne by the public" which means that John Bull foots the bill.

These boards of inquiry, which are composed of officers, deal with an immense variety of emergencies. It may be a leakage of gasoline due to rough handling or defective packing; an unvouchered expenditure by a purchasing agent; the loss of horse blankets in transit from the ordnance base depot in France to the advanced horse transport depot; or the destruction of ordnance stores due to fire. Witnesses are examined, a complete report is made in each case and responsibility fixed.

As soon as it was evident that stationary or trench warfare was likely to continue in France for a long time it became necessary for the British Army to purchase as much food and forage in France as possible. For one thing it saves tonnage from England and elsewhere. A central purchasing board was established by the Financial Department to deal with the field buying, which is done by officers known as requisitioning officers, who are attached to each brigade. If these officers were permitted to buy indiscriminately the competition between them would immediately raise the prices of all commodities. To prevent this there is a separate purchasing board with each army. Each board gets a regular schedule of prices to be paid—it is changed from time to time to meet market conditions—and if the French farmer or shopkeeper does not accept them the goods are ordered from home. This is the guaranty against gouging.

The whole operation of this Financial Department in the field goes to show that though Great Britain spends $35,000,000 a day on the war, a suspicious item of five dollars is rigidly scrutinized. The watch dog of the British Treasury is always on the job.

But this censorship of expenditure is merely the beginning of real supply auditing, which constitutes the principal work of the Investigation Department. Here you have the branch of the business of war that corresponds with the accounting department of a business. Its headquarters—located at a bustling French town where an immense number of British supply trains are regulated every day—are just like the offices of a large firm of expert accountants. The duties are almost the same. The only difference is that the men of the I. D., as the investigation end is known, wear uniforms, are subject to military discipline and deal with the biggest business in the world. Most of these officers, I might add, were actuaries, accountants and bookkeepers in civil life. At their head is a regular officer, Col. C. M. Ryan, a Deputy Director of Supply, who, without the slightest previous business experience, runs the whole show just as if he had been trained in trade.

The Investigation Department was started in December, 1914. Originally its operations were confined to the base and advanced supply depots. It had, and still has, a representative at every base depot, who checks up the receipts and issues of supplies and acts as auditing officer. Losses of supplies from theft, overissue or on the road have to be accounted for. A monthly stocktaking is enforced and every discrepancy thoroughly investigated. This strict supervision not only means a large financial saving but is of distinct military value because it compels all the depots to keep their stocks shipshape.

In view of the large number of supply trains that are shunting back and forth every day it is natural that freight cars should be lost. All these are traced by the Investigation Department. Last July 199 loaded trucks, lost in transit, were run down and their freight restored.

During the summer of 1915 General Carter said to himself: "Why not extend the operations of the Investigation Department into the army areas? An immense amount of supplies in the field of fighting is practically unaccounted for. There is not the slightest reason why supervision should not extend to the field kitchen."

Up to that time the general principle laid down by the War Office was that there should be no accounting for supplies after they left the advanced supply depot. The field demands for food were made on scraps of paper and the rudest sort of indents, while the certificate of issue and receipt was often scribbled on the back. Naturally there was considerable waste.

General Carter's suggestion was adopted by the Quartermaster General to all the forces and an administrative control established which literally represents the last word in supply supervision because it follows the goods up to the point of consumption.

Forms were standardized and the whole system of demanding by troops at the Front, which I have described in a previous article, was put into effect. The haphazard methods disappeared and the whole process was put on a definite business basis.

Over all this unending procession of supply the Investigation Department keeps vigilant watch. It gets a duplicate of every indent for rations—55,000 of these come in each week; a copy of each receipt for supplies delivered; and a carbon of every way bill used throughout the traffic system. Into its office pours a flood of documents that record every transaction that relates to the issue of food to the British armies in France.

The main job, therefore, of the Investigation Department is to reconcile issue with receipt. Each commodity issued must register one hundred per cent, which means that every pound of it must be consumed or be in a reserve. If there is a serious discrepancy the officers responsible are likely to be severely disciplined.

So automatic has become the working of demand and supply that during the month that I spent with the British armies the reconciliation percentage of twenty-three leading commodities did not vary more than one per cent in surplus or in shortage. In practically every case it was considerably less than one per cent. Over-issue, which always means waste, is eliminated.

Thus the business of war is more than a phrase. It is as efficient as it is destructive.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the Supply and Transport of the British Armies. The next article will explain the Mechanical Transport system in action.

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 5)

Hemingway was nervous. "Of course I shall come to you, Mr. Skinner, for instructions? I shall be guided by you in directing the work?"

"Not a bit of it!" said Skinner. "You're just as familiar with that work as I am. Most of it used to pass through your hands anyway."

"But," stammered Hemingway, "I never had the say, the deciding."

"You'll have it now," said Skinner—"the whole say. I'm going to hold you responsible."

Hemingway was clearly distressed. He opened his mouth as if to protest, but Skinner cut him short. "That's all, Hem, old man. Just ask Boyce to come in here, please.

"Jolt Number One," said Skinner as Hemingway closed the door behind him.

Clearly Boyce had been put on his guard with that electrical method of communicating intelligence that obtains in office politics, for he was nervous before Skinner had a chance to speak to him.

"Boyce," said Skinner, "I want you to look after our California business. I find I can't do it with all my extra work."

"I'm not very familiar with that line, you know, Mr. Skinner," suggested Boyce.

"I'll have to ask you to get familiar with it, Boyce. You have every facility right here. Winant'll help you. I'm going to give you full latitude, hold you responsible."

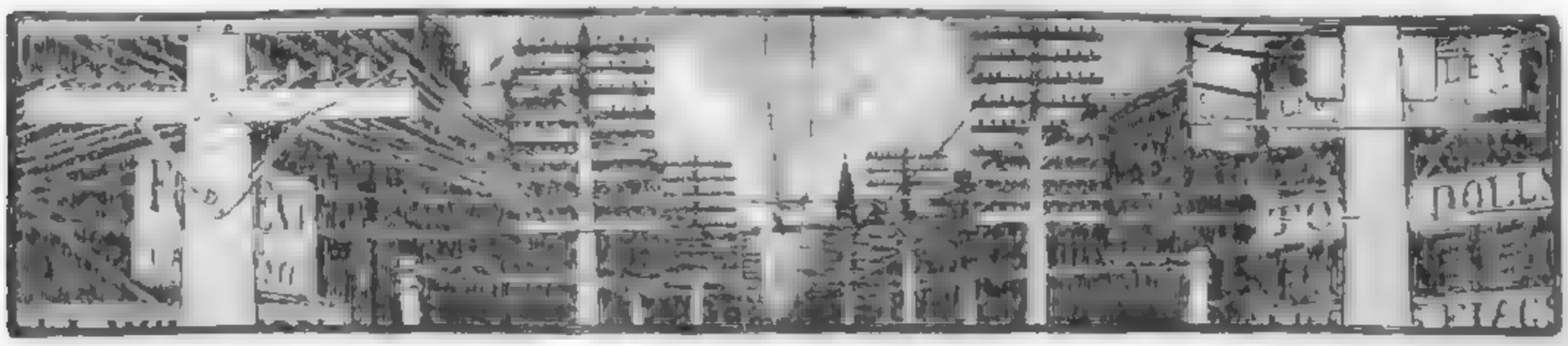
"I shall look to you for guidance, Mr. Skinner?"

"Boyce, I'm going to ask you to look to me for nothing. You're just as good a man as I am. You must use your own judgment. Please ask Carlson and Williams to come in.

"Jolt Number Two," said Skinner with a smile as the door closed after Boyce. "Williams," said he a moment later, "I'm going to ask you to help Hemingway look after the Northwestern trade; and Carlson, I wish you'd put your shoulder to the wheel with Boyce. He's going to look after our California business. Their work will be very heavy, boys, and I want you to relieve them of as much responsibility as possible. Hemingway and Boyce will organize their departments as they see fit.

"A word with you, Gibbs," said Skinner as he passed out to lunch. "I'm going to fire that boy outside. I've had a good deal of trouble with him and the girl at the board. I wonder if you, in addition to what you

(Continued on Page 43)



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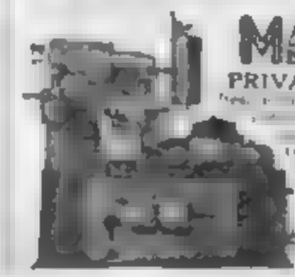

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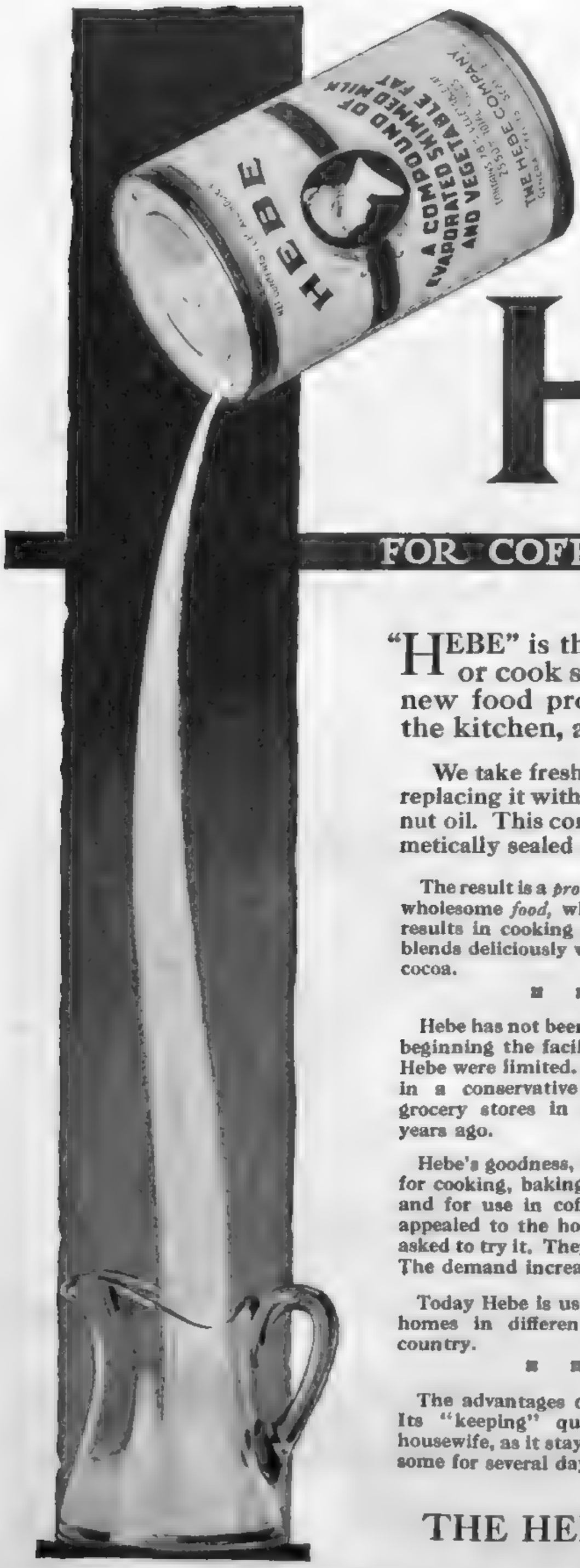

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FOR COFFEE, CEREALS, COOKING, ETC.

"HEBE" is the new name which the modern housewife or cook should fix in her mind. It is the name of a new food product—a distinct creation—an economy in the kitchen, a help to the good cook.

We take fresh, sweet, pure whole milk, and extract the animal fat, replacing it with vegetable fat—rich, highly-refined, healthful cocoanut oil. This combination is evaporated, and then put into cans, hermetically sealed and sterilized.

The result is a *product*—a clean, sweet, wholesome *food*, which gives splendid results in cooking and baking, which blends deliciously with coffee, tea and cocoa.

* * *

Hebe has not been advertised. In the beginning the facilities for producing Hebe were limited. It was introduced in a conservative manner through grocery stores in various cities two years ago.

Hebe's goodness, and its desirability for cooking, baking, making desserts, and for use in coffee, tea and cocoa appealed to the housewives who were asked to try it. They told their friends. The demand increased.

Today Hebe is used in thousands of homes in different sections of the country.

* * *

The advantages of Hebe are many. Its "keeping" quality pleases the housewife, as it stays sweet and wholesome for several days after opening.

Hebe, because of the vegetable fat in it, does not so quickly absorb odors from other foods.

Foods cooked or seasoned with Hebe retain their natural flavor, enhanced by the cooking quality of the vegetable fat.

* * *

For cooking and baking, Hebe should be diluted to the degree preferred. As a general thing, you should add pure water sufficient to double the volume of Hebe. This gives fine results in creaming vegetables, making gravies and sauces, salad dressings, and the like.

* * *

You may live in a section where Hebe cannot be obtained. As rapidly as production can be increased the needs of such sections will be supplied.

If your grocer carries Hebe, however, we urge you to buy three cans from him, use it in your cooking and baking and in other ways—and if you are not wholly satisfied in every way, then your grocer has our authority to refund your money.

THE HEBE COMPANY, Seattle, U. S. A.

HEBE IS GUARANTEED TO BE SWEET, PURE AND WHOLESOME

(Continued from Page 41)

have to do, wouldn't reorganize that end of it. Take entire charge. See that the switchboard girl pays proper attention to business. Meet our important customers. You know, Gibbs, it takes a man of experience and tact to fill that kind of a job. I am going to ask you to do it as a favor to me."

For the first time in years the office force of McLaughlin, Perkins & Skinner found itself working overtime. Skinner knew this would happen when he put the extra work on the blue-envelope boys. That's why he did it, for as a matter of fact his executive ability was such that he alone could have dispatched the work of McLaughlin and Perkins with small extra effort. In accordance with his scheme for the jolting of the boys out of their ruts, Skinner, too, worked overtime—or made a bluff at it. He wanted to seem not to be shirking any of the burden, but his real purpose was to observe how the jolting process was coming out.

"Are the blue-envelope boys out of their ruts yet?" said Honey a week later.

"No, but they're working nights to get out. Hem's lagging a little, that's all." Skinner sipped his demi-tasse, then after a pause: "I'm going to give 'em an extra jolt to-morrow—particularly Hem."

And Skinner did give Hemingway an extra jolt—a very extra jolt. "Hem," said he the next morning, "Hem, I'm worn out with working overtime. I'm going to take a ten days' rest. I want you to run things while I'm away."

Clearly this new responsibility suddenly thrust upon him was a shock to Hemingway, but he braced up. "I'll do the best I can."

"And the best you can do, Hem, is good enough for me. Always remember that."

"Thank you, Mr. Skinner."

"I'll tell Boyce and the rest of the boys to report to you."

Hemingway coughed apologetically. "It might be better not to do it, Mr. Skinner. You know there's such a thing as jealousy in office politics. Things'll run along quite as well."

"No, they won't," said Skinner. "There must be a head, must be authority. I shall hold you responsible."

The next ten days Skinner spent at home, which greatly perplexed Honey, since he offered no explanation. When she hinted at such a thing he said, "I'm only working out my big idea."

"I can't see that you're working out anything, dearie."

"You're right. I'm letting it work itself out."

"I see," said Honey.

But she didn't see. Skinner was not available for pumping, even by Honey. When he had anything to say he said it; and he didn't say it until he was good and ready. Honey was very well aware of this trait in her clever husband.

Skinner spent every morning motoring with Honey, but in the late afternoon he always managed to get back to some railway station in time to catch a train for New York.

The third day of Skinner's vacation the house out in Meadeville was called up from the New York office.

"Yes," said Honey, answering the phone, "yes? Oh, good morning, Mr. Hemingway. I didn't know your voice. . . . No, I can't reach him. . . . Sorry, but it doesn't make any difference even if it is very important." After delivering herself of the prearranged lie Honey lied a little on her own account. "His health's the most important thing just now, you know; the doctor said ——" Honey swallowed hard. She could go no further. "You understand—no I can't reach him I'm sorry. . . . Good-by."

Honey hung up the receiver and turned to Skinner, who was lounging in a great chair with a cigar and the morning paper. "It's dreadful to make me do this, dearie. I feel just like a mean contemptible old liar!"

"There's no question of your being a liar, Honey," said Skinner. "But you're doing it in a noble cause. You're helping out my big idea. . . . I wonder what Hem wanted," he mused.

"He said it was most important, that he was very anxious."

"Good!" cried Skinner. "Good! He's getting anxious. That's just what I wanted. He's beginning to climb over the edge of his rut."

What Skinner said was true. Hemingway was beginning to climb over the edge of his rut; he was climbing faster every minute, if Skinner only knew. At first his steps faltered, but he reversed the law of Nature and acquired momentum as he ascended. The wine of new authority had begun to work in him. It began to tingle through his well-regulated veins—a novel sensation to Hemingway. It quickened his wits. He began to think of the schemes he'd evolved in the past, schemes that he'd got tired of suggesting to the dominating McLaughlin, who had always waved them aside indulgently. By jingo, if he only had time he'd put some of 'em in practice now while he was in charge!

For fear the boys would think he had a swelled head Hemingway was almost formally polite to them. And he overdid it, as the ultramodest are very apt to do. "Would you mind doing this?" or "I'd be greatly obliged if you'd help me out in this matter." But underneath his words was the ring of new authority.

The third morning Hemingway got a shock. Danby, Brazot & Co., of Chicago, wired for 10,000 extra-B's, stipulating immediate shipment. The order was a big one, a most important one for the firm. Hemingway knew that McLaughlin had been put to it to get D-B's business—put to it hard—and had only landed it by representing that he was prepared to fill any demand at any time. But if he, Hemingway, should fill D-B's order for extra-B's right now he'd have to cut down Hillquit & Briggs' order to 6000. H-B was a big house, a much older customer than D-B. McLaughlin had kept their trade against all opposition. And Hemingway knew that H-B was very busy—unusually busy.

Being put in full charge of the business by Skinner had given Hemingway a remarkable new courage, the kind of courage the small boy who is afraid of the dark has when the sun is up, the boy that brags he is not afraid of ghosts.

He had resolved, now that the long-deferred opportunity had arrived, that he would demonstrate to Skinner that he, Hemingway, had initiative, decision, courage—equal to any emergency.

But Hemingway hadn't reckoned on any so big an order as Danby, Brazot & Co.'s wire contained. It was a real crack in the nose to him. It staggered him. The responsibility of making a decision on the question it involved overwhelmed him. The courage that the wine of new authority had given him was not equal to the strain. He faltered—faltered weakly. He called up Skinner's house in Meadeville and when Honey answered the phone he urged her to communicate with her husband the importance of his message. But she was adamant—soft spoken and sweet, but adamant. Hemingway knew the type.

"No use," he growled disgustedly as he hung up the receiver, "you can't make a woman understand when her husband's health's involved."

Hemingway strode back and forth across the office. "By jingo!" he said resolutely, which was about as near profanity as the ultraconservative Hemingway had ventured for years. "By jingo! I'm glad I didn't get Skinner on the phone. I'm glad I've got to decide this thing myself. And I will decide it if it takes a leg."

He took two or three turns more, nervously, then braced up and went to the telephone and called up his brother-in-law, Jimmy Lane, with Bidley, Wicks & Co.

"Jimmy," said he when that worthy answered "I want you to get McDonald to find out if Starr-Bacon will sell him an option on 4000 extra-B's at 90. Pay anything within reason for the option. Bring the paper here to me. Now, Jimmy, be sure and hide your tracks very carefully, you understand."

Two hours later Lane handed Hemingway the option. The price of it made him wince but that didn't matter.

"Good!" he cried. "Now the whole world may go to the devil!"

He wired Danby, Brazot & Co., Chicago: "Will ship 10,000 extra-B's at once." Then he turned to his brother-in-law. "Jimmy, you did a good job—a good job—and I'm grateful to you. I don't care a darn if I have to pay for that option out of my own pocket. I never felt so good in all my life. Come to lunch."

And Jimmy, somewhat perplexed, but noninterrogative, went.

Boyce, too, began to feel the tingle of the wine of new authority. And so did Williams, for Williams, be it understood, was now directing three typewriters instead of one. Even Carlson, who was relied upon to manage one branch of Hemingway's department, was beginning to discover things over the top of his rut.

But wine of new authority, just like any other wine, produces elation up to a certain point. But in the background—behind the elation—is always the dread, more or less vague, of reaction, recoil, dire consequences. Apprehension steals in where exaltation strode. Gradually apprehension edges exaltation aside. While the blue-envelope boys reveled in the intoxication of new authority they realized that the strain it imposed was heavy. They began to fear that they might not be able to keep up the pace, that the sweets of this new thing might be snatched from them.

And Gibbs worried most of all. Gibbs was greatly elated at first. His new job afforded him the kind of work he loved. He had always hated the abrupt, enemy-making methods of the red-headed office boy—of all office boys. He had under his breath damned the stupidity of employers who through a false sense of economy tolerated such destructive nuisances. Being a past master in old-fashioned politeness Gibbs had many times rehearsed the manner in which the outside man—as he used to put it—should treat a customer. And now he was to have his chance. He had been brought out of his hole in the corner, where he had drudged—half asleep—over time sheets, day after day, into the sunlight of a new experience. He met new men, important men. At last he had a chance to hobnob a little with somebody who was worth while, to brag a little, to exercise the personal and social qualities upon which he had always prided himself, to make friends for the house.

Everything went beautifully in the outside office. Hemingway had complimented Gibbs, and so had Carlson and so had Boyce. But presently a thorn entered Gibbs' flesh, a thorn in the shape of Guenivere O'Brien, the switchboard girl. Guenivere refused to take Gibbs seriously. This was a shock to his vanity, for he'd always flattered himself that he was no negligible proposition with the ladies. Likewise it violated his official dignity, for Skinner had particularly instructed the switchboard girl that she was to report to Mr. Gibbs, the new superintendent of the outside office.

Gibbs did not realize that he was operating under a handicap in his relations with Miss O'Brien. As a matter of fact there had existed between Guenivere and the red-headed office boy the sympathetic offensive-and-defensive alliance that always obtains between female switchboard operators and office boys, no matter what the disparity in their ages. Such worthies are sufficient unto themselves, regarding the whole outside world as available for harrowing, through the agencies of impudence, neglect, stupidity, laziness, mendacity and snubbing. When such propensities are used coöperatively by a switchboard girl and an office boy their destructive efficiency is raised to the nth power.

At first Gibbs gently corrected Guenivere. He was ignored—disdainfully, gum-chewingly ignored. He chided. Guenivere was scornful. He reasoned, he argued. Guenivere was oblivious, reading a novel the while. If the fluffy Miss O'Brien had only been a man Gibbs might have resorted to profanity, for Gibbs, be it understood, was no saint. But she was not a man, and so the thorn in Gibbs' side continued to irritate, inflame—until he was well near desperate.

At the end of the tenth day, fully satisfied with what he'd accomplished by his afternoon trips to New York, Skinner took Honey into his confidence. "It was all for the working out of my big idea," he said. "I waited until I'd put it to the test before telling you."

"Oh, dearie, you're so wonderful!" cried Honey.

"Oh, I dunno," said Skinner. "Just common sense, that's all." Then he added, "I may have something interesting to tell you to-morrow night—after I've seen the boys."

And Honey waited impatiently all next day for the interesting news she was sure Dearie would bring her from the city that night.

"Well?" was Honey's first question that night at dinner, postponed until Skinner had begun to sip his demi-tasse beginning to sip his demi-tasse was Skinner's official way of notifying Honey that he was now open to interrogation—"how about the blue-envelope boys and the big idea?"

(Continued on Page 46)

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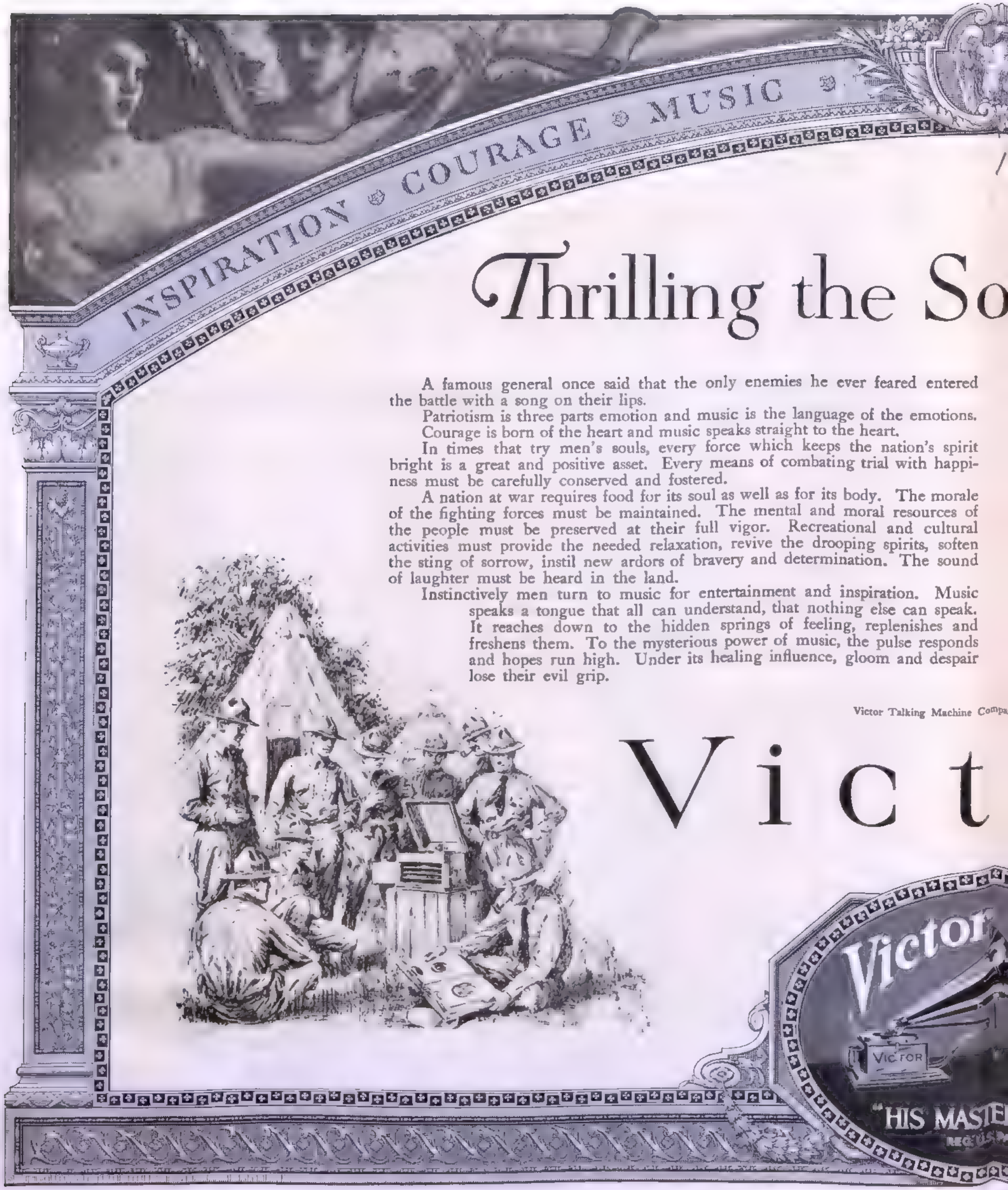

Thrilling the So

A famous general once said that the only enemies he ever feared entered the battle with a song on their lips.

Patriotism is three parts emotion and music is the language of the emotions.

Courage is born of the heart and music speaks straight to the heart.

In times that try men's souls, every force which keeps the nation's spirit bright is a great and positive asset. Every means of combating trial with happiness must be carefully conserved and fostered.

A nation at war requires food for its soul as well as for its body. The morale of the fighting forces must be maintained. The mental and moral resources of the people must be preserved at their full vigor. Recreational and cultural activities must provide the needed relaxation, revive the drooping spirits, soften the sting of sorrow, instil new ardors of bravery and determination. The sound of laughter must be heard in the land.

Instinctively men turn to music for entertainment and inspiration. Music speaks a tongue that all can understand, that nothing else can speak. It reaches down to the hidden springs of feeling, replenishes and freshens them. To the mysterious power of music, the pulse responds and hopes run high. Under its healing influence, gloom and despair lose their evil grip.

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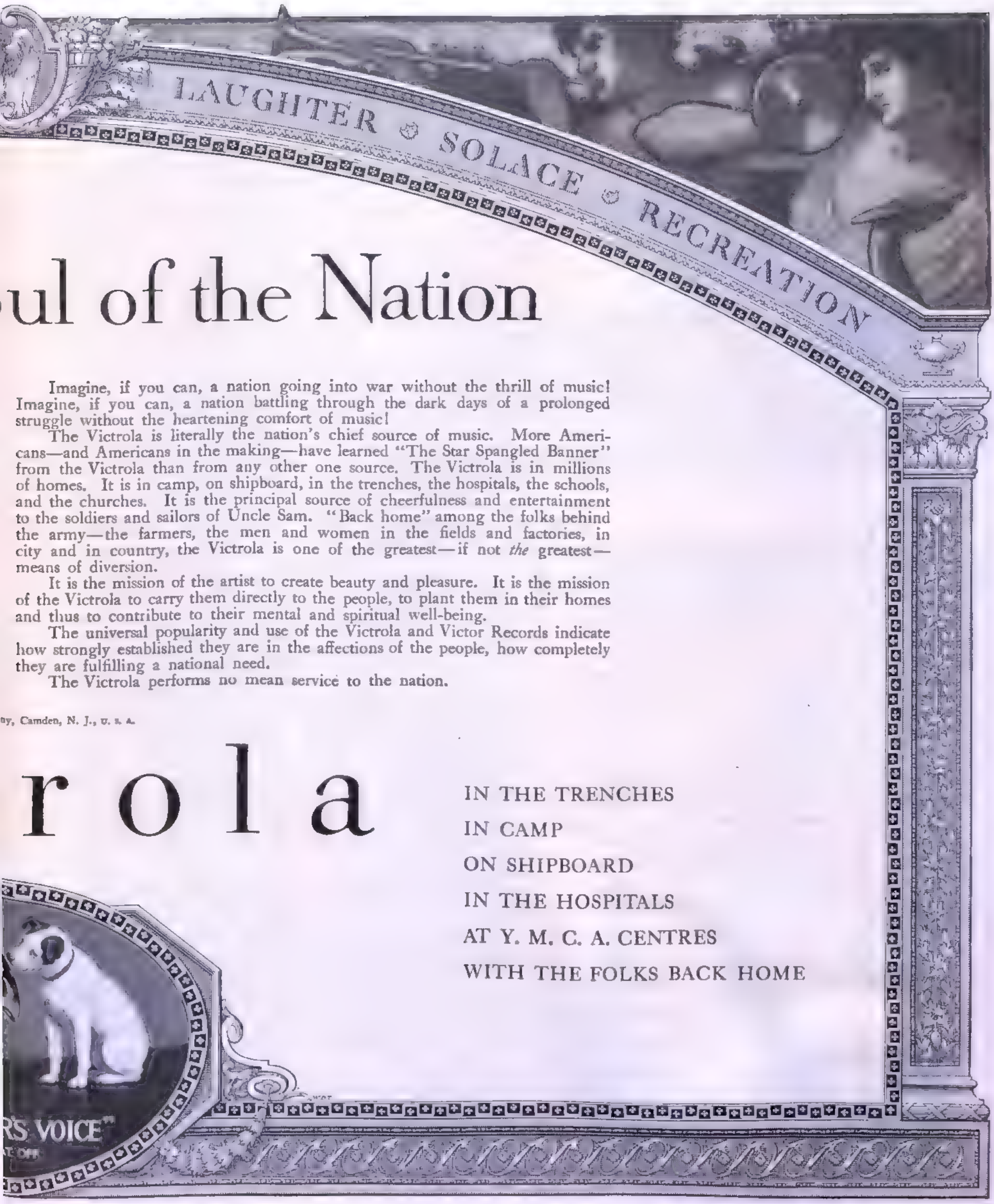

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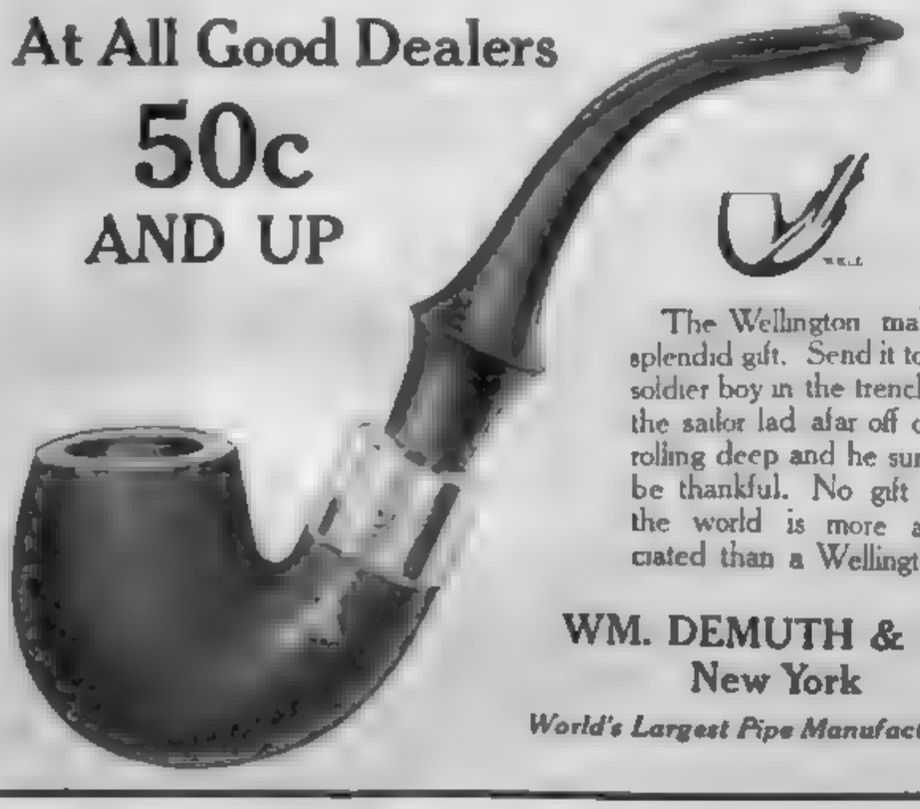

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"Fine!" said Skinner. "Fine! Couldn't be better! Found them worried and tired to death."

"Mercy!" cried Honey. "What do you mean?"

"Tired from the effort of climbing out of their ruts. Worried for fear they won't be able to keep up the pace."

"Dearie!" said Honey reproachfully.

"I've dug the hole for the foundation that I told you of," Skinner went on enthusiastically. "I've made them realize they're old men."

"How could you do it, dearie! It was cruel."

"Perhaps it was, but you wait! I'm going to begin to build."

"Build!"

"Build the blue-envelope boys up. Make young men of 'em. Rejuvenate 'em—rejuvenate 'em!"

"They won't let you. They'll never consent."

"Consent?" Skinner laughed. "I'm going to do it without their consent. They won't know anything about it."

Honey laughed. "Why, dearie, it's positively uncanny. You can't change men without their knowing it."

"Can't I?"

"But how, dearie?"

"Never mind, Honey. Just watch me! I'm going to give you a lesson in the power of suggestion." Skinner paused for dramatic effect. "I'm going to begin on Gibbs."

"Gibbs!" Honey's eyes opened wide. "That old hidebound agnostic."

"There's nothing so enthusiastic as a reformed agnostic."

"He wouldn't believe you in a thousand years, even if you told him what you told me last night about how you did it all."

"My dear Honey," protested Skinner indulgently, "an agnostic loses faith even in himself after a while, and when he does that's your chance. Gibbs was the most conceited man in America until I made him boss over that little Guenivere O'Brien. I knew she'd break through the shell of his egotism if anybody could—the utterly frivolous, careless, gum-chewing, slang-slinging, alluring, good-hearted little devil." Skinner laughed. "Gibbs told me to-day that he hadn't thought it possible that a little body like that could hold so much hatefulness." He paused. "Yes, I think Gibbs is worried."

"When are you going to begin on him?"

"Oh, Honey, that reminds me—to-morrow's the twentieth."

"I see. You dine with him, don't you?"

"Gibbs," said Skinner over their coffee next evening when they had lighted cigars, "you wouldn't believe I celebrated my fortieth birthday just before the boss went away, would you?"

"Well," said Gibbs, looking at Skinner with a judicial eye, "hardly. But I would the other day, Will."

"Curious," said Skinner.

"Not at all," said Gibbs. "You looked forty all right—more too. But now—well, you look as fit as a fiddle. Yes, you look about twenty-eight, I guess."

"I was worried," said Skinner—"worried. That makes anyone look old."

"Worried?" said Gibbs. "What did you have to worry about, Will?"

"I found myself falling behind in my work. I wouldn't have believed it. I don't mind telling you, Gibbs, it gave me a shock. I thought my capacity for work was on the wane."

"Gosh, but you've come back, Will. Boyce said you never worked so quick in your life. You cleaned up your desk in three hours—all that accumulation."

"They appreciated it, did they?"

"It's the talk of the office," said Gibbs.

"You know how I did it, Gibbs?"

"You rested up—nothing in the world like it."

"That helped. But do you want to know how I really did it, Gibbs?"

Gibbs stared at Skinner, interested.

"I made up my mind not to tell anybody about it until I'd proven it to my own satisfaction."

"I see," said Gibbs. "Go on."

While Skinner was talking, Honey, seated in her great armchair out in Meadeville, was meditating on the little dinner party of two in New York. She knew both men so well that she could almost follow the little comedy that Skinner was playing, step by step. She was aware that Skinner was an arch-psychologist. Above all things he understood how to avail himself of the force of opposition, contrariness. It was clear to her that he would talk in such a way as to engage Gibbs' interest through his antagonism.

"Now, Gibbs," Skinner urged, "don't flare up the minute I tell you. It was this way ——"

Gibbs held up an interrupting finger. "It don't relate to the operation of any of those old psalm-singing hypocrites, does it?" Gibbs suspected that there was a red flag hidden somewhere and was getting mad in advance.

"Just you wait!" said Skinner.

"Well, go ahead!" said Gibbs.

"Very good, then." Skinner began. His first words excited the old agnostic antagonism in Gibbs.

"Now, don't tell me it was that," said Gibbs. "Stop right there. It was the rest that did it—the fresh air—nothing but that."

"Wait now; don't get mad," and Skinner proceeded.

But Gibbs got madder and madder as Skinner went along. Nothing that he could say in favor of the agent of his increased efficiency seemed to do anything but irritate the old hidebound agnostic. "Bunk!" he broke in whenever Skinner hesitated. "Bunk! Will, I didn't think you'd fall for any such bunk as that."

"Hold on, Gibbs!" cried Skinner. "Let me tell you, step by step, how it was done, and then you can have the floor."

"Ugh!" said Gibbs, but resigned himself to listen respectfully.

As Skinner wound up his recital of the details of the operation of his scheme of self-reclamation, Gibbs laughed. "That's all very good, Will, all very good; and of course you believe it. But you're self-hypotized, Will; you're self-hypnotized. You couldn't convince me in a thousand years."

"Don't want to convince you, Gibbs."

"Why not?" snapped the chronic antagonist.

"It wouldn't do you any good if you did believe."

"Why not?" Then exultantly: "Don't that show that you haven't any faith in it yourself, 'cause why wouldn't it do me good if it did you good?"

"Why, Gibbs," said Skinner gently, "you're too old."

Too old! It was a punch right between the eyes. Gibbs' color went a shade deeper. But he was a good sport. He didn't refer to the matter again until an hour later, when they bade each other good night at the Subway. Then as he shook hands with Skinner he said, "Will, let me give you a pointer. Don't tell that bunk to anyone else. They'd only laugh at you."

Skinner felt that Gibbs had meant that as a parting shot. "I promise you I shan't." Then "I shan't have to," he added to himself as he went down the Subway steps.

Gibbs crossed to Fifth Avenue and turned south. The night was cool but he was very hot. Occasionally he took off his hat and passed his handkerchief over his forehead. "Bunk!" he said. "Bunk!" He glanced into a window. The sight of his own reflection halted him. "Too old! The deuce I am!" He was so agitated that he even forgot to return the salute of his friend, the cop, at Thirty-fourth Street. Again he looked at his reflection in the next window. "Too old!" And again and again and again, each time with increasing disgust.

When he got to his room he lighted the gas on both sides of his mirror and put his face up close and peered in. "Too old! Not much, I ain't!" He turned from the mirror and proceeded to undress. "Darn his treacherous hide! I'll show him! I'll show him!"

Three days later Skinner was startled by an apparition as he entered the office. Sitting at Gibbs' accustomed place was a tall handsome man with a clean-shaven red face and closely cropped hair.

"Good morning!" said the cheerful gentleman.

That unmistakable voice coming from that face! "Gibbs!" cried Skinner and stood back. "Gibbs, I didn't know you! Great Scott! You look twenty-five years younger!" Thus by a skillful touch Skinner obliterated the wound he had reluctantly inflicted the night of the dinner.

Guenivere O'Brien, too, was duly startled and impressed by the appearance of Gibbs, *sans* whiskers. "Why, Mr. Gibbs!" she exclaimed in wonder and admiration. "Why, Mr. Gibbs!" And Gibbs could see out of the tail of his eye that she was observing him surreptitiously during the day. But he

did not realize the full measure of the effect of the change in his appearance on Guenivere until she said very sweetly, "I know your work is rather trying, Mr. Gibbs, and I'm going to do all I can to make it easier for you." Then, mischievously, as she made the sign of stroking an imaginary beard: "It's great! Perfectly great!"

And thus Gibbs found that the thorn in his side had vanished simultaneously with his whiskers.

Skinner began to realize the economic influence of Gibbs' rejuvenation when one day Willard Jackson, of St. Paul, called.

"Who's the office boy you've got out there, Skinner?" were Jackson's first words.

"Oh, that's the superintendent of the outside office."

"He's wonderful," said Jackson; "wonderful! Last time I came here you had a bullet-headed boy out there who told me you weren't in, when you were here all the time."

"I sacked him for that," said Skinner.

"This man didn't know me from Adam, but he treated me like a king when I came in. 'Skinner in?' said I.

"'No, sir,' said he, rising; 'but he'll be here presently.'

"Then he handed me a magazine. He noticed that I was a bit nettled at having to wait. And what do you think he did? He handed me a cigar—a darned good one too! 'That'll help pass the time for a few minutes, sir, until Mr. Skinner gets here.'

"His manners are fine, Skinner. They make you like him at once. He knows the world, that old chap does."

"That job of his requires tact," said Skinner.

"And he knows how to hold it down all right." Jackson chuckled. "When he handed me the cigar I said, 'Is this personal or official?'

"And what do you suppose he said? 'I should feel honored, sir, to consider it personal, but it's official. It's part of the new efficiency scheme of this house. We have instructions, sir, to make everybody comfortable.'"

When Jackson had gone Skinner called Gibbs in. "Gibbs, I want to congratulate you on the way you handled our biggest and toughest customer, Willard Jackson."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Gibbs. "Was that Willard Jackson? I thought he was only an ordinary man."

"You won him completely," Skinner went on. "You're using your head, Gibbs."

"I'm using my experience, Mr. Skinner."

"Gibbs, I want you to draw on the house for any little extra expense you're put to in running your department along your new lines of polite efficiency. Any little expense that your experience suggests. You understand, Gibbs?"

"Yes, Mr. Skinner"—turning to leave.

"Oh, Gibbs, who paid for those cigars?"

"That was my personal box, Mr. Skinner."

"Just include that in your expense account."

"No expense, Mr. Skinner. It was part of the box you gave me the other day. I don't smoke much, you know."

For a moment Skinner looked into the eyes of the superintendent of the outside office, then: "You weren't born yesterday, Gibbs."

"Thank you, Mr. Skinner."

One afternoon a fortnight later Gibbs circulated among the blue-envelope boys and made the mysterious request that each meet him in Skinner's office when the youngest partner should have left for the day. The request was accompanied with a significant look in each case, and each recipient thereof felt that Gibbs was about to disclose certain facts about which there had been much speculation of late among the blue-envelope members of the office force. Nor were they to be disappointed. Gibbs went into the matter with characteristic directness, once they had congregated as per appointment.

"Boys, I've noticed that you've been watching me lately. You've been wondering at certain things." Gibbs paused and passed his hand over his chin significantly. "Also that I've been walking without the customary kink in my left knee. In accordance with your customary consideration for my feelings you have refrained from a too-direct form of interrogation, but I could see that you were keenly alive to the change that has taken place in my appearance and also the very marked change in my spirits." He paused for proper theatrical effect. There were no comments and he proceeded: "To begin with, it's a joke on Skinner."

"Certainly the joke isn't on you, Gibbs," observed Hemingway. "You look like a three-times winner."

"You bet it ain't on me!" Gibbs paused again. Again there was no comment. Again he proceeded. "You know Skinner claimed he took a ten days' rest. But he did more than that. He went and got himself rejuvenated." Another pause for theatrical effect. Another silence, then: "How do you suppose he did it?"

"Patent process?" suggested Boyce.

"Patent nothing!" Gibbs looked keenly from one to the other, then, with most deliberate emphasis: "Y.—M.—C.—A.!"

"Of course you didn't believe him, Gibbs," said Boyce, who next to Gibbs was the leading cynic of the force.

"Not till I went there myself."

Gibbs enjoyed the amazement of the blue-envelope boys.

"You, Gibbs! You and the Y. M. C. A.!" said Williams.

"I wouldn't 'a' gone there at all if it hadn't been for Skinner," said Gibbs, feeling that the citadel of his agnosticism was falling.

"'Cause it did so much for him?" ventured Williams.

"No—'cause he said what it wouldn't do for me—that's what made me go. When he told me about his experience up there I said to him, 'Will, if that can do so much for you in ten days why can't it do something for me?' And what do you think he had the nerve to say? 'Gibbs, you're too old!'"

"It's a wonder he hadn't encouraged you, Gibbs—suggested it to you," observed Hemingway.

"I wouldn't 'a' done it in a thousand years if he had!" snapped Gibbs.

"While Skinner was trying to discourage you, Gibbs, he did the very best thing he could have done for you," observed Boyce, who prided himself that he always doped things out right.

"The joke is on Skinner, isn't it?" said Williams.

"The trouble with Skinner is he thinks he has an option on everything—even on youth," said Gibbs. "Just as if he owned youth."

"I've got it!" cried Boyce. "Skinner thinks we're all too old!"

"What makes you think that, Boyce?" said Hemingway, the ultraconservative.

"I dope it out this way," said Boyce: "McLaughlin and Perkins are away. Skinner's in full charge. He's a young man, ambitious—he wants to make a record. He believes in young blood. Now, don't you see he put a lot of extra work on us so as to get us out—to put young fellows in for half price?"

"You may be right," observed Hemingway; "but Skinner did me a heap of good when he gave me charge of the Northwest territory. It was like coming back to life. I take a new interest in things."

"So do I, for that matter," said Boyce. "I never felt so self-reliant in my life as I have since he gave me California."

"I never realized how much I could do until Skinner gave me new responsibilities," said Williams.

"Nor I," said Carlson.

"Now don't you see the joke's on Skinner?" said Gibbs. "The joke's on him all round!"

"Boys, do you reckon Skinner only waited for McLaughlin and Perkins to get away?" said Williams suspiciously.

"I can't believe it of Skinner," Hemingway broke in.

"There are the facts," Boyce urged.

"But there's such a thing as misconstruing facts," insisted Hemingway.

"We've got to stall till McLaughlin gets back," suggested Carlson timidly. "We've got to circumvent Skinner somehow."

"We have circumvented him," said Hemingway.

"Yes, so far as the extra work went," Carlson admitted. "But how about this idea of being too old?"

"Oh rats!" said Williams disgustedly. "Too old!"

"Rats, eh?" said Gibbs. "Let me tell you something. Boys, I learned a thing or two up at the Y. M. C. A. Age ain't a matter of years; it's a matter of condition."

"That let's me out," said Williams, who always prided himself that he was in the pink of condition

"Does, eh—with that stomach?" said Gibbs, pointing. "Young men don't wear that sort of thing nowadays." He turned to Carlson. "Do like me, Carlson; chase the whiskers—and straighten up! You used to

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be an athlete." Then he swung to Boyce: "Your youth went with your hair, Boyce. Bring it back. And Hemingway, for goodness' sake, chase that alpaca coat and somber tie. Be a little sporty—that's it—be a little sporty—all of you!"

"I'm only forty-five," urged Carlson.

"The trouble is," said Gibbs, "you boys have set forty as the twelve o'clock of your lives. You ought to have set seventy for your twelve o'clock, if you had to set any time at all. The big men of the world never put any age limit on themselves. The twelve o'clock of their usefulness is rung by the sexton at the little old village church."

"Cut out the sermon, Gibbs," exclaimed Boyce. "Tell us how you did it."

"That's what we're interested in," Hemingway affirmed.

"Boys," said Gibbs, beginning in the old-fashioned story-telling way, "Skinner's words 'too old' made me madder and madder. So next night I took a walk through Fifty-seventh Street just to look the Y. M. C. A. over. There were a lot of grayheads going into the building, old fellows, not like you or me, but really truly old fellows. I picked out the oldest one. 'What's going on?' said I: 'a lecture for old men?'

"'Lecture nothing!' he snapped. 'Gym.'

"'Gosh!' said I to myself, 'and Skinner said *I* was too old. Gosh!'

"Well, I went in with the rest of 'em. I asked the clerk at the desk where I could see the superintendent of the gym.

"'The physical director?' said he.

"'He'll do,' said I.

"'Sixth floor, turn to the right. They'll show you.'

"I went up there. They had a class on. There were a lot of tubby men and skinny men and young men and old men and baldheads and shock heads in gym suits going through all kinds of physical stunts. I stood there and watched 'em for a while and kept saying to myself, 'I wonder if I could do that. . . . No, I couldn't. . . . I wonder if I could.' And all the time Skinner's words 'too old' kept running through my head—holding me back, pushing me forward, holding me back. Then I said to myself, 'By jingo, I will do it!'

"The doctor was a young fellow—said he was forty-eight, but he looked about thirty—quick, decided, businesslike, but a good sort. 'Tell me, Doctor,' I said, pointing to the old fellows on the floor, 'between man and man, ain't there a good deal of bunk in this? Ain't they fooling themselves?'

"The doctor didn't cotton to the way I put it, I could see that; but he sensed my state of mind.

"'See that man over there?' said he. 'That's the liveliest man we've got; leads all the rest. He's seventy-nine years old. That's the answer.'

"'Gosh!' said I. 'Ain't there any age limit?'

"'None that I know of,' said he.

"'But what's the idea?' said I.

"He gave an impatient shrug of his shoulders. 'Doctor,' said I, 'I'm not talking for talk's sake. If there's any good in this I want to get it.'

"'This is the idea,' said he, pleased by my sincerity. 'I'll tell you my theory. I reverse the old saying, "A man plays because he's young." I put it "A man's young because he plays." See? A man is rejuvenated when he does the things that the young do.'

"'I get you,' said I.

"'That's the psychological part,' the doctor went on. 'Here's the physical: The old saying is "A man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." I say "He must earn his health by the sweat of his body." You exercise and thus drive the impurities of the blood out through the pores of the skin in the form of sweat. At the same time you limber up. Your old unused muscles come into play. You find that you have a lot of machinery that you've never availed of. Exercise makes your heart beat strong and pushes your blood through your veins at a good clip. You get a forced draft through your nose. You breathe deep. Your lungs expand, take in more oxygen and force it and other food materials into the blood, which makes it rich and red. That's the way we get ginger into you, make you know you're all alive—not half dead, an old engine with its fires banked, creeping along.'

"'How about efficiency?' I suggested when I could get a word in.

"'That's obvious,' said he. 'Improve the physical end of you and it reacts on the mental. It makes you see things in a new light, changes you right about face. If you're depressed it makes you cheerful. If you're discouraged it makes you hopeful. With renewed hope comes new energy. You get steam up strong. You want to go right out and do things. You'd burst if you didn't. You turn off more work. You don't get tired and disheartened. My dear boy, I've seen the efficiency of men increased one hundred per cent—doubled.'

"That sounded pretty big to me, boys, till I thought of Skinner's experience. You saw for yourselves how he turned off work when he got back."

The blue-envelope boys nodded confirmatively.

"But still I was a little bit doubtful," Gibbs went on, "so I said, 'You mean young men, don't you, doctor?'

"'All men,' said he. 'There's a man of sixty here. I saw a marked change in him in three da,'

"'That settles it,' said I; 'the gym for mine!'"

"How did you feel the first night you went up there, Gibbs, with those skinny old shanks of yours?" said Williams, still smarting under Gibbs' allusion to his waistline.

"A little timid about going on the floor," said Gibbs, ignoring the shot, "but Skinner's words 'too old' urged me on. The second night I felt more at home, and the third I was a veteran, ready to pity or patronize any newcomer.

"Boys, it's play; it isn't work. Everything is done to music. A boy sits at a piano and hammers out ragtime. First, you take a pair of dumb-bells, hold 'em in the air, then bend over and touch the floor with 'em. I could feel my main hinges creak when I did that, and I got out of breath, but Skinner's words 'too old' kept me at it. When I got tired I rested. For you don't have to keep up with the others. You can do as you please, drop out and watch them and join in again. But, hang it all, I wanted to keep up! It got into my blood, the music, the good cheer, the enthusiasm. I was right in among a bunch of young men. They paced me a little too strenuously, but I didn't stop. I took deep breaths. Gosh all fish hooks, how I breathed! There were corners in my lungs that hadn't known fresh air for years, and when I sent the oxygen down there I could almost feel 'em beginning to work.

"Gosh, boys, it was dumb-bells up, dumb-bells down, then bend over with legs apart and touch the floor with 'em. Then it was sit on the floor and manipulate your legs. Then it was lie on your back and hold your legs in the air and gyrate them, first to the right, then to the left. And when those young fellows did it I did it, too; not quite so fast or so long, but I did it. Then it was lie on your stomach with legs and arms outstretched like a jolly old bullfrog. Seems queer when I tell it, but you don't mind it 'cause they're all doing it; you're just one of 'em. You get the mob spirit. And the blood begins to circulate up and down your old legs and turn 'em red. And you feel the spirit of youth creeping into you. And the blood comes to your face and you pant like a tired dog, but you're happy, boys, you're happy, 'cause you know you're coming back."

Gibbs paused for a moment, then more quietly: "Boys, they're makin' 'em over fast up there. They're makin' 'em over while you wait. They're makin' 'em over wholesale." Gibbs paused again. "That's all," he said.

"What time does your class begin?" said Hemingway, consulting his watch.

Gibbs threw out his chest. "Business men's class at five-thirty."

"What do you say we go up and look the thing over?" Hemingway suggested.

And the blue-envelope boys with one accord quickly got their hats and coats and went.

Skinner waited and watched. If Skinner was anything at all he was a judge of men. McLaughlin used to say of him that his ability to call the turn on what persons would do or would not do under certain circumstances was almost uncanny. He was sure, though he didn't take the trouble to phone the Y. M. C. A. for confirmation, that Gibbs had joined the rejuvenation class. And he had observed the other blue-envelope boys observing Gibbs, and he knew that their turn would come next. And he knew that it would be kept a profound secret from him, Skinner.

A month later Skinner said to Honey, "By jingo, the blue-envelope boys have got their second wind, all right!"

"They ought to. Four weeks at the gym."

"I mean mental wind, the kind Professor James used to talk about. And you don't know the pleasure it gives me, Honey, as a friend, to see them come back. But as an employer I realize more and more every day the economic value of my big idea. I've noticed from little things that they are beginning to scheme, project. Their newly developed energy is like new wine in old bottles. It wants to burst out in all directions. They constantly come to me with suggestions. And about twenty-five per cent of their suggestions are valuable. So you see how profitable it is to the house to encourage them in using their wits. By the way, here's what I cabled Mac to-day."

Honey took the slip of paper and read: "Got rid of all the old fellows. Filled positions with much younger and much more efficient men."

When McLaughlin, sitting with Perkins in the office of their hotel in Buenos Aires, received Skinner's cable, both were jubilant.

"By jingo, you were wise to suggest such a thing, Mac," cried Perkins, slapping his partner on the back.

"Of course it was the right thing to do," said McLaughlin; "anybody could see that. But the wisest part was to let Skinner do it. You or I would have bungled it, Perk—you with your cold, glittering polish or I with my brutal brusqueness, that our friends talk about."

But the satisfaction McLaughlin and Perkins felt at the successful execution of their scheme for the injection of new blood into their office force in New York was short-lived, for the next day they were shocked by the news that Uncle Sam had severed diplomatic relations with the Kaiser.

"Devil of a note, isn't it?" said Perkins disgustedly.

"It means war," said McLaughlin. He pondered a bit, then: "Perk, those young fellows that Skinner took on will have to go."

"Devil of a note!"—more disgustedly.

"Leaves us in the lurch, doesn't it?"

"Devil of a note!"—more disgustedly still.

"Perk, we must act at once. I shall go right back to help Skinner out. You stay down here and finish things up."

McLaughlin and his wife reached New York early one morning. "You go home, Lillie," said McLaughlin, "and I'll look after the baggage and then go direct to the office."

Two hours later the senior partner entered the office of McLaughlin, Perkins & Skinner. He got a shock when his eyes fell on Gibbs, smartly dressed and *sans* whiskers.

"By jingo!" he said to himself. "By jingo!"

He looked round quickly. There was Williams, noticeably reduced in girth and looking years younger; and Boyce, with a toupee that had clipped years off his age; and Carlson, gentle Carlson, who used to hide behind his whiskers—where were those whiskers now? Yes, that was Carlson, his face almost as chubby as a boy's. But Hemingway's appearance astonished McLaughlin most, for Hemingway had gone the limit.

He wore a checked suit and he had acquired spats and a smart polka-dot tie. McLaughlin pulled himself together and greeted them all.

"By jingo," he said to himself, "Skinner's got 'em back already! Thank the Lord he's got 'em back. By jingo, Skinner's a dandy!"

McLaughlin's first words after greeting Skinner in his private room were "What does it mean, Skinner?" He indicated the outside office with a motion of the hand.

And Skinner told McLaughlin all about it—from beginning to end. When he had finished McLaughlin jumped up and grabbed his hand and shook it savagely.

"By jingo, Skinner, you don't know how relieved I am at what you've done. I never was so worried in my life. I'm going to cable this to Perk if it costs me five hundred dollars. He's got lots of trouble on his mind and I want him to have a good laugh."

"Give him my love," said Skinner; "even if it costs two dollars more."

"You bet I will!" said McLaughlin.

McLaughlin wrote out the cable and dispatched it. Then he turned to Skinner. "Ask the boys to come in here, will you?" He looked at Skinner with a meaning twinkle in his eyes. "You know, the blue-envelope boys. I want to tell 'em something."

Presently the blue-envelope boys filed in—the rejuvenated, alert, young-old blue-envelope boys.

McLaughlin bit the tip of a cigar and looked from one to another rather wonderingly. He was not yet accustomed to their changed appearance.

"Boys," he said presently, "Mr. Skinner has told me about the splendid work you have done. Of course it was no more than I expected. I knew you were capable of rising to any emergency."

"Thank you, Mr. McLaughlin," said Hemingway.

Skinner turned and thrusting his tongue into his cheek crossed to the window and looked out at the traffic in the street.

"However, I congratulate you," McLaughlin went on. "I heartily congratulate you on the decision, the initiative you've shown. But I always knew you had it in you."

And Skinner congratulated himself that he had a partner who was so good an actor.

The climax of Skinner's effort to save the aces and the kings from the discard—to bring the old men back to life, to make them the fashion—was not reached until war was declared and Uncle Sam began to put the conscription act into effect. And the conscription act hit McLaughlin, Perkins & Skinner pretty hard. Four very promising young men—Mitchell, Fredericks, Winant and Lateret—were called to the colors. McLaughlin was genuinely affected as the youngsters, one by one, bade him good-by, and when they'd gone he said to Skinner: "Those boys are going to fight for us. We must look after their folks while they're gone. I don't imagine they've got any money saved up, do you?"

"We'll do it anyhow," said Skinner.

"Right-o!"

An hour later McLaughlin asked Skinner to summon the blue-envelope boys, and when those gentlemen appeared he said: "Boys, the situation is very serious. You know that as well as I. How long this thing is going to last nobody can tell. The youngsters'll all have to go just as Mitchell and Fredericks and Winant and Lateret had to go. Of course there'll be a demand for older men. Other concerns will try to get you away from us—if they haven't already done so." He looked from one to another.

"We've already had offers," said Hemingway.

"Only one thing—I want you to give us a chance to meet any offer you may get. I promise you I'll do better by you than anybody else would."

"You needn't worry about that, Mr. McLaughlin," said Hemingway; "we've talked it all over among ourselves. You see, we've been here a long time. You've always treated us well. You've paid us fair salaries. And we don't mind telling you that we love this business and we love this office. It's like home to us. We wouldn't think of leaving you in the lurch. Not for a minute!"

McLaughlin glanced furtively at Skinner, but the youngest partner was looking out the window. Skinner didn't have his tongue in his cheek this time, either.

There was a pause, then Hemingway said: "Mr. McLaughlin, we've made up our minds to stand by the ship, sink or swim; but there's just one thing we want to ask."

"What is it?" said McLaughlin, eager to make any concession the blue-envelope boys might suggest.

"We can't go to the Front," said Hemingway, "because we're beyond the age, but we want to do our bit. We're able and willing to do all the work in the office—you won't have to get anyone else—if you will pay Mitchell and Fredericks and Winant and Lateret the difference between what the Government pays them and what they get here."

McLaughlin laughed joyously. "I've got one on you, boys. Skinner and I have already arranged to do that."

When the blue-envelope boys had filed out of the office and the door had closed McLaughlin rose and crossed to where Skinner was standing looking out at the traffic in the street. The partners looked into each other's eyes for a moment, and a heap of understanding passed between them in that look. Then McLaughlin put his hand on Skinner's shoulder and said, in a voice that was just a bit unsteady, "That was a big idea of yours, Skinner—a damned big idea."

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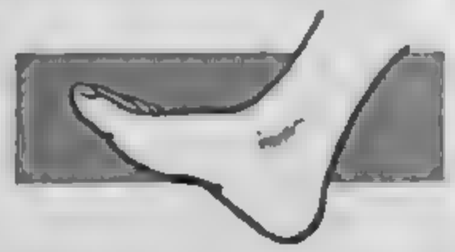

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CARITAS

(Concluded from Page 16)

Pulling out a sheet of hotel note paper he read aloud:

"It is hereby agreed and covenanted that the Sentinel Film Corporation, by payment of three hundred dollars cash to Gracia Derrick, shall become and does become the sole owner of all motion-picture rights to and in a certain literary composition at present entitled Salvation, of which the aforesaid Gracia Derrick is author."

Gracia listened to his gobblelike reading of the ill-worded agreement as though to heavenly music.

"We can both sign—here, at the bottom," said Chris.

"Oh, it can't be true!" breathed the girl. "It can't!! And after they rejected it once!"

"That was done by some chucklehead in the outer office, I suppose," Chris explained. "Such a swad of manuscripts come in all the time, the readers don't half do their work. But someone's due to be fired for letting this slip through our fingers."

"But at first you didn't seem to be much interested in it," she protested—"I mean when I told you the story."

"I wanted the office to confirm my snap judgment," said Chris. "It wouldn't have been fair for me to enthuse and hold out hopes, and then have to tell you afterward that the office ——"

"Come into the library," she interrupted, ashake with excitement. "We can sign this right away. And then I can phone dad about it and —— But what are we to do for a plot for the Caritas Fund?" she broke off in pathetic dismay. "I forgot all about ——"

"Don't worry over that," Chris reassured her. "We'll use the plot I had in mind this morning. You people won't object?"

"Object?" she echoed rapturously. "Object? I—oh, come into the library! I want to sign this before I wake up. How soon do you suppose the Sentinel will produce it?"

"The first Saturday evening after doomsday!" returned Lane cheerily; but he said it in the depths of his own tumultuous soul. Aloud he answered: "I can't tell to the exact day; but we'll use all the speed on it we can—under the circumstances. You see ——"

He stopped. She was bending over a writing table and affixing a sprawly signature to the memorandum.

"Three hundred dollars from two-nine-seven-four," he figured in silent rapture; "that leaves the Sentinel still nineteen hundred and seventy-four dollars to the good on Haverham, even after the seven hundred dollars for expenses comes out! I'll be the white-haired boy of the Sentinel office. And we'll doctor that contract form of Maguire's before I strike another resort. No more unlimited-price productions or local literary talent or ——"

His thread of exultant thought frayed and snapped. He found he was watching the girl's long fingers as she guided the pen. Her hand was quivering as if she had palsy. Two blots already marred the paper.

Gracia looked up at Lane, her face deep-flushed, her lips working. And she laughed—a gleeful little laugh that had a choke in it.

"I'm so ashamed!" she apologized tremulously, handing him the memorandum. "It's—it's silly of me. I never felt this way before. But it isn't quite like anything else—is it? To think of a great concern like the Sentinel putting my work ahead of professionals'! It may even mean a career for me. I've written lots of stories—ever since I was little. Everybody laughed at me for doing it. They didn't understand. But you understand—don't you? because you are in it yourself. Some of my other stories might make good pictures too."

The careless impersonality was gone from her manner. So was her former air of talking to someone from a lower world, which Chris had found so jarring to his self-esteem. Now it was craftsman calling to craftsman, artist to fellow artist, equal to congenial equal. And the new color and the eye glow had done wonderful things to the girl's brown face.

"I haven't thanked you," she said presently. "It was ungrateful not to—after all the trouble you've taken. It was fine of you. I shan't forget it—ever."

Chris, vaguely ashamed, gargled forth some banal disclaimer.

"You see," she continued, with a deepening of that new note of confidential intimacy which was beginning to grate upon the man's heart, "always I've been wanting to do something worth while, or be something worth while. I'm not pretty. And I'm not very popular. There was nothing I could do to make myself stand out from the rest—nothing except write. And that didn't get me anywhere—till just now. So perhaps you can see what all this means to me. It's—it's a career. Isn't it? There's nothing now that won't be possible."

For no reason that he could explain, Chris' mind whizzed back to the first of his newspaper stories which had seen the light. It had been written on the third day of his service as a reporter, six years earlier. It had dealt with the fortunes and misfortunes of a mouse that had invaded a full Subway car. He had scribbled the story to three-quarter-column length. And a murderous copyreader had hewn it down to a stick and a half. But the thrill had not been cut from it—the thrill of creation and of the knowledge that half a million people might read what he had written; the thrill of knowing that he had at last been initiated in due and ancient form into the Degree of Public Entertainers.

"And perhaps"—the girl was saying—"perhaps Salvation will do a little good too. It may help to reform someone. Is that foolish? We writers have a tremendous responsibility, haven't we? I never thought of that before. But we have. I —— What are you doing?" She broke off, her voice scaling an octave to a shrill protest that was almost a shriek.

Her anguished dismay was thoroughly justified; for Chris Lane was performing the most criminally idiotic act of his life.

Slowly, and as though each motion of the fingers were keen torment, he was tearing the memorandum across and across.

After that first wild protest the girl stood dumb, moveless, sallow with uncomprehending horror.

Chris no longer felt the need to avoid her eyes—now that there was nothing in their scared depths which a normal man's memory would care to hoard. He began to speak—lifelessly, in a toneless dead voice.

"I've torn this up," he said, "because I'm a fool. It would have gotten the Sentinel out of a rotten scrape; and me too. I'd have been praised—maybe raised—for putting it over. That's why I'm a fool for tearing it."

The girl did not answer, did not move.

"You see," continued Lane in the same flatly lifeless voice, "your picture was rejected by the Sentinel and the rest because it wasn't what they could use. You had us in a tight corner to-day when you insisted on our producing it for the Caritas. It would have cost so much it would have eaten all our profits and some four thousand dollars besides. And we are in this thing for profit, not for loss. Look up the word *caritas* sometime.

"I tried to save the day by getting rid of your picture for three hundred. It was a good idea of mine. And it was good business too, and legitimate. But—I guess I'm a rotten business man all right, and a dub besides; for I don't know, even yet, why I tore this up—except it was because I'm a fool, just as I said—and that's no reason. I'll take this script of yours back to the hotel with me and I'll turn it over to the director. Then I'll send in my resignation to the Sentinel. I'm best off in a cage somewhere, or else working for myself—anywhere where I can't crab my employers' interests the way I've done now."

She had not moved. The empty eyes in her blank face were still upturned toward him, her thin body gawky in its tense pose.

"Good-by!" said Lane, cramming the hated script into his pocket and clumping out.

He went to the station to meet his two associates on their arrival, and thus get the worst over at once. It would be almost a relief to have Regan swear whole-heartedly at him. But he found the train from New York had been delayed by a washout and would not reach Haverham for two hours. So Chris went drearily back to his hotel.

His senses were still gripped by the merciful numbness that is said to follow the impact of a high-power bullet. The fever of the wound had not set in. Stolidly and circumstantially he told himself for the fifth time what he had done. And he tried for the fiftieth time to tell himself why. But he could not. If she had been pretty—if she had been magnetic—even if she had honored him at the beginning by treating him as an equal, instead of bearing herself as she might have done toward a clerk across a white-goods counter ——

Bit by bit—far off and nebulous at first—wriggled toward Lane's consciousness a feeling of shame at his betrayal of the Sentinel's trust. And this led him to a recollection of what his next step must be.

Accordingly he went into the writing room and tried to draw up his letter of resignation.

When the story should get about there would be scant hope of another motion-picture job for the double incompetent. Chris knew that; and the knowledge began to fester. Consciousness was creeping back to the numbed centers—sickeningly painful consciousness.

He had just finished and wastebasketed his fourth draft of the resignation letter when a bell hop brought him a note.

The envelope was square and stiff and very white, and rough to the touch. Its flap bore a hideous raised device in dark green. The address was penned in a sprawly hand, none too firm. Chris ripped open the envelope, aware of a dully hot dislike toward the writer. And he read:

"*Dear Mr. Lane:*

"Please send back my script by the bearer. I have decided not to use it for our Caritas picture.

"I have telephoned to the committee's chairman that we shall use a plot you are at work on, instead. Any plot at all.

"Does that clear things up? For you, I mean? But of course it does.

"I don't know yet whether I think you are splendid or abominable or—or just what you said you were. For a little while I didn't care to find out which. I never wanted to see you again.

"Perhaps you don't know what it means to have one's vanity extracted—without gas.

"But—well, I have another story that I think ought to make a perfectly wonderful picture; two others, in fact. Would you like to call to-morrow morning and see whether you agree with me?

"To-morrow morning—not to-day. I'm only human, you know—not a saint. And I honestly don't think I could be civil to you—just yet. I don't think any patient greets a surgeon dentist very cordially the next minute after the tooth is out. Do you?

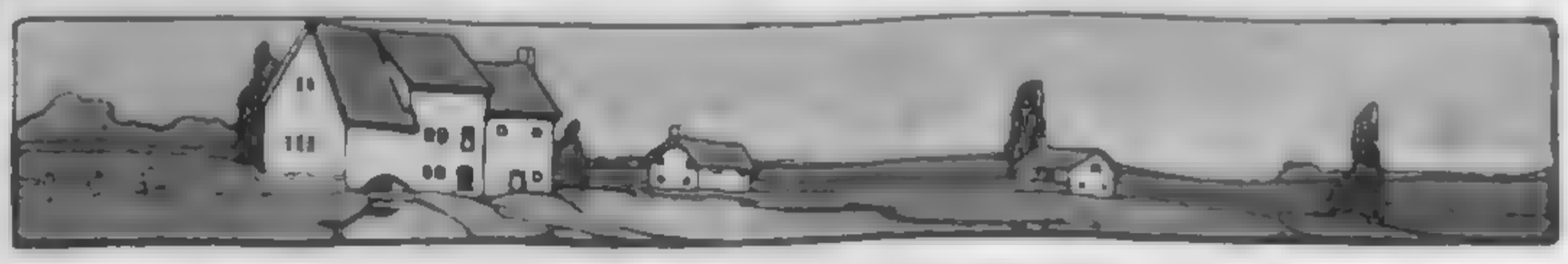
"GRACIA DERRICK."

Long and longer Chris Lane scanned the sprawly lines, reading them over and over and over. He was roused from his trance by the bell hop at his shoulder, who said boredly for the third time:

"Man's waiting for an answer, sir."

Chris transferred his owl gaze from the note to the bell hop. For an instant he did not speak. Then, with intense conviction, he announced to the startled youth:

"Now I know why I did it. I'm dead sure. And I believe I knew why all along! The dandy, *good* kid!"



OUR TOWER OF BABEL

(Continued from Page 18)

the House serves on several committees. He has his business on the floor of the House to look after, his politics and caucuses to attend to. Usually he has had little executive experience.

The committee proceeds to frame an appropriation bill dealing with that parcel of government expenditure which has been referred to it. If the estimate provides for an increase of personnel or salaries or for a new expenditure, the committee will probably send for the department head or bureau chief who is supposed to know about it and question him. Having got such information as it can it draws up a bill, which goes to the House, where it may or may not be debated. Usually the big appropriation bills come in late, with scant time for debate; and from the point of view of economical and efficient operation it makes little difference, for an adequate scheme of government finance cannot possibly be worked out in House debate or by any piecemeal plan.

Having once appropriated the money, Congress can have nothing to do with the actual spending of it; so it ties as many strings to it as possible—that is, it appropriates in the minutest detail. Instead, for example, of appropriating so much for salaries in a given bureau it appropriates: "For commissioner, five thousand dollars; chief examiner, thirty-five hundred dollars; two chief clerks, twenty-five hundred dollars each; thirty-four clerks, one thousand dollars each; twenty-one clerks, nine hundred dollars each; general mechanic, nine hundred dollars; two telephone operators, eight hundred and forty dollars each; three watchmen, seven hundred and twenty dollars each; two elevator conductors, seven hundred and twenty dollars each; five messenger boys, three hundred and sixty dollars each," and so on. This minute, rigid particularization runs all through the bill.

Concerning this the Taft commission remarks: "It leaves little range for the exercise of administrative discretion; it does not make for economy and efficiency; it relieves the head of a service from responsibility for planning work and making purchases; in many instances it forces him to purchase a thing not best adapted to use—forces him to purchase things at a higher price than is necessary because he has not power to do what his judgment dictates. In other words, judgments which can be made wisely only at the time when a specific thing is to be done are made by a Congress composed of hundreds of members, from six months to a year and a half beforehand, on the recommendations of a committee which at most can have but a limited fund of experience or information. As a result of this legislative policy the Government is robbed to an extent of the benefit of well-trained technical service and of the exercise of official discretion."

Misleading Reports

Anybody can see how it must work. Here is the head of a department or bureau. Nearly every dollar which he is to handle is rigidly earmarked; he must buy just such and such materials at such and such prices; he must hire just so many clerks and pay them exactly such and such salaries. By the time his appropriations become available he may see an opportunity to spend the money to better advantage; but his hands are tied for the ensuing year. If you give the office boy fifty-eight cents and tell him to go over to Robinson's stationery store and buy a dozen lead pencils just like the sample, he may notice on the way that Smith's stationery store is selling better lead pencils at fifty-three cents a dozen, but the fact has no particular interest for him. Congress is always doing that with the executive departments, and this amounts to a more serious trespass by one branch of government upon the business of another branch than those presidential usurpations which Congress is always complaining of.

It comes back to the same old jealousy of prerogative. Congress appropriates with this rigid minuteness in order to assert its power. In the same way it is always laying down rigid prescriptions as to how accounts shall be kept and reports made, thereby creating a formidable web of red tape. In one of his special messages President Taft pointed out that the only report which purported to give an analytical separation of the expenditures of the Government followed certain prescribed forms. "This statement shows that for the fiscal year 1910 expenditures for salaries were one hundred and thirty-two million dollars. As a matter of fact the expenditures for personal services during that year were more nearly four hundred millions, as we have just learned by the inquiry now in progress."

Congress tries to keep control over executive expenditures and operations by cast-iron regulations prescribing in minute detail just how the money shall be spent and accounted for. But Congress is in touch with executive work and informed about it only in the most sketchy, intermittent fashion. From time to time one of its committees—a committee with constantly shifting membership and hardly a pretension of expert qualifications—calls in the head of a bureau or department and questions him to secure information which it should always have at hand.

The British Budget System

The Taft commission recommended practically an executive budget, and President Wilson has spoken for the same thing. This means that the President as head of the executive branch of the Government shall draw up a complete fiscal program. It is an eminently sensible proposal, but Congress shows no inclination to adopt it—on the contrary shows every inclination to reject and resent it, because for its own power and glory it wants to keep the fiscal initiative theoretically in its own hands. The legislative branch will not permit the executive branch to interfere with any sort of effectiveness in formulating a program, and the executive branch will not permit the legislative branch to interfere intelligently in carrying out a program. So we have no program whatever. It is all done piecemeal under conditions that promote waste and inefficiency at every turn.

Students of the subject generally agree that the British Government has the best fiscal machinery yet devised. True, the structure of the British Government differs notably from ours. There, in effect, the majority of the House of Commons appoints the executive, so there is less occasion for jealousy between the executive branch and the legislative branch. It is also true that time was when there was far deeper division and jealousy between the legislative branch and the executive branch than our Government has ever known. This difference in the structure of the two governments is often pointed to as a conclusive reason why we cannot have a real budget and an efficient fiscal system. But it would be very strange if there were any conclusive reason why the workings of our Government must continue notoriously inefficient and extravagant; in fact, in spite of the jealousy between our two branches there is no reason why we shouldn't have a reasonably economical and efficient government. As government expenditures constantly increase, irrespective of war, and will certainly be greater after the war than they ever were before, the importance of getting reasonable value received for the money is obvious.

In comparing the British Government as a working concern with our own the most decisive difference is seen to rise from the position and functions of the Treasury Department. At first glance their executive departments look substantially like ours. Some of them bear the same name, and the common impression is that they are very much the same things. But in fact the British Treasury Department is entirely different from ours.

Nominally the head of the department is the Chancellor of the Exchequer—a political officer and member of the cabinet like our Secretary of the Treasury. But in fact the chancellor has very little to do with the operation of the department. As a working concern it is managed by a Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and a Permanent Financial Secretary, who, as their titles imply, are continuing officers, whose tenure is not affected by changes in the political administration. The department's real function is to supervise the workings and expenditures of all departments of the government.

(Concluded on Page 56)

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Makes Razor and Shaving Brush *Antiseptically* Clean.

Have you ever stopped to think what a fine lodging place for germs a wet, soap-laden shaving brush is? And your razor?

Are you, morning after morning, willing to run the risk of skin infection when Science points the sure way to stop this danger?

ANTISEPTIC—is the *new* word in the language of shaving creams. Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream gives the modern man the *antiseptic* shave. It contains Lysol—the universally used, safe and sure antiseptic—which protects the skin from infection from razor, shaving brush, or any other source.

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No matter how skilful a shaver a man may be, the razor blade "lifts up" minute portions of the skin, thus exposing the tender flesh. You can't *see* these irritations or abrasions, but the sharp smart of witch-hazel on your face *proves* that the flesh is exposed. Right here is a chance for infection! Right here is where Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream gets in its work and protects the irritated face from germ infection.

Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream prepares the way for a comfortable, luxurious shave and heals and soothes the skin. It gives an antiseptic shave and the antiseptic shave is the ideal shave because it is a good shave plus a *safe* shave.

Camp life and trench life demand that our soldier boys shave the antiseptic way. Send your soldier a tube of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream to-day.

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Mail coupon and we will gladly send you a generous *free trial tube*. If you want an antiseptic shave to-morrow, get a large tube from your druggist.

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Please send me a sample tube of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream.

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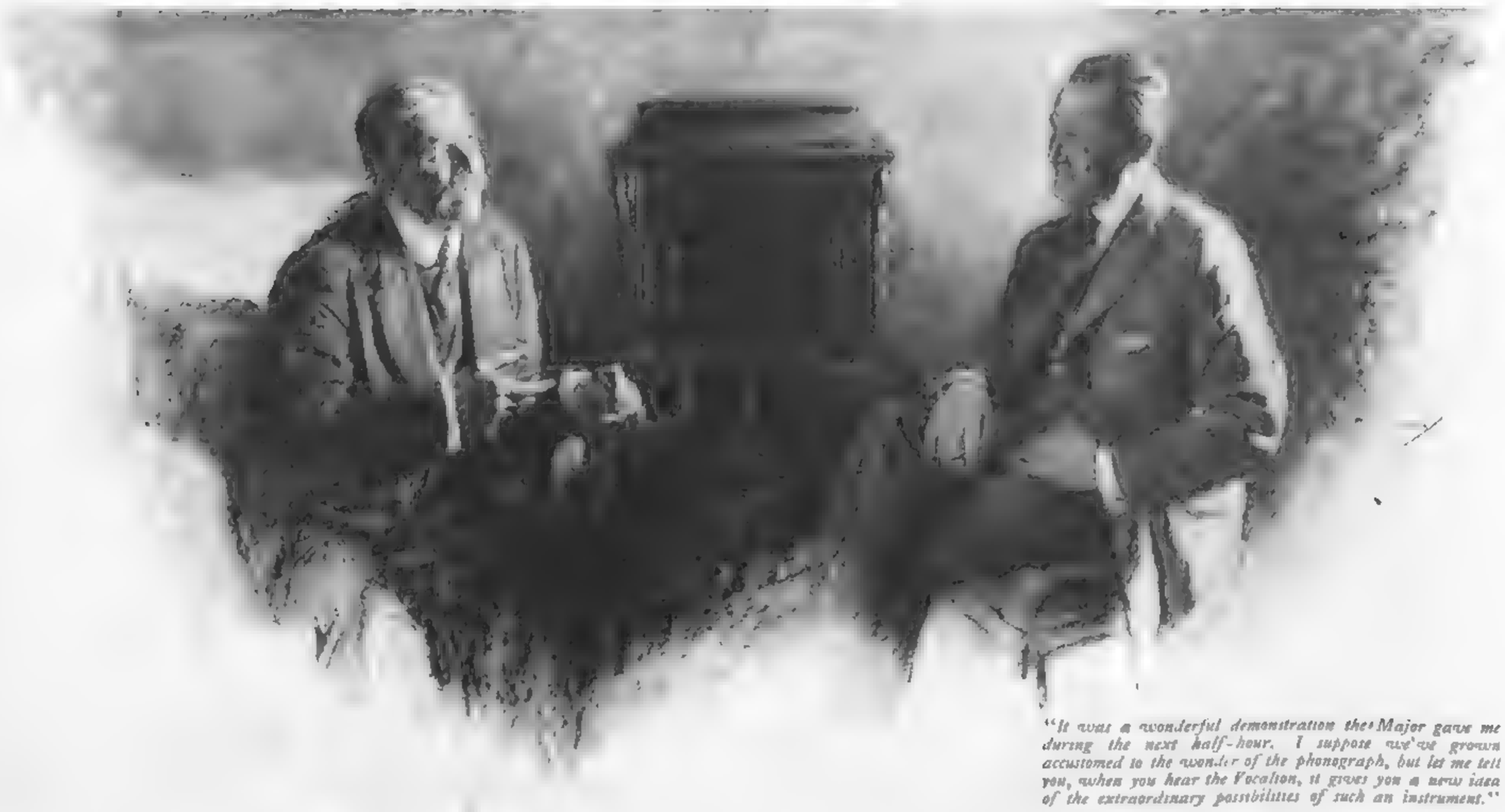
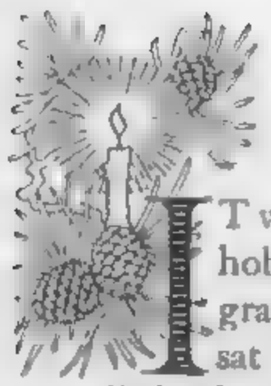


"It was a wonderful demonstration the Major gave me during the next half-hour. I suppose we've grown accustomed to the wonder of the phonograph, but let me tell you, when you hear the Vocalion, it gives you a new idea of the extraordinary possibilities of such an instrument."

I BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH The Aeolian Vocalion

The Phonograph made by The World's Greatest Music House



IT was the Major's hobby—his phonograph. When we'd sat down, he told me a little about it, before he played anything.

He said, "Now in the first place I want you to understand the Vocalion isn't just an ordinary phonograph. The Company that makes it have never put a thing on the market that wasn't miles ahead of anything else of its kind.

Scientific Methods

"You see, The Aeolian Company have made a scientific study of musical tone. They had to—building the finest and costliest pipe-organs and pianos. I wish you could see their laboratories as I have, and the apparatus they've got for photographing and analyzing *tone-waves*. There is no rule-of-thumb or guesswork about Aeolian instruments.

"They knew all about phonographs before they thought of building their own. But it wasn't until an inventor from Australia brought to them a device for *playing* the *phonograph* that they decided to go into the business.

"This is it," and the Major drew a little, metal device out of the side of the instrument, connected with it by a slender tube.

"It is called the 'Graduola,'" he went on. "The Aeolian Company saw that it was the biggest invention in connection with the phonograph. So they bought it and started right in to make phonographs themselves.

Unparalleled Resources

"You can see what happened. Here was a Company with practically unlimited resources, that was credited with carrying its investigations of 'tone' and acoustics farther than any other, that was in touch with all the biggest musicians of the world and that owned the patents on what was apparently the only device in existence for satisfactorily controlling the phonograph's tone.

"You will appreciate the result of all this when I play for you. When the Vocalion plays a violin record, it sounds like a violin, not just musical notes of some kind. The same is true of all kinds of instruments and voices.

Real Tone

"Not only are they true to nature, but there isn't anything phonography about them. The Vocalion gives real tones—deep, round, full and free.

"You can play the Vocalion just like any phonograph—put a record in, stand aside and let it play. And it plays music such as you have never heard from a phonograph before.

"But this Graduola is the greatest thing of all. You can take it in your hands this way and by moving it slightly, can increase or decrease the volume of tone, and do it *artistically*, not as you would with doors and shutters.

Records Renewed

"In this way you give real 'life' and 'spontaneity' to records—make them sound *new* when you begin to tire of them. You don't change the artist's interpretation—just modify it slightly as he does himself when he plays or sings.

"And, best of all, while you are doing this, you have the *sensation of playing* or *singing yourself*.

"Why! Just think of it! I had an old violinist play a record he knew the other day and when he'd finished he jumped up and cried—'By heavens, Major! *That feels just the same as really fiddling.*'"

I BUY A VOCALION *for* CHRISTMAS

IT was a wonderful demonstration the Major gave me during the next half-hour.

I suppose we've grown accustomed to the wonder of the phonograph, but let me tell you, when you hear the Vocalion, it gives you a new idea of the extraordinary possibilities of such an instrument. The Major played several records. When it was the violin, I was listening to the wistful strings as truly as ever in my life.

Orchestral records were even more startling. First you would hear the sweeping power of a mass of strings, then a mellow, throaty wood-wind would sing a refrain. Then there would be a full, pealing fanfare from the trombones or the clear, ringing voice of a cornet perhaps.

True Tone Reproductions

And all the time the deep tone of tubas or bass-viols would be giving a depth to the whole performance such as I had never heard from a phonograph before.

It was real tone reproduction—not an approximation of it, and I began to share the Major's enthusiasm for his Vocalion.

I was fully sold, however, when he used the Graduola.

He played two or three records—vocal and instrumental—and he *really played them.*

With the Graduola held close to him and with eyes partly closed, the Major was feeling the music and expressing what he felt, just as truly as any musician could.

Emotion Visibly Expressed

I could see and feel it myself and was affected as no ordinary phonograph could possibly move one. Here was life, spontaneity, genuine emotion being visibly as well as audibly expressed.

"Major," I finally cried, "that's great! That's a real, musical instrument you've got there, not just a machine for soullessly repeating stereotyped performances."

"You are right," he replied smilingly. "It's one of the greatest musical inventions of the ages. Owning a Vocalion, you are master of all instruments and voices, director of all orchestras, choruses and bands."

* * *

Well! Christmas Eve, our Vocalion is to be delivered, and I'll confess I am looking forward to Christmas as I haven't in a good many years.

Not only do I know that I've selected the most welcome gift I possibly could but I am keen to hear again those records the Major played for me and to feel the same keen enjoyment he did using the Graduola.

THE leadership of the Aeolian Vocalion is today fully recognized. Its supremacy rests on demonstrated superiorities covering the five vital points of consideration in selecting a phonograph, viz:—

TONE—Vocalion tone has been achieved as a result of the Aeolian Company's unparalleled experience in building musical instruments and its wonderful equipment. This tone, so different from that of the ordinary phonograph, is full, rich, deep and *natural.* There is no phonograph stridency, no muffling and practically no surface noise from records.

TONE-CONTROL—The Graduola—patented and exclusive with the Vocalion—is endorsed by many high musical authorities as the only satisfactory and musically correct means yet devised for controlling the phonograph's tone.

PLAYS ALL RECORDS—By merely shifting the position of the reproducer on the Vocalion one has access to all the records made by different manufacturers.

APPEARANCE—Vocalions are made in a great variety of beautiful conventional and Period Styles. The former are distinguished by the artistic simplicity of their lines and the depth and richness of their finishes; the latter offer 16 superb Period cases that are abreast of the finest furniture designing of the present day, though exceedingly moderate in price.

AUXILIARY FEATURES—These include the simplest and most satisfactory automatic stop yet devised, complete electric equipment of certain models, convenient record filing arrangements, and many other desirable features.

The Aeolian-Vocalion is made in a variety of models priced from $100 to $350. Models without Graduola, $35 to $75. Beautiful Period Styles at moderate cost. Write for the interesting book of the Vocalion, sent free upon request. Address 29 West 42nd Street, New York, Dept. B-212.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

PARIS NEW YORK, 29 West 42nd Street LONDON

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(Concluded from Page 53)

Under our system each executive department of government is practically independent and supreme in its own field. Under the British system the Treasury Department supervises the financial transactions of all departments; in fact it is fairly Parliament's agent to check up and regulate the workings of the executive branch of government. Its unique position is recognized constantly in parliamentary debates and newspaper discussions, which are always differentiating it from the revenue departments and the spending departments.

Say the head of a bureau wishes to incur an additional expenditure for more clerks, new office equipment, extra field agents or what not. Under our system he puts the items in his estimates, which may or may not get discussed with the head of the department. In any event the head of the department probably knows less about it than the head of the bureau. The estimates are sent over to the Treasury Department, where nobody pretends to know anything about that particular service. They go into the book of estimates and by way of the Speaker of the House reach a House committee.

Say the head of the bureau has asked for one extra field agent and two additional clerks in Washington whose labors are to supplement those of the field agent. The estimate for the two additional clerks in Washington will go to the Committee on Appropriations and the estimate for an additional field agent will go to an entirely different committee. Those committees have a mountain of estimates to get through with in a few weeks, as well as a sea of other business connected with their positions as members of Congress. They may send for the head of the bureau and question him; but mostly they must take his word for it.

Under the British system the head of the bureau—not at the end of the year, but at the time when the need of additional expenditure or the idea of additional expenditure rose—would at once take the matter up with the Treasury Department. When the Treasury Department talked the matter over with him it would have in mind not only the needs, or supposed needs, of that particular bit of work, but the whole fiscal needs and resources of the government at that particular time. It would know whether the head of another bureau in another department was also asking for more money, and perhaps with a better case. On its knowledge it would decide, and if it judged that the proposed expenditure was not expedient or that the government could use the money to better advantage somewhere else, it would decide adversely. Then the proposed expenditure would never get into the estimates.

Watchdogs of the Treasury

Before any department can go before Parliament with a request for money it must get the sanction of the Treasury Department, and that department is in intimate day-to-day touch with the workings of all other departments. Its supervision does not consist in revising, during a brief period once a year, estimates which other departments and bureaus have already decided upon. Its supervision operates day by day and item by item as the need, or supposed need, of expenditure rises. It must be convinced before any estimate is made up. And because supervising is its chief business it is technically expert and competent to pass on cases in a way that no Parliamentary or Congressional committee—with a fluctuating, nonexpert membership whose chief business is politics—could possibly be.

The Treasury also has plenary power to investigate any other department at its pleasure; in fact it is continually investigating, for its business is to be an expert on the workings of government. It looks at this bureau or department, decides to overhaul it and orders an inquiry. It controls salaries and practically it controls personnel, for it can strike an inefficient employee of any department off the pay roll.

To each department of the government or to each principal service in a department is assigned a chief accounting officer, who is responsible for the expenditures of the department or service and has a general supervision of its fiscal operations. His sanction is necessary before any disbursement can be made, even after the money has been duly appropriated by Parliament. He is responsible not only for seeing that disbursements are made according to law, but he has a very considerable discretion, and consequently a large degree of responsibility, for the efficient and economical operation of the department. He is not simply an expert bookkeeper to check up vouchers and see that an appropriation has not been overdrawn, but a person of decided weight and authority in the practical working of the department. And this accounting officer in every department or bureau is appointed by the Treasury Department and is primarily responsible to that department.

The Treasury Department's control over expenditure by no means ends when the estimates have been made up, submitted to Parliament, adopted by that body, and formal appropriation bills passed.

The American idea is that an appropriation act is a mandate by Congress to spend so much money for such and such purposes. The British idea is that an appropriation act is merely permission to spend so much money, and if the executive branch sees its way to spending less it ought to do it. The form in which appropriations are passed makes it an object to the executive to spend less in a given direction.

A String on Every Sawbuck

The leading appropriation acts passed at a certain session of Congress filled more than five hundred printed law-book pages, because, as remarked above, Congress appropriates in minute detail. The appropriation acts passed by British Parliament in the same year, authorizing the expenditure of a sum nearly as large as that involved in the American acts, covered six printed law-book pages. In other words, Parliament appropriates in big lump sums. It gets detailed estimates, very much as Congress does, and the appropriation is supposed in a general way to cover the details shown in the estimates; but in fact the money is handed over to the executive branch in big lump sums under general headings, and if it appears, after the appropriation is available, that a department can advantageously spend less here and more there it is at liberty to do so, provided the Treasury Department sanctions it. Practically the Treasury has a very important measure of control over the money, even after Parliament has formally appropriated it.

The legislative branch of our Government will not trust the executive branch to anything like that extent. It proposes to tie its own string to every ten-dollar bill and designate exactly what the executive branch shall spend it for. Though the British Treasury Department is nominally a part of the executive branch of government, in fact it stands apart and distinct. It has no contact with the public. It does not even collect the public revenue—which is done by the revenue departments. It does not have custody of the public funds. It is a well-equipped expert on the workings of government, the agent and organ of Parliament in supervising governmental operations.

Recently, it is true, an exception has been made. When Lloyd George put through his big workingmen's insurance schemes some organ of government had to take charge of the administration of them, and he laid that job on the Treasury. This innovation does make the Treasury a public-service department with a good deal of money to disburse on its own account, and some students of government regard the departure as a mistake, but if any ill results are to rise from it they are not yet discernible.

Having such an organ as the British Treasury to supervise the workings of government, the advantages of appropriating in lump sums and leaving a large field for executive discretion, instead of in cast-iron detail as Congress does, ought to be obvious to anyone. Under the American system the head of a department or bureau must set down, at a given date, the exact items of his expenditure for the coming year. Practically he must say exactly how much money he will be spending and exactly what for, a year from that date or even longer ahead. Of course he is under a constant temptation to ask for plenty so as to provide against contingencies. And as a rule when the money has been appropriated he must spend it for the precise items set down in the bill. Under the British system he has much more latitude. With the sanction of the Treasury he can transfer funds from one heading, or "vote," to another; and in a pinch he can even draw upon the Contingent Fund, for on the Treasury's recommendation Parliament will validate the overdraft. If he can save anything in one direction he may apply the saving, with the Treasury's approval, in some other direction. The Treasury often approves an item in the estimates conditionally—that is, in effect it says to the head of a bureau: "You wish to do so and so, which will take so much money. You can do it provided you will save that money somewhere else."

Once a year each department or each service in a department makes up its estimates for the coming year substantially in the same form as at Washington. But the British estimates are made up by the chief accounting officer, who, as I explained above, is a permanent, nonpolitical officer appointed by the Treasury. He is an important person, with real authority and discretion, and he is primarily responsible, under the Treasury, for the efficient and economical working of the department or service to which he is attached. Almost invariably he has worked up to his present position by years of service and experience. He is not put under a bond as disbursing and accounting officers in the American Government are; and the British explain that by saying the importance and dignity of his office constitute a bond; that he must have been thoroughly tried out and found trustworthy before he became a chief accounting officer, and that his equity in a civil-service pension—won by many years of service—comes to the same thing as a bond.

Having been made up in the departments, the estimates go to the Treasury. But practically the Treasury has been working on the estimates along with the departments day by day. Wherever they involve an increase of expenditure the matter has already been taken up with the Treasury; and the Treasury has been overseeing and investigating the workings of the departments all the year through. So when the estimates arrive the Treasury is prepared to handle with fullness of knowledge and with technical expertness. When it passes the estimates they go to the House of Commons, where, in fact, they are very little debated, unless they involve some new question of government policy.

The House of Commons of course has its committees as has our House of Representatives. The one upon which it perhaps mainly relies for economical working of the government is the Committee on Public Accounts. Time out of mind it has been the practice to give the chairmanship of this committee to the opposition—that is, under a Republican administration the chairmanship of the Public Accounts Committee would go, as a matter of course, to a Democrat; and under a Democratic administration it would go to a Republican. Which illustrates the British idea of taking the workings of government on its administrative side entirely out of politics.

Centralized Responsibility

There is also a Comptroller and Auditor-General, independent of the Treasury, who checks up and audits expenditures after they are made, to see that they had due warrant of law. He is a permanent, nonpolitical officer, removable upon an address concurred in by both Houses of Parliament, and his salary is a permanent charge on the exchequer.

This fiscal machinery, this system of managing the workings of government, has nothing whatever to do with questions of government policy—that is, with whether the tariff shall be high or low, whether the government shall regulate railroad rates or own railroads, what it shall do about child labor, the currency, and so forth. All those questions of policy are of course decided by Parliament and the cabinet, just as they are decided here by Congress and the President.

A service or department of the British Government which wishes to extend its activities or increase its expenditures in any way must go to the Treasury. If it fails to persuade the Treasury of the expediency of the increased expenditure and still thinks that increased expenditure ought to be made, it can appeal from the Treasury to the full cabinet. If the cabinet decides against it that ends the matter. It cannot go over the head of the cabinet to the House of Commons, for by immemorial usage the House will consider no bill involving an expenditure which does not come from the cabinet. One of its long-standing rules provides: "This House will receive no petition for any sum relating to public service, or proceed upon any motion for a grant or charge upon the public revenue, whether payable out of the Consolidated Fund or out of money to be provided by Parliament, unless recommended by the Crown."

The Crown means, of course, the administration—the ministry in power at the time being.

Suppose the government decides upon a radical departure—say old-age pensions and insurance of workmen against disability and unemployment on the Lloyd George plan. In the Treasury Department it has a nonpolitical expert organization which may be of the greatest service on the technical side.

It follows from what I have said that when the estimates for a given year are gathered in the Treasury Department and the administration has decided upon what new proposals it will make which involve expenditure, there is then collected in one spot, at one time, a complete expense account for the coming year. The administration can look over the summaries and—barring some unforeseen and improbable accident like a war—it can say: "We are going to spend so much money." Its calculations are not subject to the distressing contingency that a cabal of log-rolling Congressmen may at any moment spring a pork-barrel river-and-harbor bill; that clamor for patronage may induce a House or Senate committee to expand an appropriation bill for the purpose of providing some jobs.

The Businesslike Budget

Knowing definitely how much money is to be spent, the ministry turns to the revenue side and decides what taxes shall be levied. It then has in hand a complete fiscal program for the year, comprising both income and outgo. When the chancellor presents that program to the House in his budget speech the public also has the government's complete fiscal program.

And the ministry is absolutely responsible for that program in every detail. There is no shifting the blame and passing the buck. Responsibility is definitely fixed.

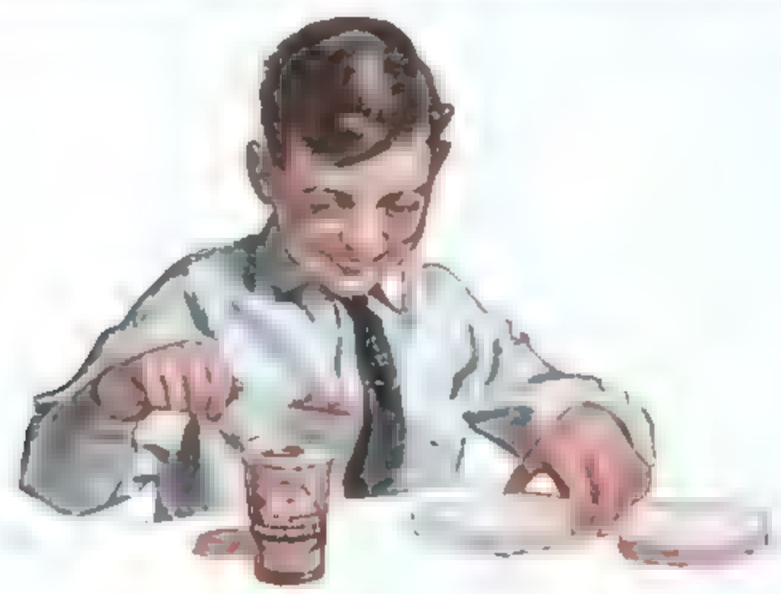
Everybody with the least knowledge of American government knows that a great reason for extravagance lies in the fact that responsibility for it cannot be fixed. You resent a pork-barrel public-building bill, but nobody in particular is responsible for it. The President cannot accept responsibility for waste in executive departments so long as Congress prescribes that exactly so many clerks shall be employed at precisely such and such salaries. Congress cannot accept responsibility for it so long as the estimates come to it in the present manner. Nobody is responsible; but you foot the bill.

It will of course be said that making the Administration responsible for appropriation bills trenches upon the precious prerogative of Congress. But it is common knowledge that as to all broadly important legislation Congress, in fact, waits upon the initiative of the executive. Look back over the legislation in this Administration and you will see that every important bit of it was initiated at the White House. That is true of preceding administrations.

The question is whether a concern which spent a billion a year of public money before the war, which now spends a billion a month, and which will surely spend more than a billion a year after the war, is to be forever wasteful and inefficient because a silly and strictly professional squabble over prerogative will not permit it to organize for efficient operation.

We should have an organ corresponding to the British Treasury—or the German Treasury, for that matter—standing apart from the strictly executive departments of government, answerable to the legislative branch yet secure from mere partisanship and professional politics, with permanent nonpolitical officers; an organ whose sole business is to act as a supervising technical expert on the operations of government, and vested with broad powers and discretion. Having such an organ, Congress should appropriate in lump sums. Of course it should forgo log-rolled, pork-barrel appropriating. It should accept the principle of a national budget.

If its professional pride of prerogative suffered a bit in the arrangement whereby a budget was drawn up, it might console itself by the reflection that it was rendering a great service to the country.



How Science Gave to

PEANUT BUTTER

A Multiplied Delight

THE Van Camp experts, college trained, have made a new-grade Peanut Butter. It is so distinctive that it seems a new creation. But it is simply a refinement, due to scientific methods. All lovers of this dainty will love it better when they know Van Camp's.

The Apex of Flavor

The object has been to reach the pinnacle of fascinating flavor.

Some kinds of peanuts yield a wealth of peanut butter, but the flavor is deficient. Our experts found perfection in a certain blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts. And we always use that blend.

Some nut-meats are stunted and unripe. Mix them in with the finer nut-meats and you spoil the flavor. So we select for Van Camp's just the full-grown meats.

There's a certain point in roasting where the flavor reaches zenith. Our experts found it by making countless tests. Now every peanut used here is roasted to that point exactly. Then we stop the roasting suddenly by cooling in forced draft.

The skins on the peanuts yield no butter oil. If used, they modify the richness. So we remove all skins.

The germs of the peanut have a bitter tinge, and that affects the flavor. So we take out all the germs.

Even air will change the flavor. So every jar of Van Camp's is sealed in a vacuum.

Always at Its Best

One result is the very limit in peanut butter luxury. The last iota of flavor and richness is evident in Van Camp's. Old-time, half-way methods never could approach it.

Another result is stability. Every jar of Van Camp's is alike. One is never disappointed.

Get a trial jar for the children's sake. It will bring them new enjoyments, and without any added cost. When you find this out, remember why it is. No careless or haphazard methods can produce a product like this.

Don't forget to order some to try.

VAN CAMP'S

PEANUT BUTTER

THREE SIZES

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

A superb example of real scientific cookery. The beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook. Boiled in water freed from minerals. Baked in steam ovens, so hours of fierce heat leave them uncrisped and unbroken. Baked with a sauce which is the final result of testing 856 formulas. Three sizes.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

Made from a formula which we value at $500,000. It took our experts three years to perfect it.

Prepared in Italian style, but such a dish as Naples never knew.

It will bring you an entirely new conception of this famous dainty. In three sizes.

Van Camp's Soups

18 kinds—each based on the recipe of a famous French chef. But each has been perfected by testing countless blends.

Each made from an elaborate formula covering every detail. So every dish is like the model dish which our experts call perfection. Every Van Camp Soup attains the very pinnacle of flavor.

Let Conservation improve your Christmas Dinner through the use of

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

YOU would like to buy the finest coffee you can get for your Christmas dinner. A pound of ordinary coffee makes 40 cups or less. A pound of Barrington Hall makes 60 cups or more.

As a result of Baker-izing, Barrington Hall actually costs less per cup, although more per pound.

Baker-izing is a true conservation process. And in addition to preserving the full strength of each coffee bean, elements are removed which, if left in, would impair the purity of the flavor.

Buy a pound tin from your grocer today or if it happens that he is not one of the 50,000 who sell it, tear off the coupon at the top of this advertisement and we will mail you the Christmas Trial Can—enough for six large cups of delicious Barrington Hall.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY

116 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

246 N. Second Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR DRIP OR FILTER COFFEE POTS

HARVEST GLOOM

(Continued from Page 23)

Slowly but unmistakably the Silver eyes and mouth rendered homage to the newer order—to the modern psychology represented so sartorially and sharply by Mr. Dexter I. Markin.

"When I think how clever you was about the approach stuff, when I first met you, it makes me think you'll put it over, Markin," he complimented.

"Watch my smoke!" said Mr. Markin lightly as he gave his black-shot-with-gold-cravat a jaunty puff.

II

MISS ADELE GLAUB, buyer of waists for the Mammoth Store, trailed noiselessly across the waist department; one Georgette-clad arm undulated from shoulder to hip—but then, there was no hip to spoil the straight lines of the striking black-and-purple frock; the other hand toyed, little finger daintily crooked, with the gleaming twisting rope of graduated jet that hung from neck to knee. It had been a trying day. Bargain days always were. Pulling, hurrying, trying-on crowds that left everything twisted and shapeless. And the girls were just as bad. It was pos-i-tive-ly a-pall-ing the way they left the stock. Passing the table of $5 beaded crêpe de Chines, special at $3.95, and finding it customerless, Miss Glaub took a moment to read a lesson in neatness and order to several black-frocked figures.

"My Gawd"—she brought them to instant attention—"where was you girls raised? In a barn? Look at that table of waists! It looks as if somebody was sleeping in it. Get busy!"

And then she saw him! He was standing beside a case of imported blouses, whose $25 price tags had not saved them from the general mauling. His hands clasped a shiny black derby to his breast. His eyes met hers with frank wonderment. His overcoat, thrown back with a jaunty fling to the lapel, revealed a rich brown that terminated in one direction in vivid orange and black; in the other in soft pearl gray over shiny patent leather. Except for the wondering eyes and the tightly pressed derby it was a familiar type to Miss Glaub—a type that often sent her to the buyer's phone to utter the stock phrase "I ain't in the market just now—next time maybe."

But he did not rush forward with outstretched hand and gleaming teeth of welcome. Miss Glaub walked slowly in the direction of the imported blouses; she could feel those large, black, liquid eyes following, following. A salesgirl came quickly to attention. He was not three feet away.

"Miss Knowles, dear-r," cooed Miss Glaub to her erring charge, "hadn't you better arrange this case—it looks so disarranged after these awful bargain hunters."

Miss Knowles opened her mouth—and then closed it slowly.

"Yes, Miss Glaub," she said.

"Miss Glaub?" It seemed but a heavier echo from across the shining case. "You are Miss Glaub?" Slowly, as if he disbelieved, he walked round the barrier. When he was close Miss Glaub answered.

"Yes, yes! I am Miss Glaub," she said. It was almost as if she had said "Yes, yes! I am Joan of Arc."

"Miss Adele Glaub?"—still the doubting Thomas.

"Yes!"

Slowly he held out his hand, "I—I am Mr. Dexter Markin, sales manager of the Perfection Waist Company. I—I am making a short tour of the larger cities ——"

Miss Glaub took the proffered hand, but her "Oh yes!"—with rising inflection—held just the suggestion of chill.

Mr. Markin hastened to warm it.

"I didn't call on business," he explained. "I am just going over the ground, an' though you were not one of our large customers I felt that I should call and meet you. Now that I have, I ——"

"You what?" prompted the low tone of Miss Glaub—a warmer tone.

"I know that I couldn't talk business if I wanted to," finished Mr. Markin with a suggestion of a gulp.

"Oh!" All men were alike.

"I couldn't believe that you was ever engaged in business," continued Mr. Markin. "I watched you coming across the floor an' I said this couldn't be a buyer. She is too different. An' then—when that girl said Miss Glaub I could hardly believe it yet."

Miss Glaub gazed into the shining jet. "Maybe I just remind you of somebody," she suggested innocently.

"Remind me!" The suggestion seemed to stagger Mr. Markin. "Remind me!" he repeated; "you look more like a certain person I know than she does herself."

Miss Glaub smiled airily. "Oh, what a line you got, Mr. Markin," she whispered. Then just to prove that she didn't think he was just an ordinary kidder she invited him to her little office.

"If you don't know who I mean," said Mr. Markin as they walked toward the little room in the rear, "you ain't never been to a movie in the last three years; that's all I have to say!"

"You mean ——?"

"I mean Miss Beda Thara, the most beautiful—an' most fascinating woman on the screen."

"Oh, Mr. Markin, you are kidding me, pos-i-tive-ly."

"I positively ain't!" emphasized Mr. Markin, and proceeded with the psychological approach.

A short, fleeting half hour and Mr. Markin rose reluctantly, most reluctantly, to leave.

Outside, the drama of selling $5 crêpe de Chines at $3.95 continued with the maximum of pulling and crowding and shrill calls for floormen and tel-ee-phone. Inside, the greater, more subtle drama was closing the first act.

"I gotta catch the 6.04 f'r Detroit," said Mr. Markin as he took her hand. "Good-by"

Miss Glaub held out a limp, languid, Beda Thara hand and said that she was delighted to have had the pleasure of meetin' Mr. Markin.

"You'll come to see me again when you come to Bigburg?" she added.

Mr. Markin's eyes said plainly that two million of the wildest kind of wild horses couldn't keep him away. As he reached the door he turned for a second. The picture of her standing there beside the little desk made him forget the short acquaintanceship—made him forget everything but a desire to do something that would make her remember. He turned.

"Miss Glaub, you know those Number Three Forty-sevens of ours? Those Georgettes with the tucked yokes an' the lace-edged collars?" The tone became lower, as if to make the Goddess of Beauty realize the sacrifice that was being laid at her feet: "You know what they are worth—Miss Glaub. You—can—have—two—gross—at—twenty-five—dollars—a—dozen."

The Goddess of Beauty smiled down at her slim white fingers and the flickering, wicked lights in the huge dinner ring.

"Oh, Mr. Markin," she thrilled, "ain't you pos-i-tive-ly wonderful—three gross of those good-looking things!"

"Two gross," hastily corrected Mr. Markin.

III

A YOUNG man, well dressed and groomed, sat across a well-laden luncheon table facing a dark, lithesome creature cunningly upholstered in deep mauve. The young man was openly adoring, casting in the faces of sundry diners a dare concerning love and lovers. The dark, lithesome creature was frankly interested—in larded breast of capon, under glass. It was double destruction: The dark, smoldering eyes played havoc under the heavy exactly curved brows; the right hand, with little finger rigidly graceful, played equal havoc with the capon.

The dark eyes said: "Do you really mean all that your eyes seem to say?"

The red, red lips said: "Mr. Markin, ain't this chicken the best you ever tasted outsidea' New York?"

"It ain't half bad," Mr. Markin's lips agreed, but his eyes answered: "Yes! Yes! Yes! More, even!"

After the capon had given way to salad—and a person had a little room for their elbows—Mr. Markin, hands clasped, diamond gleaming, leaned forward toward his temptress.

"Miss Glaub—Ade—Miss Glaub," he whispered hoarsely—"do you believe in love at first sight?"

Miss Glaub traced a shadowy Scotch daisy on the white damask. "Why?" she inquired softly.

Mr. Markin executed a flank movement, but his eyes betrayed him.

"No why. I just wondered."

"Yes?"—coyly.

"Yes"—hesitatingly

"Sometimes," said Miss Glaub to a tiny portion of mayonnaise and celery poised on her fork; then more directly, "Do you, Mr. Markin?"

"Sometimes," he repeated slowly.

Who can deny that Mr. Dexter I. Markin is a sharp, bright young man with a future?

After the last lingering delights of Peach Melba with individual cakes Mr. Markin inquired with the disinterested air of a person not vitally interested: "How did those two gross of Georgettes go—the ones I got the very devil for selling at twenty-five dollars a dozen?"—this last lightly.

Miss Glaub's reply was censored by business, but her smile was all-warming.

"Pretty fair," she said. "It—it was awful nice of you, Mr. Markin—and—I—I ——"

"It was a pleasure," he assured her; "even if I shouldn't, on account of our other trade—but Ad—Miss Glaub—I knew you wouldn't say anything, because ——"

"Not me!"—quickly.

"I knew it—somehow."

The dark glow of those dark eyes held him for a moment—then almost like a man in a trance: "Miss Glaub—Adele—if you will only smile like that again I'll take another chance—you know those new voile sports blouses of ours—the ones with the detachable elbow sleeves—an' the bright sports colorings? You can have our little surplus stock at six-teen dol-lars a dozen."

Miss Glaub smiled.

IV

MR. S. P. SILVER leaned back in the executive chair and caressed his conservatively clad, comfortably filled waistcoat.

"So," he said slowly, "you think it looks good, eh?"

"Good!"—Mr. Markin's exclamation seemed to chide his boss for being a conservative old fogy. "Good—why, Mr. Silver, believe me or not, it has worked out just as I predicted to you ——"

"Sure, selling those waists at no profit; but ——"

"But Mr. Silver, them was but the seeds—now in a coupla weeks we will reap the harvest of this new idea that I spoke of when I first—when I first associated myself with the house.

"The harvest is ready for the scythe," quoth Mr. Markin, continuing.

The mention of scythe brought instant distrust to his superior.

"Remember," he warned, "no price cutting!"

Mr. Markin chuckled.

"Mark-down nothing," he reassured. "I'm even going to add a dollar to those new frilled crêpe de Chines that ain't been listed yet."

Mr. Silver settled back comfortably. Mr. Markin was a bright young man.

Soft shaded candles, electrically lighted, sent elfin shadows to playing hide and seek among tall water goblets and bread trays.

Somewhere an orchestra was playing—softly, like water falling. A thieving gleam from the brightly lighted dining room penetrated the shelter of palms that hid the diamond and the jade, and danced upon a huge fanlike comb that gleamed greenly and wickedly from behind a black sheen of tightly coiled hair. Below the table line a wide black girdle shot with green sequins completed the color scheme. But this last, hid by a square of white linen, was not of the picture—unless you remembered the last reel in Beda Thara's version of Carmen.

Across the table the fly amid this charming web of soft whisperings and Chicken à la King was lighting a cigarette.

"Ain't it good to be back in God's country!" he whispered.

The jade rose—a large, white, single-eyed asp—and came to a swaying rest beneath a snow-white chin.

"Ain't it though!"—a long exhaling sigh.

"An' here!"

"An' here!"

In the moment of silence following, the orchestra began another selection. With an inward chuckle of approval the fly noted, then hummed, the first words of the chorus: "When—the—harvest mo-on is shi-i-ining on the fields of sugar-r cane."

It was most appropriate.

"It seems—almost a desecration to talk business now," began the fly.

The asp moved slowly—approvingly.

The fly rushed on—impetuously—as if against its better judgment.

"I—I wished I didn't haveta."

"Why?"—low.

"Because—because I ——"

"You ——?"

"Because I—I can't do both of 'em justice"—bitterly.

Above the asp a slow smile curved—a curious smile that might mean many things.

"I can't think of makin' money off somebody—somebody that I ——"

"That you what?"

"Never mind now."

As the orchestra broke into the second rendering of the chorus the fly drew a long sheet of typewritten paper from the inner pocket of his classy dinner jacket. When he spoke it was in jerks, as if he were a man about to make some supreme sacrifice without thought of self.

For a moment it hung in midair—a moment electrified by the touch of soft flesh. Then the asp gently laid it before the drooping eyes above.

The fly, thinking of certain promises made to a dark-eyed heavy man, watched the heavy lids with an anxiety that was unquestionably sincere.

"Well?" he said like a man waiting for his reward.

The eyes that rose to meet his might well have been the eyes of an asp. Cold they were—and final.

"These crêpe de Chines—Number Twenty-four Eleven ——" it began.

"Yes! Ain't they wonderful! For you at $31 a dozen."

"They ain't."

"But Adele—Miss Glaub, think of what it means to me to ——"

"These tucked Georgettes with the hemstitching ——"

"Ain't they wonders! You can't say that I didn't forget ever'thing when I marked them at $27.50."

The mouth above the asp turned up—and then down. It was cruel, relentless, almost ruthless.

"They ain't wonders at $27.50—not by a long shot!"

"But ——"

"An' the rest of this stuff that I looked at this afternoon, when I didn't get no prices—is all too high—altogether too high. Some of it I wouldn't have at any price." Then as if making a concession of major importance: "Those Georgettes with the little vestees—I'll take a coupla gross of them if you cut the price four dollars a dozen—an' ——"

"But Adele—Miss Glaub—stop an' think. Have I ever tried to sting you? Have I? You know what I think too well not to know that between you an' me I wouldn't allow anything to happen f'r anything. You know I am for you—you know how I sold you stuff in the past—ain't the prices been right? Ain't they? I know you too well not to know that when I tell you on my word that all this stuff I have marked down is at rock-bottom prices—considering the state of the silk market—I know you will not turn any of those items down. Think of the future, Miss Glaub! I tell you—an' you know that I can't lie—to—you—that every item is worth your while."

Dark, pleading, hoping eyes looked into the cold black eyes of refusal.

"Tell it to Sweeney!" said the cold lips below.

For a moment there was absolute silence within the charming web—a moment filled with pictures of a large dark man who had said "Honest, Markin, I believe you're smart enough to do it." A large dark man who had a way of saying curt, unhappy things. A furious resentment rose in the breast of the fly—a resentment that sent psychology and diplomacy to the rear.

"At least," he said bitterly, "we got the real inside facts on some people's real natures!"

The asp moved slowly, with easy grace, to the side comb of Carmen and back again. Hard eyes became soft and gleamed wickedly as before.

"Sure!" agreed Miss Glaub; "but it's wearisome, ain't it? You was saying before we had to forget ourselves in this sordid discussion of business that ——?"

For a moment Mr. Markin registered incredibility. Then he beckoned imperiously for the hovering waiter.

"Bring the check!" he ordered curtly. "An'—an' tell that dam' orchestra to play another tune!"

Give him comfort for his Christmas

in a pretty Christmas Box

For each pair of trousers a pair of

President Suspenders

for comfort

—the comfort not found in a belt

IF there ever was a year when *serviceable* giving was in vogue, this is it. Suspenders are a *useful* gift—particularly Presidents. Careful dressers prefer Presidents. Three million wearers testified to this preference last year. They don't *grip* the shoulders, nor pull the *buttons*, will wear for a long time, and hang the trousers *right*, always. There's a President for every preference—light and natty ones for dress and business wear; sturdy ones for rougher service; all lengths, widths and weights, in all the popular colors and serviceable webs.

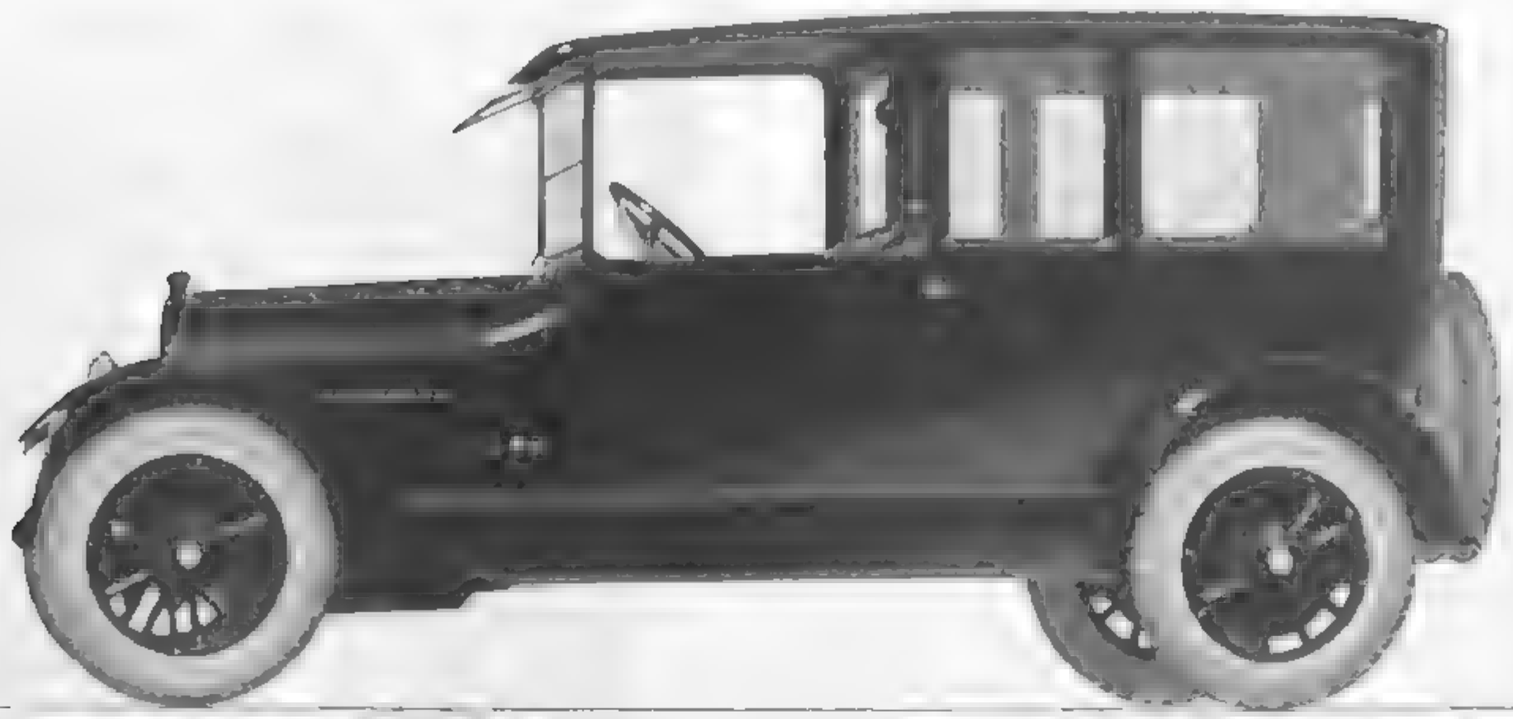
Ask for Presidents

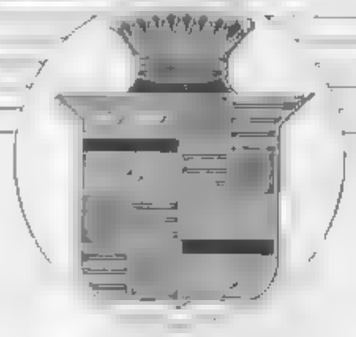
at any of the best stores

Buy them by *name*. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed. If the ones you buy are not satisfactory—in every way—after they have been worn—we will repair, replace, or (if requested) refund your money. So you can feel perfectly safe in buying Presidents anywhere, any time. No gift more suitable for men than *President* Suspenders.

President Suspender Company

SHIRLEY, MASS.





People are recalling, now, all the good things they have ever known about the manufacturing methods of the Cadillac Company.

There is a serious disposition to seek for substantial value—to require, in a motor car, those qualities for which the Cadillac and the Cadillac Company have always been notable.

It may not be amiss, therefore, to tell again what Cadillac manufacturing actually means—how much it means, and how vital it is in determining value.

Cadillac manufacturing counts no expenditure of time, or cost, or trouble, too great, if it contributes to the *permanent* value of the car.

By permanence of value we mean that evenness and excellence of performance which *does not vary*, in the Cadillac, from one end of the year to another.

We mean that peculiar Cadillac quality which makes it possible for the owner to travel an extraordinary distance—and then resume his ordinary use of the car *without readjustment and over-hauling.*

We mean that sameness and steadiness of service, which constitute it a stable investment—and, in the course of the year, *a car of marked economy.*

We mean luxury which is not spasmodic, but continuous; smoothness and swift response which are steadfast, and not sporadic.

We mean that permanent peace of mind which comes from the ownership of a car whose performance can always be depended upon—at all times of the year, under all conditions which call for complete and absolute reliability.

These qualities which spell permanence of value can only be built into a car as they are built into the Cadillac—*by taking no count of time, or cost, or trouble.*

They mean that every operation, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant, must be followed up and carried out with minute accuracy and care.

They mean that Cadillac *over-care* which is proverbial in the motor car industry.

They mean an organization imbued from top to bottom with the one thought of producing a superior car.

They mean an organization whose least important member is still a specialist in the thing he is called upon to do.

Such an organization—committed to almost unheard of accuracy and precision, is producing the Cadillac today.

And it is a recognition of that fact which is turning the nation toward the Cadillac with renewed interest at this time when the elements of permanent value and economy are matters of supreme interest to every motor car investor in America.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

The Cadillac Type-57 Chassis is available with the following body styles: Standard Seven-Passenger Car, Four-Passenger Phaeton, Two-Passenger Roadster with Rumble Seat, Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria, Five-Passenger Brougham, Four-Passenger Town Limousine and Town Landaulet, Seven-Passenger Limousine, Landaulet and Imperial.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT MICHIGAN

SPENDING THE RED CROSS MILLIONS

(Continued from Page 13)

to the invisible occupants. There was no response.

"We shall have to wait," he said, returning to the automobile. "Of course we could use violence—but there's been enough of that!"

And wait they did for more than two hours, the prefect calm, patient, determined. In the interval he related some of his experiences as prefect in connection with the German capture of French towns at the commencement of the war. That the iron had entered the soul of this strong, tender governor of his people was evident, for with all his manifold duties he had taken time to compile a book of officially vouched-for cases of outrages occurring within his own department, for the benefit of those who pooh-poohed the idea of German atrocities. The first sentence of that poignant little book reads: "*Voici un livre d'horreurs; c'est, hélas! un livre de vérité.*" [This is a book of horrors; it is, alas, a book of truth!]

And those Americans who hold that the Germans are really very fine fellows, but simply misled by their overlords, should have a confidential chat with Prefect Mirman, the great-hearted governor of that frontier section of France.

It was deep twilight before Marthe's mother returned from her work. With two fields under bombardment to tend instead of one, life was no joke. To her the prefect explained the object of his visit. Since the fathers of France were away fighting, he, the prefect, was trying to be father to all the children in his department, to watch over them, to keep them decent boys and girls, in church and in school, to teach them trades and safeguard them until their parents' return.

Marthe's mother listened, pondered, put a few practical questions. The place to which he would take them—it was far? No, close at hand; in effect, just behind that hill. And her children, they would be with her? But surely! And she could return when necessary to care for her fields? The prefect gave her his word. Whereupon Marthe's mother, so sparing of emotion, suddenly burst into tears and consented.

Three days later saw the entire family transported to Toul and safely installed in a temporary barracks provided by Prefect Mirman. It was a big, bare, uncomfortable, insanitary affair, and it seemed as if all the young ragamuffins of France had been collected there in one sorry regiment. The story of Marthe might serve as a type for most. But there were some whose histories, written in their small peaked faces and sullen gaze, had a more sinister cast; some had lost an eye; some had lost a hand; some had lost parents; and most of them had lost their childhood gayety. Gathered up from miles along the frontier where the artillery fire was hottest, out of dank, dirty cellars or unspeakably foul dugouts and caves, living without air, baths, change of garments or the simplest sanitary arrangements, they were a dismal, pallid, vermin-infested, scarecrow little crew—and yet they were the budding hope of France, as nobody knew better than the prefect.

Enter the Red Cross

But what to do with them after he had got them together? It was a sore question. For what these small unfortunates needed beyond everything were baths, doctors, nurses, teachers, someone to teach them to smile again—and always more and more baths. Out of the three hundred and fifty, twenty-one were babies under one year; many of them had contagious skin diseases; a few had tuberculosis; and all, sick and well, were crowded together without discrimination.

Food and shelter were all the prefect could be sure of, for these the French Government furnished, but more in the present stress it could not promise, for all the French doctors and nurses were already occupied with the war. And the worst of it was that more and more children and mothers would be arriving as the wave of battle swept toward other villages or wholesale gassing set in. It was a thoroughly bad piece of business all round—a kind of vicious circle with no visible outlet. But not for one moment did these difficulties stump the prefect of the department of Meurthe-et-Moselle. He had rescued these children and got them together—that was his job. Now somebody had to take care of them; he couldn't, the French Government couldn't. Therefore—somebody else had to!

And it is exactly at this point, at that "somebody," that the American Red Cross enters the story. For in the acute and immediate need the prefect telegraphed for aid to a well-known American woman in Paris. She brought the telegram to Major Murphy, Commissioner for Europe of the American Red Cross, and he at once got into action. Within a few hours eight workers were on their way to Toul—a doctor, a nurse, two aids, and women to take charge of the administration. At the same time there started a camionette loaded with clothing and food.

Thus began the first activity of the American Red Cross for the civil population of France—and it began very appropriately with the children.

When, one morning several weeks later, I visited this refugee center high up on a sunshiny hill, a general transformation had taken place. The children, numbering by this time about five hundred, with sixty mothers, had been moved into a newly constructed barracks of brick and cement furnished by the French Government, which also supplied heat, light, rations, cooks, unskilled labor and camion service for transportation. This plant, in its bare elements, was then turned over to the American Red Cross to supplement and run as it pleased. And when I arrived the American administration was in full swing. To me the children looked surprisingly well and happy—almost too happy, in fact, in view of their grim past! And I remarked upon this fact to the director.

A Reconstructed Marthe

"Well," he laughed, "if you are after local color you should have seen them—and smelled them!—when we first took hold. The very first thing we did was to establish louse clinics—'de-lousing' is the technical term. Don't shudder! They're about clean now, but in the beginning we had some horrible little heads. The soldiers in the winter trenches had nothing on those children in the way of vermin and filth. And at the same time we inaugurated the good old American institution of shower baths."

"And what did the mothers think of these?"

The doctor chuckled. "Scandalous! Immoral! Indelicate! Designed to murder their poor children outright! Some of these peasant women, you know, have never taken a bath in the altogether in their lives. They still continue the customs handed down to them since the time of Louis XI. They bathe little boys in their trousers—put 'em in the tub with their trousers on; indelicate to remove 'em, you see! They bathe little girls with their chemises on. And babies they don't bathe at all. Yes, the shower bath was a novelty. But I may add that it was a novelty which took with the children from the start. Now they fight for a chance at it!

"Come here, Marthe, and say '*Bonjour*' to the lady." He caught by the hand a passing little girl with great bright dark eyes and dark curls neatly twined. Beside her trotted a small boy, decked in his Sunday best. Thus I had my introduction to Marthe and the substitute brother whom the Mother Marie had sent down to replace the borrowed Emile.

"She is never without that boy," continued the director. "She seems to be afraid somebody is going to steal him." And then he told me her story, narrated above. "Here is her mother," he added as a woman approached along the path. "She has walked all the way from her home to spend a few days with her children. These peasant mothers come and go as they will; they visit with us a few days and then return to their fields. *Bonjour, madame,*" he said, turning to her. "How goes that crop of wheat?"

"Not bad, monsieur. But yesterday—what a misfortune! An *obus* fell right in the middle of the field where the grain is highest and dug a crater wide as this."

Can you do this?

If you can pass a case knife under the center of your arch while your weight is on your foot; if your arches are flexible and if you have no pains in the feet, lower limbs or back, and no callouses under your feet—your arches are probably normal.

Most foot troubles are caused by one or more bones of the foot getting out of normal position. This causes unnatural strain or pressure, and pain results.

Fallen arches, commonly called flat foot, cause pain in feet, ankles, calves, thighs, and sometimes in the back. They also cause extreme weariness when a person stands or walks much. Lowered metatarsal bones cause pressure on the sole, which forms callouses.

The correction of these troubles is very simple—merely restore the bones to normal position and support them with

Wizard

Adjustable Foot Appliances

There is no magic about Wizards. They are soft, flexible leather insoles, which you put in your shoe and wear with perfect comfort. In the overlapping pockets, beneath the sole, you place soft inserts in the precise location needed to build a support of the right height and shape to hold the bones of your foot in normal position. This is a sane, rational means of correcting foot troubles that any physician will approve.

Wizards give instant relief. No breaking in is necessary—the moment the adjustment is properly made, the pressure or strain is removed from the foot and the pain disappears. Callouses in time go away, and the pain stops immediately. Wizards contain no metal and are unlike any other devices for correcting foot troubles.

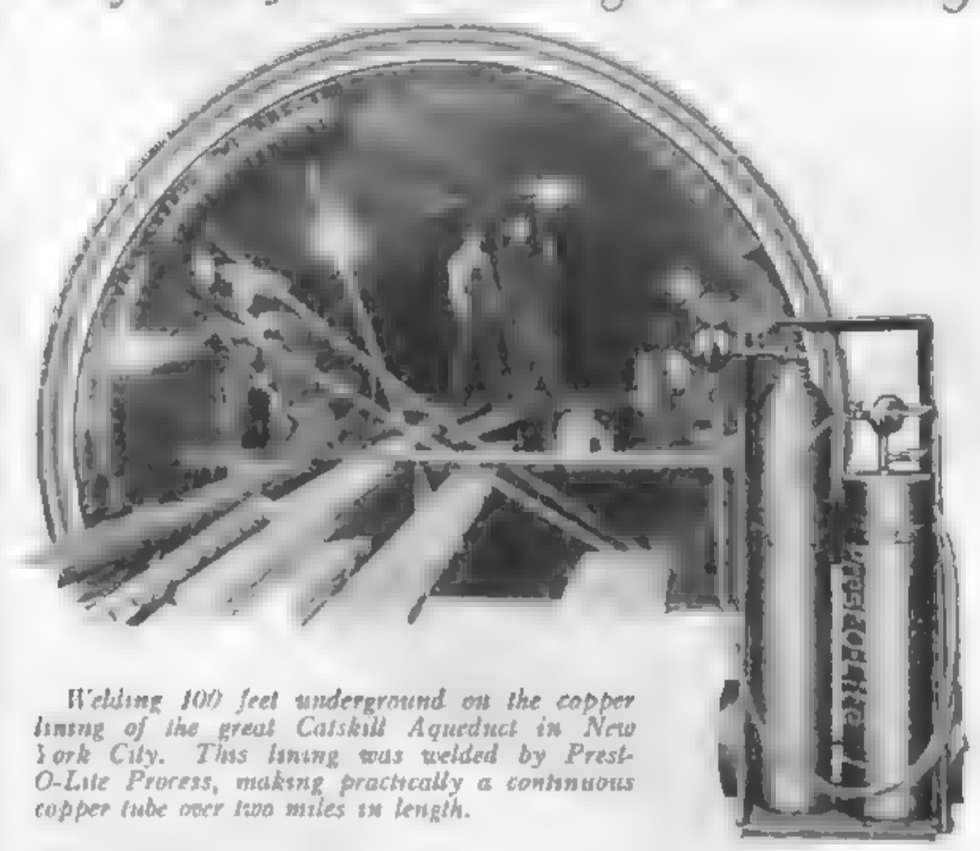
Wizards are sold by the best shoe dealers

Usually at such stores there is a person who has taken a thorough course in the anatomy of the foot, which enables him to fit Wizards to relieve most foot troubles. This knowledge of the foot also enables him to give you better service in properly fitting shoes. It will pay you to patronize the store where such service is rendered.

"Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a treatise on foot troubles will be very helpful to you if you have foot troubles. Free.

Wizard Foot Appliance Co., 1634 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting



Welding 100 feet underground on the copper lining of the great Catskill Aqueduct in New York City. This lining was welded by Prest-O-Lite Process, making practically a continuous copper tube over two miles in length.

Welding Copper Lining in Catskill Aqueduct

Oxy-acetylene welding is daily offering new opportunities for improvement in engineering practice, as demonstrated by its employment in the immense undertaking illustrated above.

Not only in great works of construction, but in every line of industrial development, oxy-acetylene welding is making possible new standards of efficiency and economy.

In practically every industry it has revolutionized metal manufacture, giving stronger, neater products, simplified production, lower cost and minimized material waste.

In your factory or business oxy-acetylene welding will probably solve some big point of design or cost or convenience. It will pay you to investigate

Prest-O-Lite PROCESS

Offers a simple, inexpensive, portable outfit for all classes of work—employs both gases (acetylene and oxygen) in portable cylinders. Acetylene supply is backed by Prest-O-Lite Service, which insures prompt exchange of empty cylinders for full ones. Provides dry, purified gas, insuring better welds, quicker work and lower cost. Avoids large initial outlay and depreciation. Any average workman can learn the process quickly and easily.

Railroads, foundries, mines, machine shops and garages—using it exclusively for repair work—are realizing big returns. One quick repair may save the entire cost of a Prest-O-Lite outfit by avoiding a tie-up through the break-down of an important machine. Millions of dollars' worth of valuable castings, machine parts and tools are being reclaimed from the scrap-heap by this process. Wherever two pieces of metal are to be joined—consider welding.

Write for valuable welding data describing and illustrating Prest-O-Lite Process in hundreds of profitable uses for construction, manufacture and repair.

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59 Branches and Charging Plants

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She extended her two arms. "*Sale brute!*" [Dirty brute!] "*Grâce à Dieu!* I was off in another corner of the field."

"You are very courageous," I said, "to work like that for your children in those bombarded fields."

"But no! But no! It is not for the infants. It is that the soldiers of France may have food."

"There you are!" exclaimed the director in English. "That's what they all say—and just as unself-consciously. They don't know what a magnificent piece of work they're pulling off!"

At this moment Marthe interrupted to show me her sewing and the mother passed on to her baby, the little Georgette. Later I saw this tiny, woeful creature, born in a cellar, under sound of heavy guns. Frail, transparent, pale as a snowdrop, she lay in her mother's arms. Not once in her two years had she been seen to smile. I did not blame her. Such a world was not worth smiling on! She showed a rare judgment beyond her age. Nevertheless, for five minutes I held her in my arms, hating the Germans, and trying by all arts to bring a flash of mirth to that solemn, drooping little mouth. Vain enterprise. I might as well have tried to make the Sphinx laugh.

After that, accompanied by the director, I made a tour of the buildings, built after the usual fashion of military cantonments, in the form of a hollow square. Everything was scrupulously clean, the floors scrubbed, the windows flung wide open, and fresh sunshine flooding the dormitories, where the mothers sat chatting together, their babies at their breasts.

"This beats caves as a summer resort!" I said.

The director nodded rather grimly. In company with M. Mirman he had made rescues from some of those caves.

The Clinics on Wheels

"And we're going to beat them still more before we're through. Here in this small settlement we are trying to achieve a model community. Already we have a clinic, an infirmary, a hospital of eighty beds, a kindergarten, a church, schools, a store, a recreation teacher—in short, a welfare center for children as scientific and human as anything to be found in America. But that is not enough. Compared with the need this one single unit is only a drop in the bucket. And so we are planning to make Toul a kind of nucleus from which we shall ray out in all directions. Already we have a traveling dispensary starting from this point, with a doctor and nurse, which visits through twenty-five villages, treating the children in their homes and fetching back to the hospital the contagious and tubercular cases. Such a system keeps up the general health par in the areas visited and prevents the sudden spread of epidemics.

"At Nesle, a town in the devastated district, we have established another unit—a small hospital and another automobile dispensary which carries aid to the outlying districts. In that region, of course, the problem is somewhat different from our own, because the Germans having retreated the children do not need to be collected in one place to protect them from gassing or bombing. They remain in their homes—if one can call homes those ruined and burned shells, despoiled of every stick of furniture, every kitchen utensil, and even the orchards cut down and the wells defiled!—and we go to them. We go to them with our traveling clinics in an ambulance containing a full outfit of medical stores—and a bath! We carry the makings of that bath right along with us on the floor of the machine—a tub, tubing, a spray and a pumping apparatus. And when we arrive at a home where a child needs a clean-up we heat water in the kitchen, stick the small victim into the tub without trousers or chemise, you bet!—and we bathe it after the rules laid down by the Greek nymph Arethusa, who lived in a fountain and who, according to the Limerick, used to wash, *sans* mackintosh—b'gosh, *sans* anything!

"It is the simple, serious truth that baths are the greatest hygienic need of these children at the present time; and by bringing baths into their homes we are helping to restore the health of the entire district. So successful have been our efforts at Toul and Nesle that the French authorities have earnestly requested us to broaden our scope and establish centers in other needy districts. And this is what we are doing as fast as we can. Eventually we intend to have a chain of centers, linked together by automobile dispensaries, strung along that whole northern frontier just behind the battle lines, in order to care for the thousands of children who, no less than the men in the trenches, are giving their lives in this war.

"As the situation stands to-day France is burning her candle at both ends; she is at one and the same time losing her men and her children. With our American soldiers once in the trenches we are going to check the colossal loss of man power; and in the interval until our fellows arrive, with our hospitals, our clinics, our traveling dispensaries and our schools we are doing our best to check the loss of her child power. This type of scientific social work is the sort of thing America excels in; for the last ten years we've gone in hard for it. I suppose we've got a flair for it, just as the French have for pure science. Anyhow, as a nation we can do that particular job better than anybody else on earth. And for the American Red Cross to throw into the breach our finely trained child specialists is to render France in this hour an inestimable benefit."

This sketches the effort of the Red Cross for the children of the war zone in free France. But not all of France is "free," as the French themselves touchingly call it. And that portion of it which still is not free, the immensely rich mining and manufacturing district under German rule, has also its child problem. That problem the Germans have dealt with in their characteristic brutal fashion. They are simply sweeping out of the country, as with a gigantic broom, all these small food-consuming nonproducers. Across the Northern Swiss frontier they are being thrust into France at the rate of nearly five hundred a day—more than ten thousand a month! Here is a child problem with a vengeance! Of course it is not the children alone who are being swept out, but all the nonproducing inhabitants. If they can't work—*heraus mit em!* Dump the refuse out the back door into France. Shift the food burden of all those hundreds of thousands of useless inhabitants onto the enemy. From a purely materialistic point of view this wholesale act of dispossession is a fine move—and France is glad to have her people back at any price! Also, she has food to burn!

More German Barbarities

Evian-les-Bains is the gate of entry for these exiles—*rapatriés* the French call them—and accordingly to Evian I went. It is a beautiful, quaint little town on Lake Geneva, high, Alp-encircled, and with an air like iced champagne. Formerly a fashionable watering place, it has now been transformed into a kind of Ellis Island receiving station for the refugees, who pour in by trainloads, twenty thousand a month.

Here daily is to be witnessed one of the most tragic processionals that history has ever yet offered to man—a nation on the march! But a nation dispossessed, broken and diseased, old men and old women and mothers with children—the past and the future generations—with the present generation strikingly absent! For the young men are held to work the mines and the factories, and the young women are held—but even in France one rarely speaks of that phase of the subject, which is the blackest of all black pages of German occupation. What "efficient" explanation is Germany going to offer, at the big post-bellum tribunal of the nations, for the girls sent into white slavery in the Ardennes?

Three years have elapsed since the Germans conquered the northern part of France, and since then the inhabitants have lived in a state of complete isolation, cut off from news of their families in free France, sons and husbands who fled before the invaders; cut off also from any reliable information concerning the war or the great outer world. Not a single letter are they permitted to send or receive. This incredible act of mental cruelty I did not believe until I arrived in Evian, questioned the refugees themselves and the authorities, and entered the famous letter room, where hundreds of thousands of letters are filed, often months ahead of time, awaiting the possible return of some exile relative.

Newspapers these people have, to be sure, but they are journals printed by the Germans in French, ostensibly to give current events, but actually to spread German propaganda and despair. I glanced through some of these papers. According to them England is speedily starving to death;

(Concluded on Page 64)

TEACHING THE CALIFORNIA PEACH HOW TO TRAVEL

When Business Genius invaded the Golden West

Could anything be more tempting than these great luscious beauties—aristocrats among peaches?

WAY out on the rim of the United States—just before you come to the Pacific Ocean—are grown the finest peaches in the world.

Peaches so delectable to the eye, so luscious to the palate that once travelers came long journeys to pick and eat them as they ripened in the golden orchards.

How the California peach comes to your table and mine, with the same rare, native flavor that it has when picked from the tree, is one of the great business romances of this country.

Bringing California to you

Conspicuous in the telling of this romance is the name of Libby. Years ago Arthur A. Libby founded his business on the idea that the finest flavored foods, wherever grown, could be sent to every home in this broad land by packaging these foods right where they were produced and at the moment when they were freshest and most delicious.

Ten years ago Libby applied this idea to the packaging of this luscious fruit. In the very heart of the Santa Clara Valley, a Libby kitchen was established. A wonderful kitchen, glistening with cleanliness, sparkling with bright utensils, cheery with the deft movements of the white-clad workers.

From orchards that grew almost to the very doors of this kitchen the peaches were gathered during those last few hours that add the fullness of golden color and flavor.

And before one whit of this "last minute" flavor could be lost, Libby packed the peaches and sealed them so that you and I could serve this fruit on our tables, many miles away, and get the same rare delight that it gave when picked and eaten in the orchards.

Famous in a year

No wonder this Libby Peach Kitchen became famous the country over.

Right in the heart of the famous orchards of the Golden West these peaches are packed—their full flavor sealed in, not to escape till it reaches your table.

No wonder the demand for its products doubled after the first year.

Soon other kitchens were needed and as quickly as the orchard acreage could be increased, more were erected. At Sacramento, at Selma, at The Dalles and at North Yakima, wherever this finest fruit could be grown, another "Finest Kitchen" went up.

Now a Great Industry

Today thousands upon thousands of acres of sunny fruit lands yield their finest products to these kitchens. A great industry has been built up and on hundreds of thousands of tables California's sun-ripened fruit adds variety and zest to meals all the year around.

Today, only ten years after the first Libby Peaches were offered for sale, Libby is supplying American homes with over one thousand per cent more California peaches than they put up the first year. And with them have gone Libby's California Pears, Apricots, Cherries, Plums, and now Grapes.

No longer do you have to put up with the monotony of the old-time winter fare. The genius of American business has again conquered the obstacles of time and distance and brought the treasures of California's fruit lands to all of us stay-at-homes. Send five cents for "New Ways to Serve Fruits," a booklet of delicious new salads and desserts.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 238 Welfare Building, Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Limited
45 East Front Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

The Libby peach kitchen at Sacramento, known as "the finest in the world."

(Concluded from Page 62)

Russia is about to conclude a separate peace; France has been bled white; America is a noisy four-flusher—and *Deutschland is über alles!* Under ordinary conditions such a crude tissue of lies would merit only a burst of scornful laughter; but given a captured civilian population as isolated from their loved ones as if they were ghosts, a prey to constant anxiety concerning the welfare of France, and this daily insidious attack upon a morale already enfeebled by adversity is bound to have a damaging effect.

Of these journals the Gazette des Ardennes is the most notorious.

The first evening I waited at the station I do not know exactly what I expected to see—but, anyhow, something that would rend the heartstrings. I forgot that this station represented to those pilgrims the end of a three years' captivity; that every kilometer of the long, wearisome three days' journey from Belgium, where they had been quarantined, brought them nearer letters, nearer a resumption of family ties, nearer a tender welcome from free France.

It was cold. A light snow had fallen on the circle of mountains, and a chill wind blew up from the lake. The Red Cross ambulance drivers had backed their machines close to the platform to care for the sick and the old, and now they stood by the tracks, ready to lend a hand to the incoming crowd. I was in the mood of Antony: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!" when the refugee train pulled into the station; and to my surprise I saw flags bursting from every open window—the French Tricolor, the Stars and Stripes, Red Cross flags, handkerchiefs, bundles, any old thing—frantically waving a welcome from a thousand eager hands! Who said anybody was sad? Besides flags, the windows were crowded full of heads happy, excited children, mothers holding up babies, and smiling, seamed old countenances wreathed in white hair. And from within the cars, above the noisy hubbub, ascended high and sweet the strains of the Marseillaise.

The train slowed to a dead stop. Suddenly an old man leaned far out of a window, waved both arms, and shouted fiercely: "*Vive la France! Vive* ——" He broke off sharply, looked down into a face below him on the platform and queried in low, anxious tones: "Say! We are in France, *hein?*" What an indiscretion if he had yelled that in German territory!

"Yes, you are in France. But descend, *papa!* Descend, *maman! Allons, mes enfants, descendez, s'il vous plait!*"

It was the cheerful voice of the Red Cross man, M. Barrois, himself a *rapatrié*, with a wife and six children left behind in Lille, who assisted daily at the detraining of the refugees.

The Reception at Evian

"But these people are not sad!" I objected to M. Barrois, still full of my surprise. "They do not even look tired. Are they always gay like this?"

"It's a lively crowd to-night," he replied soberly, "on account of so many children. But some days they do not have a word to say. And you must not be deceived by their surface gayety. The sadness is there, underneath, just the same. You'll find it if you stay."

He was right. The first evening I caught only the false glow of excitement of the returning pilgrims. But as I watched night after night the endless procession of those who passed I began to discriminate, and to note beneath the happy eagerness on those faces the deeper substructure of strain, of suffering so long endured that it had become a habit. And as the thousands marched before me, successive waves of exiles, always different and yet mysteriously the same in their look of subdued suffering, of strain, I had a fleeting realization of what France has borne in this war.

With such throngs pouring daily into this one small receiving station a very careful organization has of necessity been evolved in order not to congest the transportation. The following is the order of each day: At the last station on the Swiss frontier French Red Cross nurses enter the train and tag the sick and aged. At Evian these are put into ambulances, the others walking the short distance to the Casino, where await them an ample hot supper, music, and a tender speech of welcome by the mayor of Evian. After which they register, receive their letters, pass a medical examination, and are assigned lodgings in the town.

The first night I waited to see the last *malade* and the last baby safely stowed inside before I climbed into the front seat with the ambulance driver. As we struck the open lake road an icy wind straight off Mont Blanc made me shiver. A soldier on permission clinging to the running board beside me turned up his collar, muttering: "This is worse than the trenches in the Vosges." He had come up to search for his refugee wife, from whom he had not heard in three years.

"But she might arrive any day!" he argued hopefully. "I will tell you something extraordinary," he continued. "A comrade of mine came up here looking for his wife; he had dreamed a dream about her. And what do you think—the very first woman who stepped off the train was she!

"I had another friend, whose wife had died in Lille leaving a little daughter of two, whom the father had never seen. He did not even know what had become of her, for he could get no word. A *rapatrié* friend, who informed him of his wife's death, could give no news of the little maid. Nevertheless, he came to Evian hoping to find some trace. And each day at the station as the throng passed he stood quietly holding out in his hand what looked like a postal card. And whenever a little girl appeared he thrust that card under her nose. Absurd, eh? A fool, a lunatic, sticking a piece of cardboard into every child's face! But one day when he held it in front of a little maid she suddenly burst into tears and cried out: '*Maman! Maman!*' That postal card bore the picture of her mother. And that's the way he found his child!"

The Mayor's Speech

It was twilight when we arrived at the Casino, and already the place was packed. Seated at long tables the refugees had stowed their precious bundles beneath their feet and were falling upon supper with a will. Between the tables passed the women of Evian with tureens of steaming soup, huge platters of meat that the Germans would have bartered their very souls for, and great pitchers of hot milk and of wine. And how those children gobbled! And how their elders followed their example! The platters passed and repassed. Through the big double doors facing Switzerland gleamed Lake Geneva, dimly purple through the gloom. Overhead in the balcony the band began to tune up.

Suddenly all over the hall the lights flashed on strongly and the same instant the band burst into the stirring impetuous strains of the Chasseurs Alpins! As that gay beloved air broke across the room an electric shock of emotion seemed to pass along the tables. Men leaped up, shouting "*Vive la France!*" Women began to weep softly. Handkerchiefs were out everywhere. Yes, the long blight of captivity, of isolation, was past forever! That tune proved it!

And it was just at this chosen moment that the mayor of Evian came forward to make his speech. It was brief, simple and touching, and at certain portions of it women bowed their heads on the table and sobbed aloud.

"My dear fellow citizens!" began the mayor. "At a moment when, after long and cruel trials, you step foot again upon the sacred soil of *la Patrie*, I come in the name of the city of Evian to address to you all a very cordial, a very warm and a very affectionate welcome.

"We know all that you have suffered. For many months convoys like yours have traversed our little village, and we have heard recounted each day the long martyrdom you have endured. We know that you have suffered cold and hunger; we know that your houses have been burned, that your rich harvests have been destroyed and the beautiful industrial region of the north has been systematically destroyed; and, what is most terrible of all, we know that young daughters have been torn from the arms of their mothers and taken away to slavery in the Ardennes. And it is because we do know all this, dear fellow citizens, that we receive you to-day with all of our heart and with all of our soul!

"I said just now that you have suffered greatly, but your sufferings have not been alone physical; they have been also, and even above all, spiritual. You have suffered to be without news of those who are dear, and at not knowing exactly how things were going in free France. As for that which concerns the news of the war and of France I am going to tell you at once, in one word, that all you have read in Le Bruxellois and the Gazette des Ardennes is one tissue of lies, and that, thanks to the armies of France and her Allies, victory will finally crown our banners.

"And now, courage, my dear fellow citizens! Your long martyrdom is about to end. Soon you are going to hear, standing, our sacred hymn, which has not greeted your ears for so long a time, and meantime join with me in an act of faith and hope in our well-beloved country, and shout with me: '*Vive la France immortelle!*'"

The shout that followed was a shout indeed!

In closing, the Marseillaise was chanted, and by now all the audience was frankly in tears. A Red Cross doctor standing beside me cleared his throat.

"I've seen this thing a dozen times," he observed, "and still I choke up every time!"

Supper over the *rapatriés* registered and passed to the rear to receive their letters. This letter room is a marvel of perfect arrangement. Here every inquiry from anxious relatives is received, sorted alphabetically, and a note of it filed on an index card as if it were a library book. Thus, when a refugee hands his registration card across the counter, all the girl standing behind has to do is to look him up in her index catalogue and see if he has any mail.

Ah, those long moments of suspense while the girl is looking up a name! Those hundreds of greedy, outstretched hands across the counter! Those faces, so schooled to endurance, twitching now with unconcealed excitement! How slow the girl is! "No, there is nothing for you." An outstretched hand drops from the counter. Those mutely borne disappointments are horrible.

Some of the tales of this famous letter room are harrowing, some humorous. There arrived one day in Evian a woman refugee, with four sons at the Front from whom she had not heard a single line in three years. Her excitement may be conceived. Were they all alive? Were some dead? Which? Impossible that all four should be preserved for three years. The thing was outside probability. For long months she had brooded over the chances, selected for death first one and then another of her sons. Perhaps all had been killed by this time, for she knew her sons were brave! There was her youngest in particular, a dashing daredevil in the Alpine Chasseurs—the pacemakers in every attack. Yes, undoubtedly he had gone! She must make up her mind to it. And so she did, and unmade it, a hundred times a day. When she arrived in Evian it was five in the afternoon, and before she stood at the mail counter, registry slip in hand, it was nine—four mortal hours of heart-piercing suspense, during which she had buried one, two, three, four of her sons, and resurrected them again in a passion of hope. And now she was going to know! Yes, there was a letter for madame—two letters. Blindly she got herself out of the throng. The next moment there was a loud cry and she fell face down in a dead swoon.

A Mother's Intuition

"And for two days," continued the doctor who told me the incident, "she raved with acute dementia."

"Poor soul!" I said. "All four were killed? Her intuition was right."

"Not a bit of it," laughed the doctor. "All four of 'em were not killed! All four were alive and kicking. And that was the very trouble. It was a chance, of course, in a million. And winning that chance in the great lottery was too much for her. She had steeled herself for disaster. The strong shock of joy was a knock-out blow! But in a few days she was up and speeding on the way to her sons."

What the American Red Cross is doing for the children in this situation may be grouped under two heads: First, immediate, temporary aid; second, permanent work. Whatever the French Government wishes in the way of personnel, equipment, drivers, and so on, to meet an urgent relief need, the American Red Cross stands ready to deliver at an hour's notice. But—and this is important and not generally understood—the French themselves must first express the desire, extend the invitation for aid. We are the guests, they are the hosts. And it is not the policy to rush in, take over the whole French problem, willy-nilly, and begin to run things off on brisk American methods. France has her national pride, like ourselves; and it is her pride, even in this stress, to care for her own wherever she can. Such a course of procedure on the part of the Red Cross may mean a little more slowness at the outset; but it means a deeper and more sympathetic bond between the two nations in the end—and in the end it is not less successful than the crude head-on attack. Thus in the Evian problem the French struggled for months to care for the thousands of refugees, and with a pitifully scant nursing and medical staff accomplished marvels. Still, to make a complete medical examination of every incoming *rapatrié* with such a staff would need a day of a hundred hours. And without such medical attention contagious diseases and epidemics were bound to creep into France; which, in fact, they did.

When these defects were called to the attention of the French Government it at once frankly called for American aid. The same week a dozen ambulances and drivers, in charge of an American *chef de service* who had won distinction before Verdun, were dispatched to assist in the transportation. In passing it should be said that the winter work of these Red Cross ambulance drivers upon the borders of that glacier lake, in an ice-box temperature, with a keen zero wind thrusting playful darts between the shoulder blades, deserves a special mention. It is not a spectacular service or, save for pneumonia microbes, especially dangerous. It is simply a plugging, monotonous grind in freezing isolation.

Training French Peasants

After the ambulances had been dispatched a group of medical specialists were sent out to study the problem on the ground and suggest plans of permanent value. The result of their examination was the establishment of a receiving hospital of one hundred beds in Evian to care for the sick; a second hospital in Lyons for the chronic cases; and still a third hospital on the Mediterranean for the tuberculous patients.

In addition to the hospitals, a clinic has been established right in the Casino itself, so that no child leaves the building without a medical examination. And these two agencies, the inside clinic and the outside hospitals, render the situation, so far as the danger to the state is concerned, practically water-tight. For the clinic catches the small, microbe-ridden victim and shoots him straight to the hospital, thus turning a secure lock upon the spread of disease. As is the case on the northern frontier, these children suffer chiefly from malnutrition, contagious skin diseases and tuberculosis. It has been estimated roughly that about ten per cent of the *rapatriés* need hospital attention each day, and about one-third of that ten per cent are tuberculous.

The hospital at Evian is as modern and complete in its child equipment as expert thought can achieve. At present there is a colony of about fifty workers on the ground. One phase of the hospital service, as the head nurse outlined it to me, is of especial educational value.

"All of our nurses' aids, our *auxiliaires*, are French refugee girls," she explained. "This means practically a training school for nurses. And when it is realized that the French nursing standards are as low as the French surgery standards are high the need for general instruction in this line becomes apparent. We shall teach these raw, untrained peasant girls simply the first principles of caring for the sick. But if we do no more than instill into them the fundamentals of cleanliness, convince them that all over baths are not scandalous, that babies do not thrive on wine, that fresh air does not kill, that sheets should be changed slightly oftener than once a month, that pneumonia and tuberculous patients do not prosper in hermetically sealed rooms, and a few other modern, common-sense maxims, I for one shall be very content!"

These hospitals for children, established in needy zones throughout all France as fast as may be, constitute one of the most effective and long range pieces of work that the American Red Cross has undertaken, for they minister to the immediate want and at the same time strengthen permanently the general health tone of a nation. That the French appreciate our effort in this field is undoubted, and one of their statesmen has said that the impetus given by America to the conservation of child life in France is one of the most beneficial by-products of this great war.

DOMINANT

Dayton

A City of Industrial Pioneers

DAYTON'S greatness is founded upon industries that Dayton courage and genius created.

It is a city that literally has lifted itself by its bootstraps.

There is nothing of the trailer in Dayton's mental or physical make-up.

It is a city of pioneers.

Its leaders have blazed the way into new fields of industry. And these new industries, the product of Dayton's inventive and manufacturing genius, not only have brought prosperity and fame to the city itself, but have enriched and benefited the entire world.

Probably in no other city is so large a proportion of the community's greatness founded upon strictly creative work.

It was in Dayton that the airplane was born. Today, the conquest of the air is an accomplished fact and the creative work of Wilbur and Orville Wright has been internationally acknowledged.

Only a month ago in Dayton, before a great company of people, Lord Northcliffe, the representative of the British Government, presented to Orville Wright the medal of the Royal Society of Arts of Great Britain, in recognition of his and his brother's scientific achievements in the advance of aviation.

In making the presentation speech, Lord Northcliffe said: "Wilbur and Orville Wright were the first persons to ascend from the earth in a mechanically propelled airplane. To them, and to them only, is due the credit. Moreover, they were the real inventors of the means of controlling all airplanes."

Orville Wright is still actively engaged in the development and production of airplanes, being Consulting Engineer of the Dayton-Wright Airplane Company.

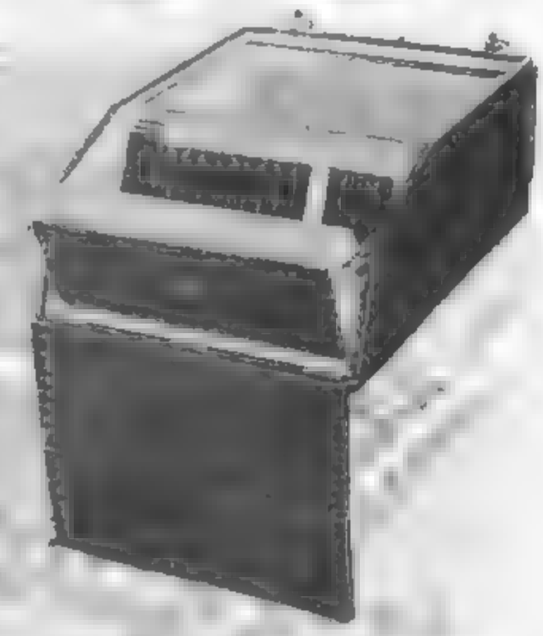
The pioneering genius that has made possible the conquest of the air is typical of the genius that has made Dayton unique among American cities.

The Cash Register was born in Dayton and, as a result, retail merchandising the world over has been revolutionized.

Under the guiding hand of John H. Patterson, the original crude idea of a register that would record cash received has been developed until today in every country of the earth, in 296 different lines of business and in some twenty-six different coinages, National Cash Registers—made in Dayton—are simplifying selling methods and standing as faithful guardians over the interests of both buyer and seller.

Retail merchandising today could as easily get along without the telephone as without the cash register.

DOMINANT Dayton



The National Cash Register

THE Cash Register was born in Dayton thirty-eight years ago. It is used today in every part of the globe, in 296 different businesses and in 26 different coinages. It has revolutionized retail merchandising methods and has become an economic necessity in the business life of the world. More than a million National Cash Registers are now in use.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

The idea of complete electrical equipment for automobiles was born in Dayton. Today, the Delco System of Cranking, Lighting and Ignition, is recognized as standard wherever motor cars are driven and three quarters of a million motor car owners are experiencing in their daily driving the efficiency and dependability of Delco equipment.

The first Delco equipped car appeared less than six years ago. Inside of a year the entire industry had been revolutionized and the hand-crank had been relegated to the junk pile.

The idea of high quality ready-mixed or liquid paint was born in Dayton. That was a good many years ago. It was a revolutionary idea. Today, Lowe Brothers' High Standard Paints and Varnishes—made in Dayton—are recognized the world over for their richness and beauty, their durability and their sterling, unvarying quality.

The idea of an electric light and power plant for farm use was not born in Dayton. But Dayton engineering and manufacturing ability developed and made an industry of it. Today, Delco-Light is furnishing electric light and power for 50,000 farm homes.

In less than two years it has done more to improve living conditions and to increase efficiency on the farm than any other single factor that has been introduced into rural life.

The Airless Tire for motor cars was born in Dayton and today is one of the big factors in the business of the Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company. It is used the world over on Ford cars, on light commercial vehicles and on fire apparatus, and is as well known almost as the celebrated "Thoroughbred" pneumatic tire made by the same company.

Sewing machines were not born in Dayton, but the vertical-feed sewing machine was born there nearly sixty years ago, invented by Job A. Davis, the original head of the Davis Sewing Machine Company. Since that time Davis sewing machines have become universally known, and today the Davis factory is one of the largest producers of sewing machines in the world.

The Davis Company also manufactures the Dayton Bicycle

Actual Photograph of the first Successful Airplane flight ever made

U·S·A

THE vertical-feed sewing machine was invented in Dayton by Job A. Davis nearly 60 years ago.

Davis
Sewing Machines

FOR more than half a century Davis Sewing Machines have been lightening the burden of womanhood the world over. Today, more than 128,000 of them are being manufactured every year in these big Dayton factories.

Dayton Bicycles

The Davis Company also enjoys the distinction of being the largest producer of Bicycles in the world. The output of their factory being 116,000 a year. The name "Dayton" stands for quality and character in the eyes of bicycle riders everywhere.

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO.

and enjoys the distinction of operating the world's largest factory devoted to the manufacture of bicycles. The great Davis factories, including some sixty buildings and covering 700,000 feet of floor space, have an annual output of 116,000 bicycles; 128,000 sewing machines, and in addition a very large production of drop forgings.

Still another of Dayton's distinct industrial successes is the Burnett-Larsh Manufacturing Company, makers of "Duro" Pumps and Water Systems. In two short years this company has sprung into national prominence, and today wherever residence water systems are in use the "Duro" name is known and "Duro" economy and efficiency are recognized. "Running water forevery home,everywhere," is the slogan upon which the "Duro" business has been built, and that slogan, backed by a high type of engineering, manufacturing and selling ability, has done much to better living conditions in thousands of city, suburban and farm homes.

These are just a few examples of the pioneering instinct that has laid the foundation for Dayton's greatness.

They are not, by any means, the whole story of industrial Dayton. They are rather the most striking expression of the Dayton spirit.

Varied Industries

Dayton has been spoken of as the city of a thousand factories. It makes pretty nearly everything, from chewing gum to freight cars and from perfumed soaps to automobiles. It numbers among its industries, in addition to those already mentioned, the largest Computing Scale factory in the world; the largest Autographic Register factory; the largest Fare Recording Register factory in the world; it is a leader in the production of golf clubs and shoe lasts; of automatic toys and hoisting jacks; it produces more U. S. stamped envelopes than any other city in the country. And the dominance of these industries, backed up and supplemented by hundreds of others of almost equal importance, makes the very atmosphere of Dayton dynamic.

New Postoffice—One of the most beautiful Government buildings in the Country

DOMINANT Dayton

Delco

Cranking—Lighting—Ignition

ELECTRICAL Equipment for automobiles is one of Dayton's pioneering triumphs—Six years ago the first Delco Equipped car appeared on the market and over night almost, the entire motor car industry was revolutionized—Today, three quarters of a million car owners are driving Delco Equipped Cars.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO.

Wonderful Welfare Work

Probably no one thing is so thoroughly characteristic of the co-operative spirit of Dayton as its welfare work.

Welfare work as it is now known throughout the world had its inception in Dayton.

It was inaugurated by the National Cash Register Company in the early days of its business career.

It has changed the whole industrial and civic atmospheres of the city.

It has made Dayton shops and factories models of convenience and efficiency from the worker's standpoint.

It has beautified the city and greatly improved its living conditions.

It has turned the rougher, uglier sections of the city into districts of parks and gardens and cozy homes.

It has educated the children, as well as the older people, along vocational lines.

It has shown the people not only how to play, but how to work.

Montgomery County Court House—Corner Main and Third Streets

And it has added immeasurably to the health, happiness, contentment and prosperity of the entire community.

Dayton is a city awake—a city thoroughly alive to the tremendous potentiality of the times in which we live.

Five years ago, when the waters of the most disastrous flood that ever visited southern Ohio subsided, Dayton was left buried in a mass of mud and wreckage from which it seemed impossible that any power could extricate it.

And yet, under the dynamic influence of the city's industrial leaders, that darkest hour in its history proved to be but the hour before the dawning of its brightest day.

It is a new Dayton that has arisen out of the wreckage that the waters left.

A dominant Dayton, if you please.

The flood was a challenge to the patriotic and civic courage of the city.

And right splendidly was that challenge accepted and met.

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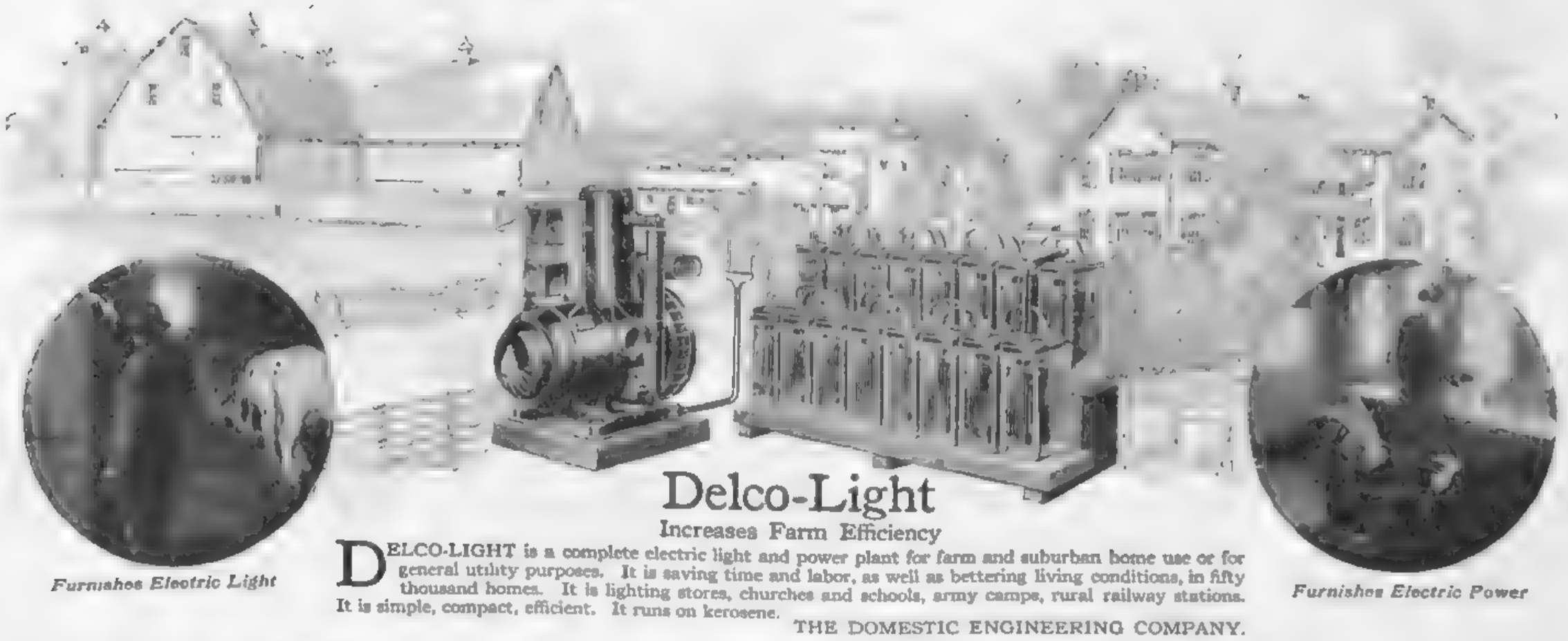


Furnishes Electric Light

Furnishes Electric Power

Delco-Light

Increases Farm Efficiency

DELCO-LIGHT is a complete electric light and power plant for farm and suburban home use or for general utility purposes. It is saving time and labor, as well as bettering living conditions, in fifty thousand homes. It is lighting stores, churches and schools, army camps, rural railway stations. It is simple, compact, efficient. It runs on kerosene.

THE DOMESTIC ENGINEERING COMPANY.

No More Floods For Dayton

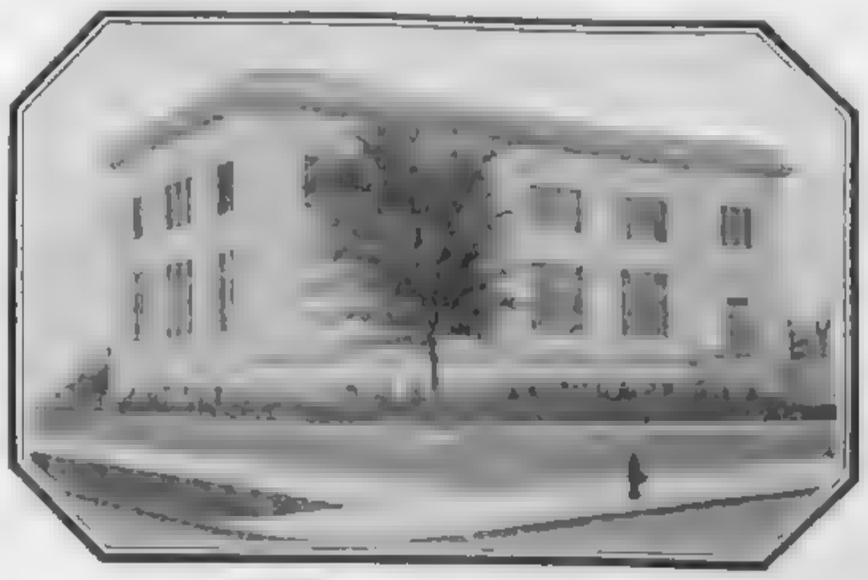
There never had been such a flood before—and it didn't seem likely that there ever would be again—and yet, scarcely had the waters receded when the leaders of the city got together with a determination to positively prevent a repetition of the disaster. A meeting of citizens was called and in an incredibly short time, a $2,000,000 fund was raised to finance the work.

The best engineers available were employed. It was a big problem that was put up to them—an entirely new problem—and yet it was thoroughly characteristic of the Dayton way of doing things. The fact that it had never been done before was merely an added reason why it should be done in this instance.

"Can't be done" is a phrase that has been eliminated from the vocabulary of Dayton.

The engineers undertook the work and after a careful survey recommended that the plan be enlarged to include the protection of the entire Miami Valley.

This plan was adopted; the Miami Conservancy District was created by the State Legislature and the work of carrying out the gigantic project was begun. It is not nearly completed yet, but it is on the way and it will be rushed to completion just as rapidly as money and energy and engineering skill can rush it.



Conservancy building where flood prevention plans are rapidly working out

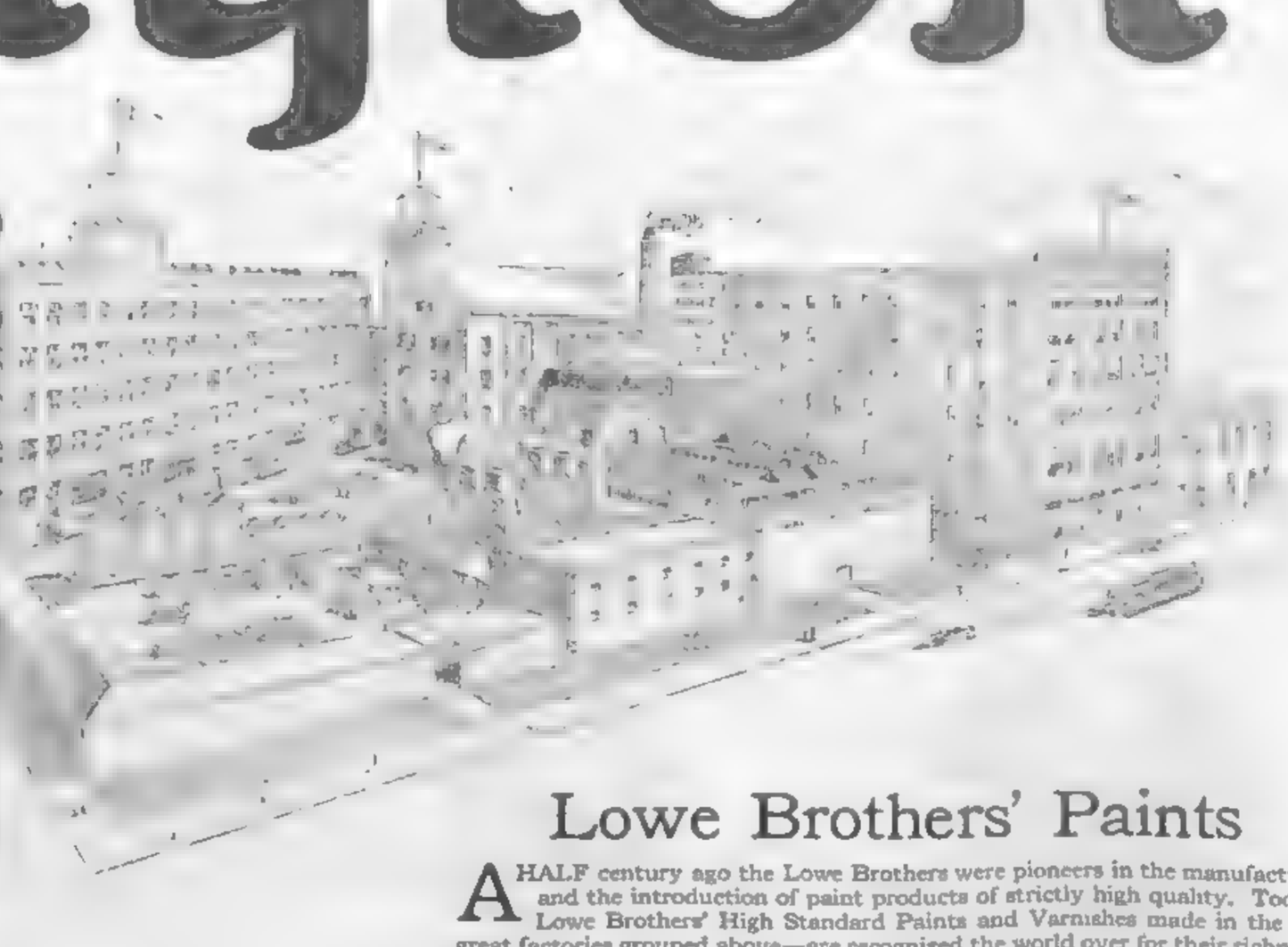
Scientific Research

Another enterprise that is thoroughly in keeping with the pioneering spirit of the city is the Research Laboratories of the Dayton Metal Products Company, one of Dayton's largest and most substantial industries. These laboratories are entirely separate from the plant and are maintained solely for the purpose of scientific research along advanced and original lines.

Some tremendously potential things are developing there just now—things that seem destined to place Dayton still further in the lead as a center of scientific and creative work.

Still another organization that accurately reflects the spirit of Dayton is the Engineers' Club,

DOMINANT
Dayton



Lowe Brothers' Paints

A HALF century ago the Lowe Brothers were pioneers in the manufacture and the introduction of paint products of strictly high quality. Today Lowe Brothers' High Standard Paints and Varnishes made in the six great factories grouped above—are recognized the world over for their richness and beauty—their durability, their sterling unvarying quality.

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY

organized and fostered by leading engineers for the express purpose of making the city a center for engineering activity and research.

Dayton today is a leader among cities — not only because of its creative and constructive genius, but because of the co-operative efficiency of its government; the unusual development of its educational and other community interests; the substantial modernity of its buildings and the rare beauty of its residential sections.

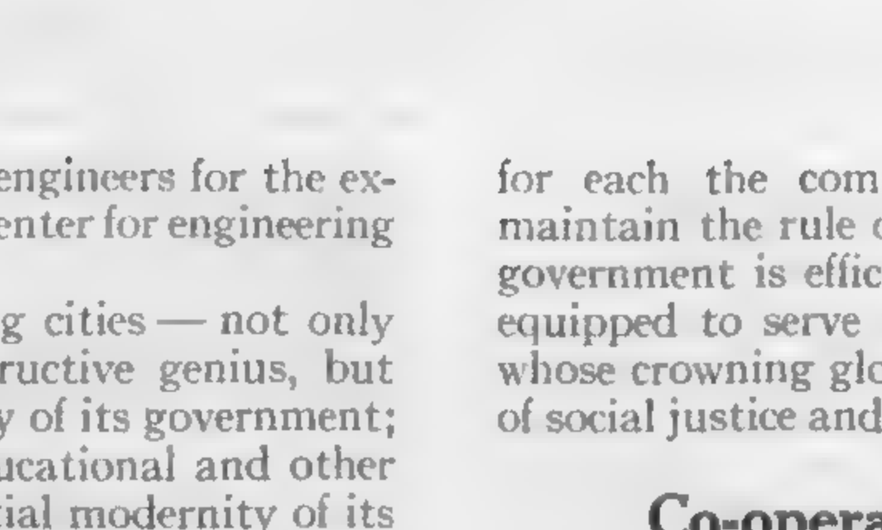
There are no slums in Dayton. There is little or no poverty. Work is abundant and wages are high.

More nearly, probably, than in any other American city, the community interest prevails and employer and employe work together for the common good.

The first paragraph of the Daytonian's creed, published in the 1917 Year Book of the city's research bureau, is not mere sentiment, but a fair expression of the Dayton idea of civic obligation.

It reads as follows:

"I BELIEVE in Dayton, the city of precision, the Gem City of Ohio; where employers and employes, thru co-operation and sympathetic effort, toil to achieve for each the common birthright of mankind and maintain the rule of man's obligation to man; whose government is efficient and popularly responsive, and equipped to serve the community's broad needs, and whose crowning glory is her vision and her realization of social justice and common service."



The Union Station—Center of Dayton's Six Big Railroads

Co-operation the Watchword

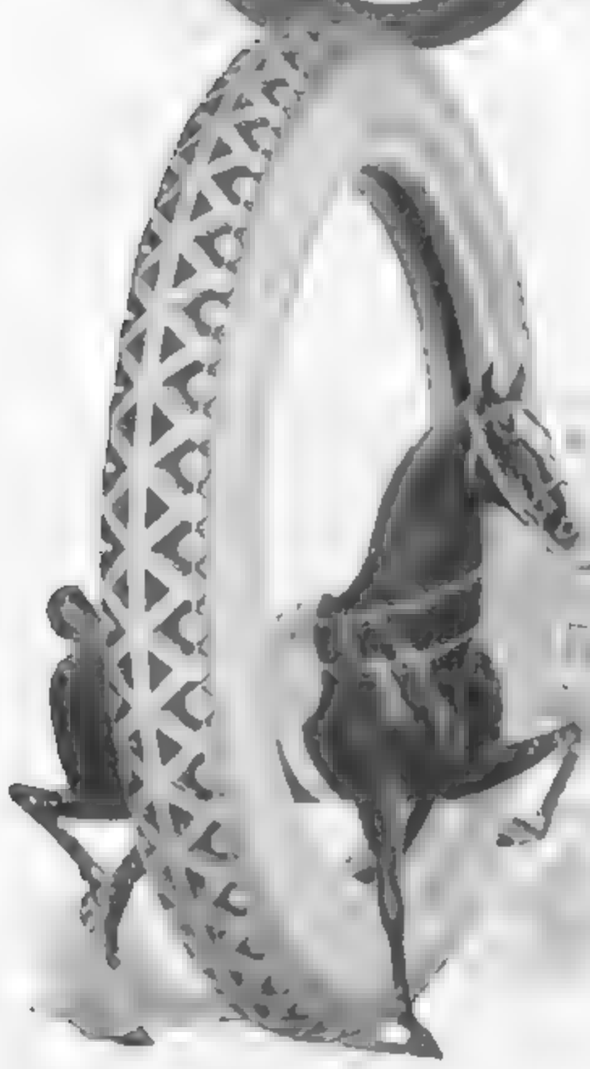
The spirit of Dayton is the spirit of co-operation. It finds expression in the commission government with its city manager and its thoroughgoing business organization—

In the highly developed welfare work that reaches out into the lives of every one of the city's 140,000 inhabitants—

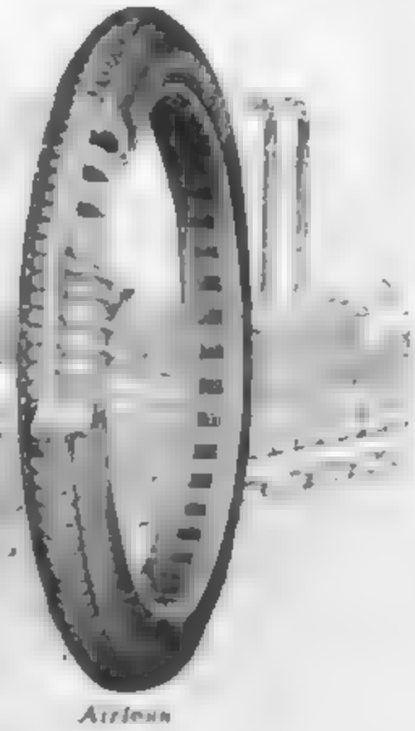
In its beautiful parks and playgrounds; its well-kept lawns and its thousands of cultivated gardens—

In its community centers; its community Country Club and a hundred other civic activities that make the city a wonderfully wholesome and satisfying place in which to live and work.

U·S·A



"Thoroughbreds"



Airless

Dayton Thoroughbred Tires

Dayton Airless Tires

DAYTON Thoroughbred Tires are typically a Dayton Product. They are quality tires made by master tire builders in one of the most thoroughly modern factories in the world. The Thoroughbred slogan "Try one you'll soon have four" is being realized in the experience of thousands of motor car owners all over the country.

Dayton Airless Tires differ from the pneumatics in having piers of elastic rubber instead of the inner tube and are specially designed for light passenger and commercial cars and for motor fire apparatus.

A new and very attractive proposition for dealers will be ready January first.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.

Probably no city in the country has more charming residential sections than Dayton.

The beauties of nature have been preserved to an unusual degree and there is a pleasing harmony in the landscape architecture that is but another striking evidence of the co-operative spirit that animates every phase of city life.

There are no jarring notes or tones in the architecture of homes or public buildings.

Everything seems to have been designed and placed to fit perfectly into the landscape of the city as a whole.

Dayton started life under favoring circumstances, having been born in the strategic center of commerce and industry.

Its founders thought they were building a frontier town. Instead, they were planting a city in the very midst of half the population of the United States.

A five hundred mile circle, with Dayton as the center, includes in its scope more than 50,000,000 people and considerably more than half the buying power of the country.

Handsome and Commodious Home of Dayton's Young Woman's Christian Association

The wealthiest and most easily accessible market in the world lies within the scope of an overnight ride from Dayton's Union Depot.

The Center of the World's Greatest Market

Probably no city in the country today is making more rapid and substantial development along commercial and industrial lines.

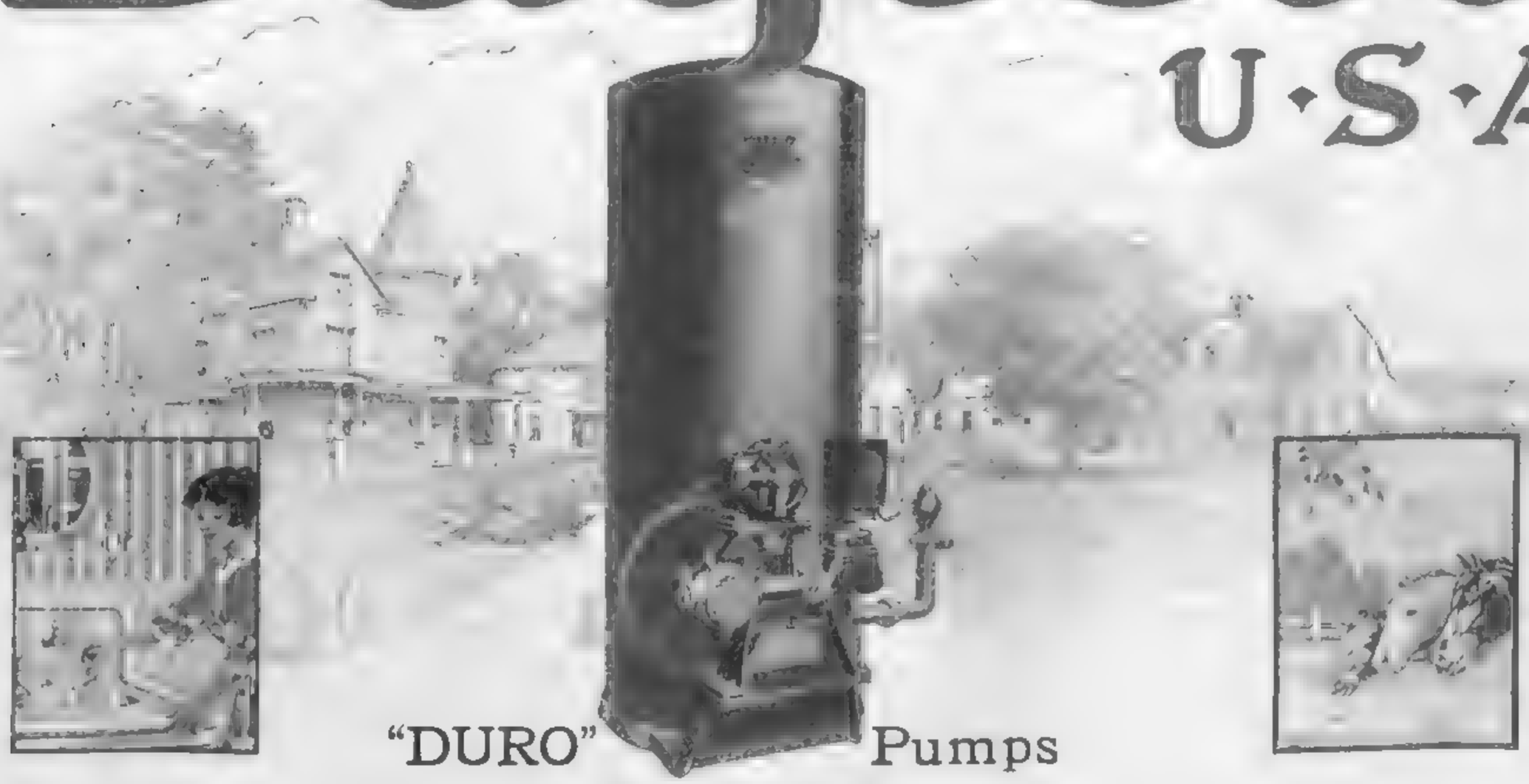
Probably no city in the country today offers a more favorable opportunity for the investment of capital or intelligent effort, than does the City of Dayton.

The greatest market in the world lies at its doors.

Its railroad facilities are unusually adequate. Six steam railways pass through the city, while eight interurban lines reach out into adjoining counties and states like the strands of a cobweb.

All these advantages, together with the ideal form of city government, the low tax rate and the unsurpassed living conditions, make Dayton not only a highly desirable place from

DOMINANT Dayton U·S·A



"DURO" Pumps

and Residence Water Systems

AN ABUNDANT and economical supply of running water for Everyone, Everywhere, is the ambition of this company—"Duro" Pumps and Residence Water Systems are economical, efficient, adapted to all sorts of requirements and are operated by electricity, gas engine or hand power. They are so low in cost and so economical in operation that home owners everywhere can afford to enjoy the conveniences of running water.

THE BURNETT-LARSH MANUFACTURING CO.

the manufacturing viewpoint, but give it unusual advantages as a market for labor.

There is always a demand for high class labor in Dayton, particularly for skilled mechanics.

Trained Labor Needed

In fact, so desirous are the employers of the city to make Dayton the natural home of high class, intelligent labor, that a number of training schools have been put into operation where young men are especially trained for the work that Dayton factories have to offer; and where dormant labor that is not now employed is developed and fitted for skilled work. These schools are already attracting widespread attention and are bringing into the city the most desirable type of working people.

Dayton's growth during the last five years has been phenomenal. Also, it has been very substantial and satisfying.

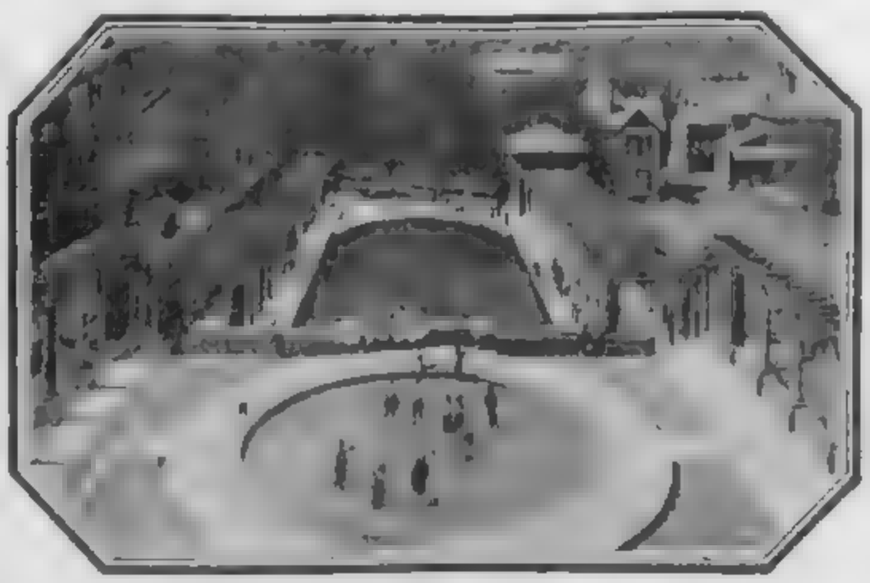
Dayton is built upon a solid foundation industrially, commercially, financially; — and from the standpoint of civic unity it has been builded well. But Dayton's ambition reaches out into still larger things.

There is room in the wonderful Miami Valley for a city of half a million or more. And Dayton will unquestionably reach that mark within the next ten years.

Dayton has no free lands to offer as an inducement to new industries. It has no financing schemes for speculative ventures. But it does have some of the most remarkable facilities for the successful development of manufacturing and commercial enterprises to be found anywhere in the country. Its doors are wide open to substantial industries and commercial enterprises.

Correspondence is cordially invited and complete information will gladly be furnished by

The Greater Dayton Ass'n
Dayton, Ohio



Children's Playground—A typical example of Dayton's Civic and Welfare Work

The second installment of the story of Dominant Dayton will appear in a January issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

HOW RICH MEN INVEST

(Continued from Page 6)

and actually buy or sell there would be a panic at once, so eager are the mob of brokers to follow a significant lead.

E. H. Harriman was a member of the Exchange. Indeed he began life as a broker and became a railroad emperor only by degrees. But though he never went on the Exchange in his later years, he retained his seat there and also had cousins who were active brokers. Russell Sage, who was probably the largest individual money lender in the country's history, was a member, and curiously enough, though he has been dead these eleven years, his Stock Exchange seat has never been sold. One of the largest banks in America, the most distinctively rich man's bank perhaps in the whole world, is organized under the national banking laws and thus prevented by the rules of the Stock Exchange from having any membership on the Exchange, but a son-in-law of the chief stockholder in the bank is a broker, and so is the son of another of the largest stockholders. Moreover, both these brokerage firms have their offices in the bank building.

The Standard Oil crowd have always had extremely close connections with the Stock Exchange. Two of the Rockefellers are now members; and H. H. Rogers, who until his death was a prime factor in Standard Oil, was also a member. The silent old building at 26 Broadway which houses the Standard Oil companies has only three outside tenants, as far as I have been able to learn. One of these is a bank and two are Stock Exchange brokers. One of these firms has always been considered very close, through marriage connections, with Standard Oil people. But the fact is that this firm does very little if any actual business on the Stock Exchange. The connection would be far too obvious.

Indeed it has been rumored on what seemed to be excellent authority, though such a statement is naturally impossible of confirmation, that this firm never had a private telegraph wire into the homes or offices of any of the Rockefellers, whereas other firms not generally known to have any connection with the Rockefellers or Standard Oil had enjoyed this particular form of profitable intercourse.

Once a brokerage firm is known or believed to be permanently identified with important capitalistic groups its movements must be made with the utmost caution and secrecy. Thus a broker of long experience and great activity told me that in all his years on the Exchange he had never once seen the name of J. P. Morgan & Co., or of two or three other firms of somewhat similar importance, in a Stock Exchange sale. Yet these concerns are involved in enormous transactions, many of which must find their way through the Exchange machinery. But of course the business is simply turned over to less well-known firms, whose names are the ones to appear in the transaction.

Boston Trustees

Members of brokerage firms identified with conspicuously large fortunes or corporate interests of national importance sometimes go on the floor of the Exchange, but give out their orders to buy and sell to other brokers in a manner wholly different from the ordinary rough and tumble of the market. Instead of going into the so-called crowds, which are really noisy riots and which are the places where the trading in particular stocks or bonds is centered, they walk about in a casual manner and drop a small slip of paper into the hands or pocket of some passing member, or whisper one or two words in his ear. Often in such cases no written memorandum is exchanged and the broker who is picked out for the distinguished order has nothing perhaps but the whispered words "5000 Union" to protect him in a transaction involving half a million dollars.

Many of the richest men in the country never buy or sell any securities directly through brokers, but give all their orders to the banks and trust companies. These in turn distribute the orders among brokers, who thus have no clew whatever to the real source of the buying. All the broker knows is that First National or some other bank "was very kind to us to-day," and he has no way of knowing how many other brokers received similar favors. On the other hand, of course, there are many men of large wealth who do not care a darn if their operations become known, and make their investments more or less in the open through brokers whom they happen to know or are related to, caring nothing what others may think or do.

Most owners of swollen fortunes have found it necessary to build up a special organization to invest their money. This is particularly true of those who have retired from active business, and is nearly always the case with the inheritors of large wealth. The job of caring for another man's huge fortune is a peculiarly interesting and expert occupation. In Boston it has become a regular institution of much honor and dignity. The managers of fortunes there are known as trustees, and occupy not only a high position in the community but constitute a unique, standardized and distinguished profession.

The Boston trustee is not necessarily a lawyer, though he is often law trained. Almost always he cares for the property not of an individual but of an estate or family. He occupies a sort of fatherly and patriarchal relationship to the estate, almost that of a family pastor, which the careless hurly-burly of New York would not tolerate for a moment.

Investment Managers

Almost every estate of any size in Boston has its dignified, cultured trustee. In New York it is only the mammoth fortunes that are cared for in this way. Moderate sized family or estate fortunes in New York are invested more often through institutions, such as banks or trust companies. Yet a number of the very wealthy New York families, estates and individuals have what corresponds to the Boston trustee. New York, however, is never so dignified as Boston, and so does not give the gentleman such a nice name. Often it dubs him merely "John D. Morganfeller's Man Friday," or it calls him an "investment clerk," or at the very most an "investment manager." As for calling these persons "vice regents," which is the grandiose word applied to them by the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, Wall Street would blush with shame to be caught using such language. Indeed Wall Street's lack of reverence for its own institutions is well represented by the reply of a young banker who was asked whether a certain elderly retired capitalist had an investment manager.

"Do you mean Blank?" was the reply, naming a man who had been president of a great and famous corporation in the days when the now elderly capitalist had controlled the company. "Sure, Blank does everything for the old man except brush his shoes and fix his necktie."

These investment managers are a curiously diversified lot of men. A few are lawyers by profession, but more are former brokerage-house employees whose good sense, sound judgment and absolute discretion have commended them to their present employers. One even was a former clergyman. The writer of this article has been personally thrown in rather intimate contact with two of these men, most unlike in many respects but absolutely similar in their cold, clear power of judgment and analysis.

Both of these investment managers cared for estates of about $60,000,000 each. One was a man of sixty—a fat, genial, good-natured lawyer, who seemed to spend most of his time sitting on a dangerously weak-looking chair in the office of a smart indoor tennis club. He came of an old Knickerbocker family, lived and died in a quaint musty neighborhood of lower Manhattan Island, and gave the impression of never having been west of the Hudson River. I never knew a man who seemed to have so much time for light and kindly conversation with whoever came along, or who was more modest or who asked so many questions. But on the rare occasions when the subject of his occupation was discussed the shrewd look that came into his eyes and the sharp, crisp opinions he expressed showed that he knew his business.

The other investment manager was about thirty-five years younger and looked even younger than he was. He was small, silent and wonderfully alert. When it came to analyzing a bond or stock his mind worked with the cold relentless precision of a machine. He was not a lawyer, an accountant or an engineer, but when he investigated a proposition the pitiless thoroughness of his work would have shamed most members of those professions. If he disappeared from his accustomed haunts for a few days or weeks one could be fairly certain, but not from anything he said, that he had been digging into the affairs of one of his employer's out-of-town investments.

John D. Rockefeller's investments are so extensive that he employs a large staff, or committee, to look after them. William Rockefeller and his son Percy have a representative, Percival J. McIntosh, who does much of their investing. In the same building, 26 Broadway, are the great estates of C. W. Harkness, C. M. Pratt, John D. Archbold, H. H. Rogers and Henry M. Flagler. The Astors have an especially large organization, as do the Goelets and other great New York land-owning families. Thomas F. Ryan, whose corporate interests are among the largest in the country, not only has a son on the Stock Exchange but a personal investment manager as well. The Whitney family, one of the two or three richest in America, has an organization to look after its investments by the name of the Northern Finance Corporation. The Bessemer Investment Corporation looks after the interests of one of Andrew Carnegie's former partners, Henry Phipps. Indeed it is quite a frequent practice to form a separate corporation to care for the holdings of wealthy investors.

In cases where men of great means are interested in banks, trust companies and banking firms they often need no other organization to care for their affairs. Anthony N. Brady, who left an estate of nearly $80,000,000, occupied for many years an inside office in a great Wall Street trust company, though his name did not appear as a director or officer. Newspaper reporters after calling upon the president, who sat outside Mr. Brady's office, usually saw the capitalist's coat tails through his half-open door, and always commented jokingly among themselves upon the relative unimportance of mere titles.

Men of great wealth and their agents usually try to buy securities—other than those which can be had only on the Stock Exchange—at liberal discounts. Either they demand being let in on any new syndicate underwriting so that they may share the profits of the syndicate or else they demand a price usually two points below the regular selling price. And they usually get it, too, because of the size of their purchases. Bond dealers naturally dislike to cut their prices, but often are forced to do so to win the man who has from two hundred and fifty thousand to a million dollars to invest in one lump. Naturally you will hear some very bitter and cutting things said about rich men's investment managers from bond dealers and brokers.

"They think they are an awful smart lot," said one such dealer to me. "But sometimes they meet their match."

No Bargain Counter

This remark referred to the sale of the so-called British mobilized securities a year ago by J. P. Morgan & Co. It was known that this firm had been given several hundred million dollars of first-class American railroad bonds by the British Government to sell on this side; and bond houses, brokers, insurance companies and rich private investors at first thought they were going to pick up bargains at panic levels. But the selling was managed with such cleverness that in spite of the attempts of these big investors to beat down prices, attempts which are usually successful in their case, there were practically no reductions made to them.

With all the extensive machinery at their disposal it is generally assumed that the rich invest more successfully than those of moderate means. Probably they do, but not enough more successfully to discourage the man of modest income. There is no more common error than to assume that a millionaire never makes a mistake. He and his agents are liable to error, perhaps not as much as persons of minor financial importance, but to a very great degree all the same. Jay Gould is said to have remarked that no man could guess right more than three out of five times. And even where it is not a matter of mere guesswork but of cool judgment, the rich man, indeed the fabulously rich man, very often goes wrong.

The millionaire has at his disposal powerful forces which make for safety in his investments. He can afford to employ an organization to investigate, and he can afford to distribute his holdings so extensively as to average down his losses. A still more important and perhaps even more simple factor that always works for him but that I have rarely heard mentioned is his greater experience. He has so many opportunities thrown at him that mere horse sense should teach him in time to avoid mistakes. The man of moderate means has no such advantage. He does not invest weekly or daily, and so he does not gain the first-hand experience of repeated selection and rejection. But there are just as powerful forces that work against the rich investor, forces within himself that do not operate at all in the case of the man of medium income. Indeed it may be fortunate that such is the case, else all the money in the world might become concentrated in the hands of a few.

Self-Made Millionaires

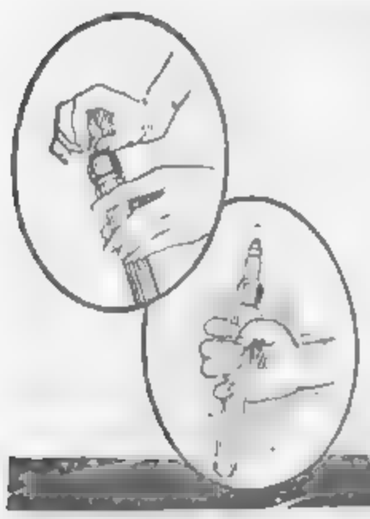
The contents of the strong boxes of so many persons of great wealth have been exhibited to the world in the last ten years through death and the inheritance-tax appraisers that a very fair idea may be had of how these men actually do employ their funds. Taking only a partial list of those who left, say, $15,000,000 or more, we have before us the investments of such varied personalities as J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman, H. H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, John D. Archbold, Harris Fahnestock, John S. Kennedy, D. Willis James, Anthony N. Brady, Joseph Pulitzer, D. O. Mills, James B. Haggin, Alfred Vanderbilt, James Hobart Moore, Charles W. Harkness, L. V. Harkness and John Jacob Astor. Further back, one may analyze the holdings of such giants as Russell Sage, Marshall Field, P. D. Armour, Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt. Before long it may be possible to discover how the enormous fortunes of Hetty Green and Oliver H. Payne were invested, and gifts of large sums to various foundations by John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie have made it possible in part to discover their investment secrets.

Nearly always the self-made millionaire has to contend with his own too great self-confidence. His very success is often his undoing. Trained in one line, successful in that line, it is only with extreme difficulty that he can make himself realize that he cannot succeed in all lines. He is flushed with success and prosperity. He has unconsciously, perhaps, the feeling that he possesses the magic touch; that once he invests in an enterprise, once he becomes its backer, it simply must succeed. And in countless cases he is utterly wrong. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been thrown away by the self-made men on investments outside their own business.

The verdict of most observers is that self-made millionaires usually make their fortunes in an industry that they understand and lose a large portion in securities they know nothing about. In that sense the saying that it is easier to make money than to invest it is true. Vast sums were sunk by the millionaires of the Pittsburgh steel district in mining shares in Nevada. It is only his recent dazzling success with the Bethlehem Steel Company that has erased from Wall Street's memory Mr. Schwab's connection with mining ventures.

John D. Rockefeller's enormous wealth is largely due to the large proportion of his earnings which he has kept in his own business. It is commonly supposed that when several of his partners wished to engage in an orgy of railroad construction and investment Mr. Rockefeller took over part of their Standard Oil holdings. Indeed, if men like William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers and Henry M. Flagler had refrained from their enormous purchases of railroad stocks or had kept from bundling railroads of their own their wealth would have about equaled that of John D.

It is only when our "billionaire" went outside of his own industry and indulged in the Colorado Fuel and Iron, Western Maryland and other nonpetroleum ventures that his investments turned out badly. Despite his staff of investigators and investment experts he would probably have more



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The gasoline softens the carbon and the little flying needles pick it off in small particles and leave the plug cleaner than you could get it in the old laborious way.

Champion Minute Spark Plug Cleaners cost only 75 cents, come in a neat wooden box that will pack neatly in your tool case and are sold by supply dealers and garage men everywhere. Get yours today.

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if his funds had been put in savings banks, if such a thing had been physically possible, than in these outside ventures. Of course his one great advantage is that he can afford to wait, to hold on, and himself finance a weak company through hard times. If it had not been for this saving grace, peculiar to him alone, because no other man in the country is quite rich enough to do it, John D. Rockefeller's outside investment losses would have been staggering indeed.

Rich men nearly always are most fortunate when they stick to their own line or at least to somewhat similar industries. The founder of a chemical firm left an estate of $7,000,000, the bulk of which consisted not in his firm interest but in stockholdings in two other companies in an allied line of business. That is often the true secret of investment success. But when copper men buy railroads and railroad men buy copper is it any wonder they lose? Nor is there any doubt that rich men as well as others are prone to reason badly. The late Professor Münsterberg pointed out that the masses are constantly deceived by false analogies. They reason, so the great psychologist said, that because the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company multiplied its value a hundredfold other copper mines must do the same. He might have added that the classes as well as the masses are often the victims of weak logic.

Another great source of loss to men of wealth is their frequent attempt to play the market. The stock market is an impersonal thing that no one can beat. Nor does the possession of inside or confidential information seem to help the millionaire. Indeed it is a common conviction among Wall Street men that one reason for the size of John D. Rockefeller's fortune is that he has not tried to play the market, in the sense that many other men of unusual wealth have done.

"A man came into this office many years ago," said an old broker. "He sat where you are sitting now and sold out his factory to the trust for $2,000,000. Then he began to speculate and he lost nearly every cent."

"The current which sends market prices up or down," said one of the country's foremost bankers recently, "is far stronger than any man or combination of men. It would sweep any man or men aside like driftwood if they stood in its way or attempted to deflect it." And only the underground news of Wall Street, that which never sees the light and never can, completely tells the story of the distinguished millionaires who have been burned in the speculative game.

The fact that nearly all large estates contain "cats and dogs"—that is, utterly worthless stocks with no chance of salvage—has perhaps tended to make persons of smaller means feel more comfortable or has even influenced them to be more careless. Such conclusions are most unfortunate. Rich men acquire cats and dogs either because they feel they can afford to gamble, which other people cannot afford to do, or because of some personal interest. Millionaires often acquire the cat-and-dog type of stocks as gifts, or accept them as collateral for loans to friends, or buy them from friends to help them out.

We hear much of the saying "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," and of how great American fortunes are quickly distributed or dissipated through the improvidence of their inheritors. But though there are conspicuous examples of financial incompetence on the part of the inheritors of great fortunes, there are just as many cases where the fortunes have been kept intact, for the very simple reason that the owners, fully knowing their limitations, have taken no fliers, made no ventures, but trusted wholly to expert advice. No one ever suggested that the late Alfred Vanderbilt, whose interest in horse racing was well known, possessed any business genius. But he left a large estate invested in the most conservative securities, and apparently had never indulged either in cats and dogs or in ventures he knew nothing about. Both the Astor and Vanderbilt fortunes have been kept intact because the owners have not trusted themselves to take a fling the way the self-made man always feels free to do.

Curiously enough, cats and dogs rarely if ever appear in the estates of Standard Oil millionaires. That is a form of indulgence that these rather stern capitalists keep away from. And though some of their number have sunk scores of millions in rather unprofitable railroads, others have invested with extraordinary skill. John D. Archbold, a former president of the Standard Oil Company, was one of these; and so was Charles W. Harkness, who inherited only a couple of million dollars from his father, one of the founders of the company, and through the increase in value of Standard Oil stock and judicious outside investment increased the total to $60,000,000.

J. P. Morgan made many bad investments, but his motives seem to have been to interest himself in this or that undertaking rather than to set out deliberately to secure the largest profit. Then, too, he reduced the value of his estate by sinking vast sums in art. Money for its own sake did not appeal to Morgan much; and yet, like three other marvelously successful men—James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman and Marshall Field—he left a huge estate, chiefly because, in a strictly investment sense, the bulk of his income went into the business he knew the most about. Hill and Harriman invested most heavily in railroads, Marshall Field in the dry-goods business and Morgan in banking.

It is rather significant that a rough approximation of the composite final judgment of these four business geniuses as expressed in their actual investments shows a heavy leaning toward stocks rather than toward bonds—that is, toward the equities and growth of the country rather than toward the mortgage upon it. None of them placed more than a quarter of his fortune in bonds. One safe general conclusion to draw from the study of rich men's investments is that they never do better than when they purchase bank stocks. The writer is not prepared to say that this would necessarily hold true for the small investor. But for the man of large means bank stocks seem to hold out less of a prospect of loss and more of a chance for gain on the average than perhaps any other use to which he can put his money.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 21)

"It couldn't be helped, I suppose," I said to Pasc; "but I never felt meaner over a little thing in my life, than letting him go."

"And of course you couldn't tell the boy how it was—how it was forced on us," said Pasc. "It certainly was a mean job—for you," he told me.

But the women took it the hardest of anybody. The whole thing had been a kind of family affair with us before that; we talked about the people at the office and the shop when we got home, always. The place those days was always what Billings claimed a business shouldn't ever be—run on a kind of personal basis.

"Did-didn't he make you?" said Polly, flaring up when she heard about it. "Did-didn't he give you your first big start—what he did in that race?"

"I never denied it," said I.

"I thought—I thought that was one thing you always claimed," she kept after me. "I—I thought you always made your boasts—that whatever anybody did for you, you always paid them back; especially if they stood by you and did you a favor."

"We offered him a job," said I.

"Yes—yes. What kind of a job!" said she. "He's right. He's a rider, not a mechanic!"

"He could have changed."

"Changed," she said. "So could you! What harm would it have done to keep him? Tell me.

"He'd have made something for you as advertising, wouldn't he?"

"Probably he would."

"How—how much would you have lost altogether?"

"I don't know."

"I don't, either," said Polly. "What you did, in my opinion, you lost money by—by letting him go—besides doing a mean thing, throwing him out."

"Well, it's done anyhow," I said. "We won't talk about it any more."

(Continued on Page 77)

Some Day, Ruthie, this may save us all from being burned to death.

Mother says it's the best Christmas present Santa Claus ever brought her. She would rather have Pyrene than diamond earrings or a new fur coat. Because Pyrene makes you and me and Dollie and Rover and everything in the house safe from fire.

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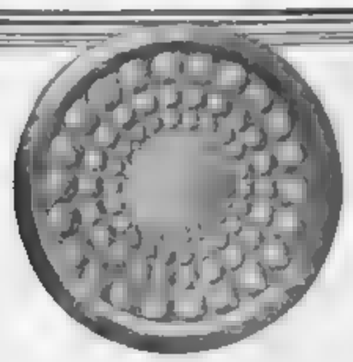
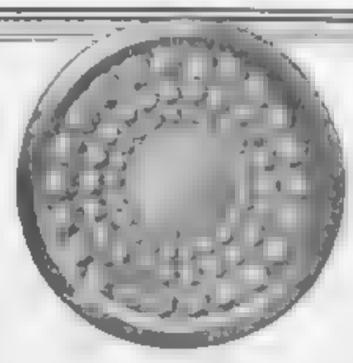


Legal Everywhere

No Direct Beams
No Height Restrictions
No Dimmers Needed



Used on 850,000 Cars

No Glare Rays
No Dark Roadsides
No Hidden Turns

Don't Change Lenses *Twice*

The Laws Say This

In 20 states and countless smaller communities, the laws say this in effect: No blinding glare. No direct beams; or, if you have them, they must not reach the eye. Height restriction is 42 inches, usually. Nowadays most motor cars confront a law like that.

There Are Three Courses Open

First—a light so dimmed or clouded that it cannot dazzle, nor can it light the road. That is impossible beyond well-lighted streets.

Second—glare-rays held down to the road. That means, of course, a narrow restricted light.

Third—Warner-Lenz—a diffused light, far-reaching and widespread.

Mark the Advantage

The Warner-Lenz is legal under every law. That has been settled by countless authorities.

And every commission appointed under any State law has approved the Warner-Lenz.

There are no height restrictions. It lights the upgrades and the downgrades. Rise and fall of the car in no way affect it. There are no direct beams, so no glare-rays—nothing to forbid. The 176 lenses in one convert the search-rays into a mellow flood of light.

The Warner-Lenz illumines one's entire field of vision. It lights the roadsides, far and near. It lights turns. Night roads are made like day roads.

Any side up is "right side up." Turning of the lens in the lamp-rim cannot affect this light. That is the vital point.

What Experts Say

Note that 20 great car makers, after many comparisons, now put the Warner-Lenz on all cars. And they do not make mistakes.

Standard Equipment On

Packard	*Lenox*	*Doble Steam*
Marmon	*Peerless*	*Singer*
Stutz	*Fageol*	*Daniels 8*
Hal Twelve	*Moon*	*McFarlan*
White	*Standard 8*	*Murray*
Fiat	*Pathfinder*	*Davis*
Ohio Electric		*Cunningham*

Note the Packard Twin-Sixes have two sets of Warner-Lenz. Not on the headlights only, but on the small lights, too.

Mr. J. G. Vincent, Chief Engineer of the Packard, says the reason is—on the small lamps—"to increase the amount of light." That answers every question about Warner-Lenz reducing the light volume.

The Choice of 850,000

In 19 months, over 850,000 motorists have adopted the Warner-Lenz. They have done it to combine a legal light with a ten-fold better light.

Ride in one of those cars for five minutes at night and you will choose Warner-Lenz, too.

Most of you, to meet the laws, must change to new-type lenses. Don't change twice. Get the lenses on which engineers and owners so unite. Get them now. One hour of night driving will amply repay you. To avoid mistake, look for the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.

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THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 918 South Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 74)

You can't explain a thing like that to a woman anyhow. And I wasn't going to bring in Billings too strong, and throw it all off on him—even in my own family. I don't believe in that kind of business; especially when he was probably right about the thing anyway.

But Zetta, Pasc's wife, was the worst when she heard about it. She wouldn't speak to me for a week or two, until Pasc convinced her I wasn't to blame for it personally. And then she had the boy round to her house for dinner, just to show him what she thought about it. She was an Indian that way. She did exactly what she thought she was entitled to, and the devil himself couldn't stop her when she once got started.

"Why wouldn't I?" she said to me when I brought it up. "He's just as good as we are, as far as I know. Or Proctor Billings, for that matter!" she said, getting red. "And a little better in this thing, I should say, if anybody asked me. The only thing to be said for us, we're in line for a little more money some day. That's the only difference. Why shouldn't I have him up to dinner if I want to?"

"You should—probably," I said, dropping it—feeling raw and uncomfortable about the whole thing still.

"I stand by my friends," she said.

"I do myself, sometimes!" I answered, getting sore.

"But that's the way business goes, I expect," I said to Pasc when we were alone, "if you're going to run it and make money. You can't run it on personal lines, the way the women would like to. You've got to operate your business according to the laws of arithmetic, as old Billings said, or you won't have any to run."

"Up to a certain point!" said Pasc.

"And if a man don't earn his money, all there is, he's got to go."

"Yes. That's the idea," said Pasc in a kind of a dry way. "That's the rule that'll work out with all of us before we're done with it probably."

"Let it," I said. "I'm not afraid of it. And anyhow," I said, "you've got to admit the business is working out well, under Billings, so far as making money goes. It's getting down into shape now—even you and I can see that."

"From that standpoint it's all right, I believe; from the standpoint of making money," said Pasc.

"Well, that don't hurt your feelings any, does it?" said I. "It don't mine. I'm beginning to believe that, in some ways, getting Billings in here was the best thing that ever happened to the business. You and I could never have organized it in the world."

"No, we couldn't, I guess," said Pasc, running his hand over his forehead. He was getting kind of anxious and bony looking lately. I'd noticed it before. We were speeding up pretty fast in the shop.

Billings was certainly getting it organized now; that was one sure thing. That deaf-and-dumb Scotchman he had on the books was a wonder. "He sleeps with them," I said. "And eats figures for lunch, with a small glass of water on the side."

There wasn't a word out of him scarcely. He was working with his eyes down, all day. And by this time—after three months or so—Billings had got in his brother—a machinist—to work in with him on the shop management, as Pasc's assistant. The two of them—those brothers—were always round, working, saying nothing.

"You couldn't ask for a better man," said Pasc, about the one helping him. "He's always picking up something I've forgotten, or catching some mistake, or stopping some waste. He earns his money, that's certain. He's great on system—just where I'm weak."

I began to feel round in my mind then, wondering just why it was Billings thought he'd better put him in there in the shop. Pasc had the shop end, of course. And I had the general management, especially of sales—going out and meeting the trade and selling the goods. That was my line naturally. When it came to selling machines and handling the trade I was there. I didn't take a back seat for anybody. I liked it. I could eat it up. But I could see, every now and then, that Pasc's end was worrying him—especially with the speed we were getting on now, since Billings came in.

"We thought we were going pretty fast before," he said, sitting there at night, drawing his hand over his forehead, "but it was nothing like this."

He looked thinner than a rail; and those pale eyes further down in back of his cheek bones than ever.

"How do you stand it?" he said to me.

"Fine," I said. "I just bite into it. I feel like a fighting cock every day—except now and then my stomach goes back on me out on the road."

"I don't know just what's struck me," he said.

"What's that?" I asked him.

"I get these headaches all the time."

"Your digestion, probably," I said. "That's the matter with me, nine times out of ten, when I've got one, my stomach's out of whack."

"Well, maybe you're right," said Pasc. "But half of the time I feel like tunket. I worry about my work a good deal," he said—"the responsibility of it. I don't sleep so terribly well nights—especially when a new idea strikes me. The way it is then, I get my work here driving me round all day; and a carburetor or a cam shaft chasing me all night. Between the two, they're running me thin."

"Cut out the nights," said I.

"I guess I'll have to—or the days, one or the other," said Pasc.

But that Scotchman, that McAdam, who had come in as his assistant, didn't worry much—or have any reason to. Everything went like machinery with him; as if he was just one wheel in the shop. I used to watch him round there, coming up always in the next place he was wanted, as if a cam operated him.

"Why don't you throw more of the detail off onto him?" I said to Pasc.

But he didn't want to do that. He was too conscientious. If he only had, things might have turned differently, perhaps. But yet, I don't know either. The place was getting pretty fast for him. The first I knew that anything out of the way had happened was one night when I was getting ready to go; and Pasc came in and sat down, waiting, until after that bookkeeping McAdam had gone out finally. He sat there, staring off across the room. He hadn't washed up, even.

"What ails you, Pasc?" I said, waking up to it after awhile. "Why don't you change and wash up and go home. What's the new wrinkle you've got on your mind now?"

And then he gave a kind of a groan.

"What's the matter, anyhow," I asked him—"another headache?"

"No."

"What is it?" I said. I saw then there was something serious going on.

"By misery," he said, "I've made an awful bull."

"What?"

"I spoiled about three thousand dollars' worth of stuff, I should say."

"Cripes, Pasc!" I said, sitting up and taking notice. "How did you come to do that?"

"Counting labor," he said.

And then he explained to me. It was that last improvement in the engine, he told me.

"That last one that was going to improve the intake one hundred per cent?"

"Yes."

"Didn't it?" I said. "Didn't it work out when you got it in the engine? Have you got to take it all out again?"

"The idea was all right," he said. "I've gone over it since, with the one I put up myself, but the trouble is, they put it in all wrong. They spoiled it in making it."

"How did that happen?" said I, staring at him.

"I don't know, exactly," said Pasc. "I suppose it was because I wasn't round all the time to superintend them. But it never occurred to me," he said to me, talking lower. "It never entered my head that any man who pretended to be a machinist could make such a condemned, ridiculous mistake as those two men did."

"What did you do—fire 'em on the spot?"

"No," he said. "McAdam wanted to, but I wouldn't have it. I told him it was on me. And it was too. It wouldn't have happened if I'd stayed there, where I'd ought to have been, instead of mooning round on something else."

"Where were you—anyhow?"

"Off somewhere, I expect—working out that next idea that struck me—at my bench."

"Gad, Pasc," I said. "How could you do it! A thing like that—just now, especially!"

"It'll be over, rather than under, three thousand, I expect," he said.

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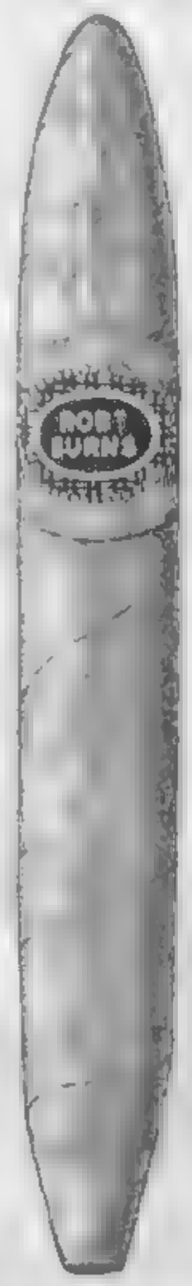

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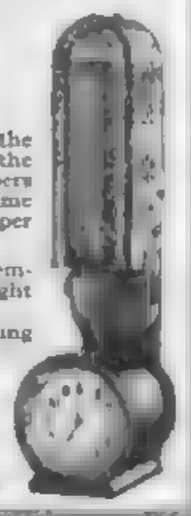

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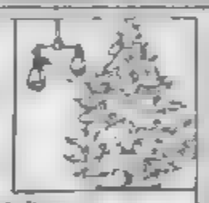

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And he got up slowly and began to take off his overalls and get some of the smudge off of his face. And finally he started on home, going out with his head down.

When I was following after him, a little later, I ran across McAdam, that assistant of his, going later than I was even; forever there, peering round the corner—anooping round, saying nothing.

"I guess I'll go to-morrow and tell Billings about this thing myself," I made up my mind. "I guess that will be safer. He'd get it from one of those two spies of his anyhow."

He took it entirely different from what I expected—just raised his eyebrows and said it was too bad—and then dropped it.

"After all," I said to myself, going away, "what could he say anyhow—the way things are going with us now? If we keep showing profits the way we are?"

And yet that didn't convince me really. I never could feel easy and secure with him.

XIII

I USED to sit round thinking things over as we came toward the end of the year that that first agreement with Proctor Billings had to run.

"What's the matter with you?" Pase asked me, catching me sitting there figuring in the office.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You're sitting round, brooding like a sick man or an inventor trying to hatch a new idea out of his mind," said Pase, smiling that little old dry smile of his.

"I'm worried, if you want to know," I said, "about what'll happen when that agreement runs out."

"Worried!" said Pase. "I thought we were making a lot of money."

"We are," I told him. "We're going to show profits of sixty thousand dollars this year."

"Billings ought to be satisfied with that."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I said. "Too well satisfied!"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know," I said, "exactly. But there's something up. I don't know just what it is. But it's something!"

"What makes you think so?" said Pase.

"Oh, a number of things," I said. "The way Billings acts for one thing—so very polite, and reserved, and particular!"

"Probably you just imagined it," said Pase.

"No, I didn't," I told him. "And those McAdams—those still sneaks of his—always round, always busy! What are they in here for, anyway? We got along without them before.

"You can't move round in your office and pull out a paper from the drawer, but you know one of them has his eyes on you. Between Billings and them it seems sometimes as if we were surrounded by these still-faced things, day and night."

"They're good men, at that," said Pase.

"I hate them," I said. "They ain't half so human as a spider."

"You distrust them too much," said Pase, "naturally. You're too different from them. They're good people for the work—those Scotchmen."

"Yes—for that kind of work, I guess. But I tell you what I think they're here for," I told him, "if you want to know. I have for some time. I think they're in here to learn the business all round—so if Proctor Billings wanted to, any time, he could get along without us!"

"He wouldn't do that," said Pase.

"Why wouldn't he?" I asked him. "That's what I meant just now when I said we were making too much money; it's too much temptation for him!"

"I know," said Pase. "But if we are making so much, how could he get the business away if he wanted to?"

"The same answer as always, from the start—capital—money. For every dollar we show in profits, three and four and five have to go in there in capital. We showed sixty thousand dollars profit this last year, and we're in debt one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars more than when it started'"

"Seven times what you expected you'd need'"

"Yes," I said—"that Billings is responsible for. The way he's fixed it! We haven't moved an inch—when you come down to it. He's got us surer than he ever had. We never in the world could get the money this business would have to get if he shut down on us now."

"But he won't," said Pase. "He won't do that sort of thing."

"I don't know," I said; "I'm worried. There's something coming up. He's going to spring something on us, I know. Just the way he acts. And if he wanted to he could dump us out of this—both of us—as easy as emptying a basket."

I could see just the minute I went in that still back office of the bank, that morning when the agreement was coming up, that I was right—that there was something coming—just from that calm, deliberate way Billings got up to meet me.

He sat down by the cut flowers from his greenhouse, under the old man's picture, after we shook hands. He was great on shaking hands. All those bank men are. Then he sat, taking his time, looking over the statement of our year, waiting for me to start up—the old game.

"Well," I said, coming to it finally, "it's not so darned bad, is it? Sixty-one thousand dollars for the year."

"No, it isn't," he said, putting up his eyebrows and turning over the pages with those white fingers, pretending to be reading one part and another.

"No," he said, laying it down. "It's pretty good."

"You bet it is!" I said.

"In a way——"

"In a way!" said I. "It's six per cent of a million dollars." I'd been saying that to Pase when we were first feeling good over it—kind of half in earnest and half in a joke.

"If you want to look at it that way," he answered me and stopped. And I waited for him this time. "But I should say that was just a little premature!"

"Premature?" I said after him.

"To talk of it as interest on fixed capital."

"What would you call it then?"

"A first year's earnings, wouldn't you? A good year. If principal grew so easily as that we'd all be millionaires round here out of the bicycle business!"

And he smiled that thin smile of his.

"Maybe we would," I said.

"No," he went on, pulling out another cigarette for himself and pounding the end of it on the desk, "that's one trouble here."

"What?"

"The bicycle business. If it wasn't for that I wouldn't be so afraid of this."

"Afraid!" I said after him.

"Yes—of the capital it's eating up."

His face was still as a wall. I moved my chair. I saw he was getting round to it—getting started on his first move.

"A hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars," he said, reading it off the statement. "Quite a little money to be responsible for, personally—if anything should happen."

"Nothing's going to happen," I said.

"How do you know?" he asked me. "Any more than in the bicycle business. Yes," he said again, when I didn't say anything; "that's it, I'm afraid!"

"That's your way of putting it," I said, coming back at him.

"It's my money," he said. "Or I'm responsible for it." And we stopped there, waiting.

I looked up for a second and saw the face of the old man, in the oil painting over me, looking down on the same old still-faced game again he'd played there himself when he was alive.

"Look here," I said to Billings. "You haven't got anything to scare you yet—not much. With our earnings for the year—put it the worst way you want to."

"It leaves me," he said, "with the responsibility of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, instead of twenty-five. Seven times what I was led to expect."

That was one for me—of course.

"Seven times what we first estimated," he repeated again. He said "we"; what he meant, of course, was "you."

"Some of it," I came back, "was transferred from the supply people."

"Yes, but I'm responsible just the same."

I stopped, waiting for his next move. It came right away: "But that isn't the worst, of course. That isn't what I'm afraid of most."

"What is?" said I, watching him with all my eyes.

"The future," he said. "Do you know what you'll need next year?" he asked me, putting those hard eyes of his on mine for a second.

"Not exactly, no."

"At least two hundred thousand dollars more'"

I didn't say anything. I knew it was probably true.

(Continued on Page 81)

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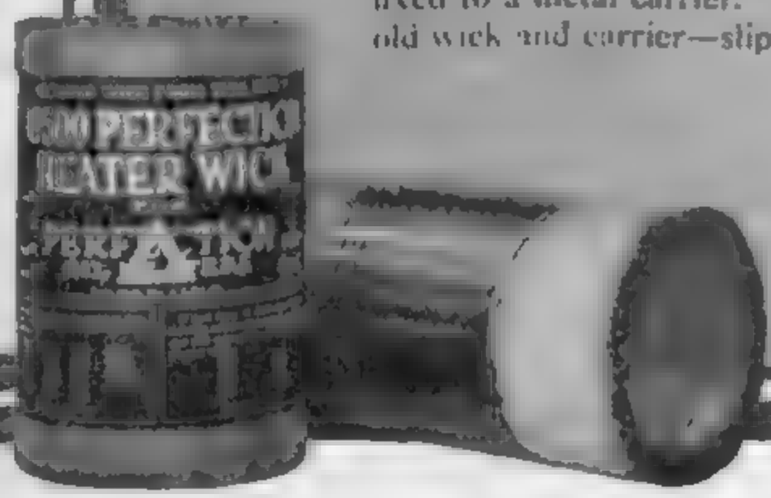

(Continued from Page 78)

"You should have a factory, for one thing. You need more room. And you could save, probably, ten dollars a machine if you had a real factory—properly arranged."

"Easy," I told him.

"Where is it all coming from?" he asked me. "If the company was old enough, if it had a record of earnings to show, you could capitalize it, take it to New York and dispose of some stock. That's no use now. We'll have to place its paper, if I can manage it as I have in the past."

"Look here," I said, getting restless finally. "What's all this leading to?"

"I suppose," he said, "to taking up the renewal of our agreement."

"All right," I said; "go ahead!"

I wasn't going to let him drag the thing along this way forever.

"If you want to do it," said he, looking at me, extra polite.

"Certainly I want to," said I. "Don't you?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Don't know!" said I, turning chilly.

"No," he said, and his voice kept getting harder and his face more stiff, "I don't. I don't know that I do want to, as a matter of fact—except under certain pretty clearly defined circumstances."

"What are they?" said I.

We both sat, going carefully, watching each other in that still room; the old man's picture over us, and the smell of the hothouse roses in the vase filling up the place like it does at a funeral.

He took his time about telling me what he wanted.

"Go ahead!" I said. "What are the conditions? What would you want?" I was getting nervous.

"In the first place," he said, "I should expect to retain my option—to buy in my interest in the company at the price we first agreed upon."

"That's all right," I said, sitting up and watching every move he was making. It made you laugh, on the side, to think what the cost of the stock was then—compared to what it was worth now. Practically nothing! But that was done, anyhow.

"Go ahead!" said I.

"And I should want a voting control of the stock, as I have now—until the obligations to me were paid up."

"Go ahead!" said I. That was clear enough. It didn't change the situation from what it had been—either of those things. "Go ahead!" I saw what he was really after was still coming.

"That we can take for granted," he said, "I suppose."

And I nodded to him.

"But the main thing—for me," he said, and drew out a paper from his pocket—"is all here in a new plan for capitalization I've drawn up—to show you."

"What is it?" I said, sitting up and taking notice. This was something new to me. We were capitalized, of course; like everybody else is. But I had only the haziest kind of a general idea of this stock game. I was afraid of it—darned shy, the minute he started opening it up.

"I'll show you the whole thing in detail," he said, "if you like."

He had it all worked out, of course, as I knew he had. But the first thing he said nearly knocked me over.

"I should capitalize it," he said, "at a million and a half dollars."

"A million and a half!" I said. "What do you mean? Didn't you say it was no use talking in such figures as a million dollars?"

"What difference does it make," he said, looking at me, "what figure you capitalize it for? If it earns it—all right. It's all capitalized. If it doesn't earn it, who's hurt but just three stockholders?"

"Nobody, I suppose," I said.

But just the same it made an impression on me. He passed it off. But it looked to me to be at least a sign of what he thought there might be in it.

"A million and a half," he went along, "for convenience. I put it there in the first place because of there being three stockholders."

"Go ahead!" said I, watching this new game hard.

"But all that million and a half," he told me then, "would not be in one class of stock."

"How would it be?" I asked him, eying that face of his.

"Half a million preferred; and a million common."

"How's that?"

"A million common, with voting power," he said.

"Voting power!" I said over to myself. "Now we're getting to it!"

"Controlled equally between you and me."

"And the other half million preferred?"

"For Mr. Thomas," he said.

"What's this?" said I, jumping at it.

"That's one absolute condition," he said, turning those still eyes of his on me, "of my going on."

"What?"

"If I go on with you with more money and a new factory it will be under a change of management of the plant. Mr. Thomas will have to give up his part in the concern and his voice in the stock control."

He didn't move a muscle as he said it.

"What are you talking about?" I said to him. "Do you know?"

I had just as much expected a club across the face.

"I know very well," he said, cutting out his words clear and sharp. "I'm through with any concern in which Mr. Thomas is in control of turning out the product. He'll have to go."

"Let him go!" I said, getting my breath back. "Put Pase Thomas out of the Hoodlum! What are you—crazy? Why, it's his thing! He made it!"

"Yes, and he'll ruin it if he'll ever have a chance of manufacturing it on a large scale, after the way he's been doing. Besides," said Billings, "I wouldn't go into any company permanently without expecting to have at least half of the stock anyway."

I almost choked to death while he was saying it.

"Now wait," he said, holding out his hand when he saw me opening up my mouth again. "Before you make any comments on my plan it'll be just as well to let me explain it so you'll know what it is—that is," he said, staring at me again, "if you want me to go on with you."

I sat and listened as he told me to. I began now to get an idea of the thing.

"To start with," he went on, when I sat back and waited; "I have no desire on earth to underestimate Mr. Thomas or to do him the slightest injustice. He is an excellent man—in his place."

It made me wriggle in my chair to hear him passing judgment on Pase Thomas' running a machine shop! I wanted to get up and eat him raw. But I didn't. I sat and took it—getting chillier every minute, understanding his scheme.

"As an inventor," he said, "he is a very able man. On the other hand, he's just the type of man who should never have charge of a manufacturing plant—or a voice in its management."

"What makes you say that?" I asked him, keeping my voice down. "That mistake he made?"

"That, and a hundred other things. He's entirely unfitted for it. He's worse than that—he's dangerous. The same time," he went along, "he invented the machine, he made the company possible as you say. And he should certainly have his share of the profits from it. He can be of great use, too, in the future."

I sat glaring at him, holding in.

"So I have worked out this plan for him—to protect his rights," he said. "I'm giving him the first chance on earnings. My plan will give him three hundred thousand dollars in seven per cent preferred stock."

"Three hundred thousand dollars," I said; "I thought you said five."

"There would be two hundred thousand dollars preferred left in the treasury, and two hundred thousand dollars common," he said, "to issue in emergency. And three hundred thousand dollars would give Mr. Thomas twenty-one thousand dollars a year, before we declared ourselves any dividends on our stock.

"For the present," he went on, "it would not be likely that we would pay dividends even on preferred stock. And in that period we could allow Mr. Thomas a salary—a good living salary—say seventy-five hundred dollars a year, to be given up when we decide to pay preferred dividends. And in the meantime he could come and go as he wanted—invent what he pleased, and let us have his inventions.

"In this way," he said, "you and I would be left in active control of the company as equal owners of the stock with the voting power."

"And pay ourselves good fat salaries, I suppose," said I.

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"We'd pay ourselves properly," he assured me.

"How much?"

"Oh, say fifteen thousand dollars a year."

Then he stopped a minute, and waited and let it sink in. It did, all right. I got it. I didn't have to be told what he could do if he called for his money from the company.

"I think that is about the substance of the plan," he said, fingering the bottom of the vase, where his hothouse flowers were, "as it came to me, trying to work out a fair arrangement for everyone. I knew of course it might not appeal to you personally," he said, looking up. "But of course," he said, staring me in the eye, "that's your option—whether you do it or not."

It certainly was a fine option.

"Who would you have managing the shop in the place of Mr. Thomas?" I said, still holding in till I got it all.

"Mr. McAdam—his assistant—under you," he answered. "You would be president and I treasurer."

"I see," said I.

"You would take the business end and I the financial end."

"I see," I said again.

I did—as plain as if it had already happened. He in the bank, managing it—under absolute control until his debt was paid off; I working for him, under guard by those slink-eyed spies of his—those McAdams, until he'd got what he wanted out of me—as he had now out of Pasc. I working, day after day, with that still-faced, cold-handed crowd watching me, till they got what they wanted out of me. Then another banker's trick, another shift, and they'd slip the knife into me in the dark, and I'd be out in the street with Pasc. And this still-faced thing, with his still agents, was to have the whole concern we'd made in his own hands, permanently.

And then I broke loose. "So that's it!" I came out finally, getting red in the face.

"That's what?" he asked me.

"That's what you've been sitting round cooking up the last few months. It's a fine scheme—you've got it down fine! In the first place, you and I get together and put Pasc Thomas down, and take his invention and his property away from him."

I saw him get a little white when I said that, in spite of himself.

"By cripes!" I said, this thing striking me all of a sudden—what he was trying to do! "What do you take me for? What do I look like to you—a man that would double cross his best friend—for the sake of a few dollars? Or a million, either!" I said. "For I'm inclined to think now you see something in this—something bigger than I thought, even! What do you think I am—a crook?"

"You needn't make quite so much noise—unless you feel you must," said Proctor Billings, giving me an ugly look. It was a queer thing to see. The hotter and redder I got the colder and stiller he was.

"I'll make what noise I want to," I said. "If you made a little more noise occasionally," I told him, "moving round, people would trust you a little more. There's worse things in a man than noise, I've found."

And he sat still.

"That's the first thing," I went along. "Pasc Thomas goes; and I stay. I and you and the other still-faced boys you'll keep round me in the factory—watching, and when the time comes and you get what you want out of me—out I go on the sidewalk, flipped out, with another banker's trick. And there we'll be. Thomas and I out in the cold. And you with the property. I like that," I said. "That'd be a fine thing for me! Oh, no. I'm not much—but I'm too wise for that. I know I can't go up against the game that you still-faced boys in the bank can work up; not alone, anyway!"

"Wait," said Billings, breaking in on me. I could see from his voice and his face that he was white mad. White and still and dangerous. "It isn't necessary to bawl," he told me, "or insult me. All you have to do is to withdraw from our arrangement—and finance yourself elsewhere."

"Yeh," I said. "In other words, you'll shut down on us and demand your money."

"You can put it that way if you like," he said. "I should probably want my money when it came due."

"And if you didn't get it, I suppose you'd take the business, eh?"

"I would try to take care of my claim," he said.

He had it all worked out, all right. He had us if he went ahead and demanded his money now. I saw that as well as anybody. But I wasn't in any condition to admit it then.

"All right," I said, "go ahead! Have a try—grab it if you think you can! But you'll have one of the prettiest little fights you ever had, before you get through. I'll promise you that. Now you begin to see how big it is," I said. I was crazy, thinking of what he was trying to do. "You're going to strangle us till our tongues hang out, huh?" I said, shaking my fist in his face. "You're going to take it away from us. Go ahead. Try it! Try it!"

"But there's one thing," he said to me when I stopped, cold and quiet as if I hadn't spoken at all, "you'll have to remember."

"What's that?"

"You haven't the entire decision in this matter—yourself."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked him.

"I mean you don't control the stock now, as I understand it."

And I stood gaping at him, wondering what he had up his sleeve now. "There's another man who owns half of it, isn't there?" he asked me.

"Pasc Thomas!" I said.

"Yes."

"Pasc Thomas!" I said again, and burst out laughing. "He'll throw himself out, I suppose," I said, "of the thing he cares more for than anything else on earth."

But it made no impression on him. He stood there, looking, his face motionless.

"If I were you," said Proctor Billings, "I would wait and find out what he says before I decided definitely to commit financial suicide."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE HAIR OF THE DOG

(Continued from Page 9)

Only a despicable miser will save his purse at the expense of his life.

He, therefore, did not much doubt that the black bag was by this time standing behind the bootblack stand. However, if his warning had been ignored ——

It will be seen that Sam's point of view was not moral at all, but purely intellectual, like that of a child, or like that of Von Bissing, in Belgium. Life to him was a problem in Neo-Darwinism. He was able to live because he had more foresight and a keener eyesight and a more ruthless and pitiless desire to live than they upon whom he fed.

Though the point of view is not highly original, it has been praised since the war began as highly honorable.

The hour was a few minutes past midnight when Sam again walked down the east side of Noble. He employed precautions as before upon approaching Division. And, as before, he saw everything while seeming to see nothing.

His heart hardened. His warning had been ignored. No black bag stood in the shadow, even now. The money he had demanded had not been left.

After that there was nothing for him to do but return, past bridges, past coal bunkers, past factory fences and railroad yards, to his room. He would need all the sleep he could get. For he had had the foresight to prepare even for this.

V

SAM was striking quickly. At six-twenty-five the following evening he might have been seen, had anyone been present to see him, approaching the little-used back door of Roti's saloon. He had already made sure that he was not watched. It was still daylight, but his appearance was not such as to rouse suspicion. However, he was carrying a black satchel, and he did not wish to be observed.

He was grateful, therefore, for the protection of the high board fence; for the satchel was not an ordinary satchel. In it there was —— You shall see what he had in that satchel.

Reaching the end of the spongy walk, he softly turned the knob, opened the door and slipped his satchel into Roti's dark rear storeroom. Then he as softly closed

(Continued on Page 85)

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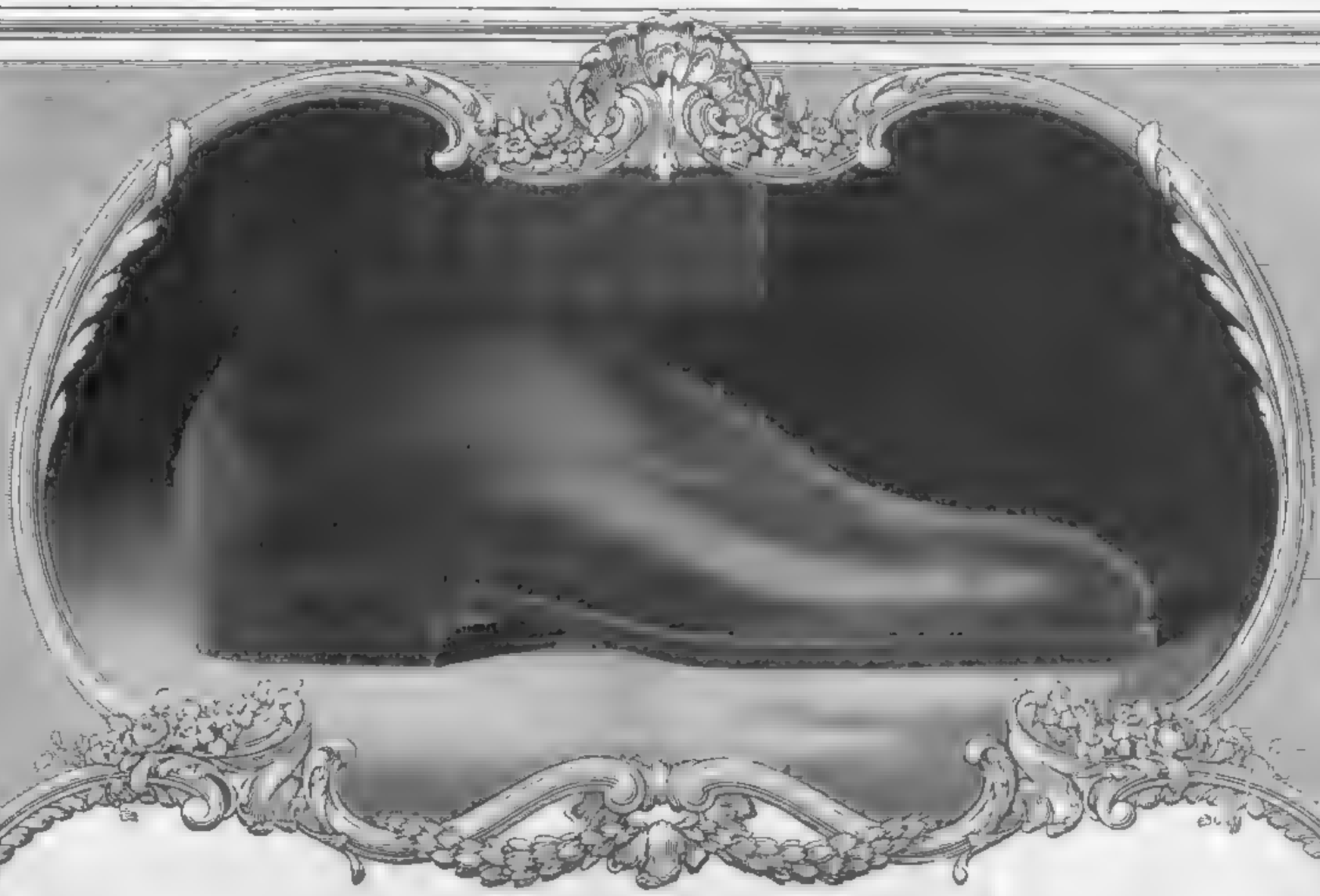

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REGAL SHOES

(Continued from Page 82)

the door and retraced his steps to the alley. He had been excessively cautious. Roti's bartender would not have cared how much noise he made. Still, one can never tell.

After regaining the alley, and a moment later the street, he became less diffident; in fact, he turned the corner without looking to see who was near, and when he arrived at Roti's front door he entered it boldly.

Sam did not stop to talk with Ben at the bar, but after a nod of recognition crossed to a small side room at the left. Here he performed the whimsical act of climbing upon a wood-bottomed chair to wind and set the wall clock, using his own watch as a standard. One might have inferred that the clock had stopped, for Sam pushed forward the hands an even two hours. But the clock had not stopped; it had merely been that much slower than the watch. When Sam pulled up his chair its hands had stood at half past six; when he leaped to the floor they stood at half past eight.

"Your clock was wrong, Ben; and I set it," explained Sam.

"How do you like your time?" asked the bartender, stepping out from behind the bar to look. "I see. Half past eight."

"I got here at half past eight to-night, Ben. Make that?"

"Sure!"

"Get it when I go out too."

"Sure! I'll get 'em both. You got your alibi. We'll all notice."

Sam remained in the side room at Roti's for two and a half hours after that, or until eleven o'clock. Though he began the evening alone, he was soon joined by others; and toward the end of his stay he could have had as many witnesses of his presence as he desired. The clock was striking eleven when he finally broke away.

Leaving the room ostentatiously, he passed into the street. When he came to the corner of the earlier evening he turned it. When he came to the alley he entered it. When he came to the back gate he opened it. And when he came to the back door he noiselessly retracted the spring latch and removed his satchel from its concealment.

Larrabee Street proved to be clear, as did also the deserted cross street he now entered. Selecting the darker streets and the darker blocks, after a while his roundabout approach brought him within sight of the building he sought. His approach was from behind, along the alley, and was made with the greatest caution. He did not, to be sure, expect to find any lurkers about. If detectives had been engaged they would have been present the night before. Besides, they would consider it inherently improbable that his blow would fall so soon. Still, he was taking no chances.

An observer watching Sam at this moment might have noticed, had there been light enough, that he now began studying the building, and that his catlike eyes continually returned to the rear windows of the third flat south. These windows opened upon a covered porch; the curtains were down, but the light from the room behind shone faintly through.

Sam remained in his place of concealment for three-quarters of an hour, motionless, silent, observant, invisible, his satchel pressing against his foot, like a friendly dog. He was no longer a brain boy; he was an instrument of chastisement, a rod of discipline, a sword of justice, retribution, vindication. The time had come for him to strike.

He did not stoop, yet his hand found his satchel. He did not stand, yet he looked down upon his sacred position from immeasurable heights. He lived among the causes. The test of a cause is its effect. He had certain effects in mind to be sought, others to be avoided; and both one and the other were under his control, foreseen, prepared against.

When he was ready he started across the alley. As elusively as a falling leaf he fluttered from the concealment of his shadows to the protection of the deeper shadows of the community back yard opposite. From there, by a mode of progress known only to himself, he fluttered—or filtered—farther, and then farther, into the central heart of night itself. Eventually he arrived at the building.

The figure must be changed, for Sam now became lithe and feline—a cat, let us say. He began at once climbing the dark back stairway cautiously, unsubstantially. Climbing is not the word; his progress was rather an ascension, like that of a curiously coherent whiff of smoke. An invisible man resembles an invisible cat or an invisible whiff of smoke very closely.

However he managed it, Sam succeeded in resting his weight upon the creaking first step without causing it to creak, and then upon the creaking second step, and then upon the third, until he reached the second-floor landing. The stairway here passed round the rear porch and then continued upward. Where it led, Sam followed, still noiseless, still invisible, step by step, hugging its inner rail. And eventually he arrived at the third-floor landing.

He paused here to prepare his message. He had foreseen what would happen if someone were to open the kitchen door while he was kneeling inside the covered porch. He preferred to remain in the open. He knew his goods and did not need a light. Unclasping the satchel, he inserted his hand through the aperture and by the sense of touch identified a small coil of fuse. This he lifted out and unrolled, allowing the free end to hang over upon the steps. He was especially careful to straighten out all loops and buckles; a kinky fuse makes a treacherous friend. Where the fuse is allowed to cross upon itself the spark will naturally jump the gap and take the shorter route to the cap. Such an accident might give its master a great shock.

Sam now felt for the free end of the fuse and held it inside the satchel. Taking a match from his pocket, he carefully struck it, but also inside the satchel, in order that its flare might not attract undesirable insects. This he touched to the fuse and blew out. His intention was to place the satchel against the kitchen door inside the inclosed porch. The faint light that filtered through the kitchen windows showed him that all was safe ahead. No one was present—except, of course, the angels; and the fuse; and the black satchel; and the six sticks of dynamite in the satchel; and perhaps he himself; and, as a faint possibility, a detective somewhere.

Sam's plans included detectives, and in a way they included the angels. What they did not include was the thing that next happened.

He straightened up carefully, holding the satchel, locked open by its flimsy toggle, against his breast, with the fuse protected by his left hand. Then he tiptoed across the narrow platform. As he stepped over the sill into the inclosed porch he rested his weight noiselessly upon the springy boards of the floor.

The next moment, but so quickly that it was less sequential than concurrent, an impulse young and strong struck him from behind. And half a second after that the porch door that had hit him slammed shut behind him and locked itself; locked itself along both edges, at the top, bottom and in the middle.

Sam had stepped upon one of Paul Lombard's patentable triggers, and Paul Lombard's patentable door had thereupon proceeded to lock Sam up, foresight and all.

The sound of the door as it struck him, the sound of Sam himself curling along the floor, the sound of the door again as it slammed shut, and the sound of the automatic mechanism that locked it, quite destroyed the silence that Sam Forest had been trying to preserve. There was no longer any particular reason why he should move softly. There was a weighty reason why he should move swiftly. He, therefore, scrambled to his feet and rushed at the door so as to escape before worse happened. He rushed at the door, pressed its latch, then threw himself against it to burst it bodily from its hinges.

Now, one of Paul's ideas had been to reenforce this door in all directions and on both sides by strips of bolted iron. In addition he had braced it outside with two-inch planking, also bolted into place. He had turned the door round, so that it would open outward against the side of the building instead of inward. He had then equipped it with a series of shafts that automatically locked into the doorframe at the top, middle and bottom. Twelve coiled steel springs acted with a three-hundred-pound pull to close the door. And it was held open by a catch so devised that it was released the instant anyone rested his weight upon the porch floor.

And not only the door—the entire porch. Paul had not disturbed the mosquito netting that inclosed it; but inside this netting he had hung a wall of heavy wire cloth, three meshes to the inch and every intersection soldered. This he had anchored under bolted iron along all its edges. He had then painted the whole in the color of the

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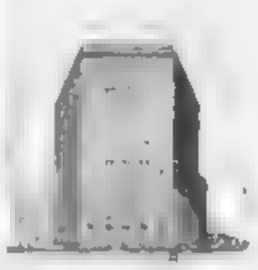
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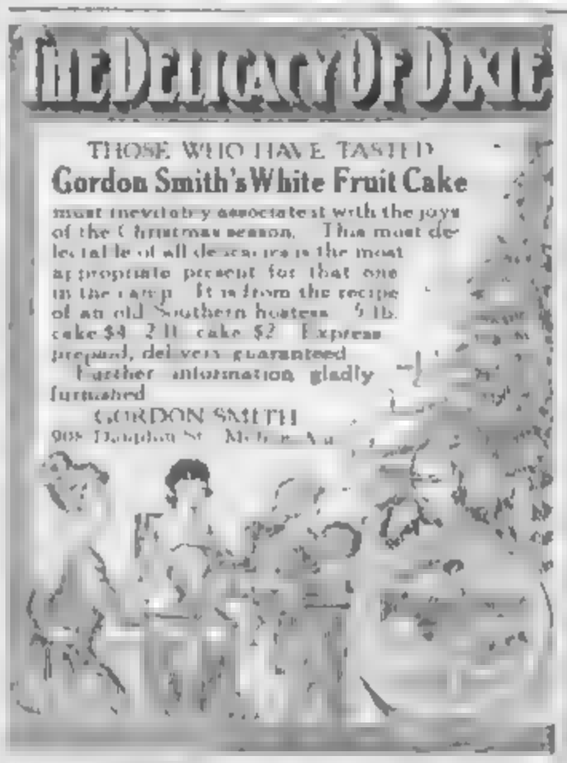
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You've got to have sugar—and the nation and the world are short of sugar. The Government won't let the grocer gouge you with a high price, but the grocer won't sell you but a pound at a time—so where do you get off? It all goes back to Louisiana, where the planters are scrambling to boost production and relieve the sweet-stuff famine.

Scraping the American Sugar Bowl

is an article by John R. McMahon in this week's issue of *The Country Gentleman* explaining the reasons for the shortage and the efforts that are being made to give us more sugar.

Another article of importance in these days when everyone is interested in food is

What's in Cold Storage

in which John E. Pickett tells about the supplies of foods that have been put away in the freezer—a quantity amounting to one small barrel for each and every one of the hundred million of us. Did you know that not only the turkey but also the candy and nuts and oranges and apples and vegetables—maybe even the plum pudding—for probably the majority of Christmas dinners are all coming out of storage?

Speaking of Christmas, it's almost the last call for presents. Don't forget that *The Country Gentleman* is

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for your friend in the country—the farmer or suburbanite and his wife. Send us one dollar to-day and your friend will receive a card of notification on Christmas morning.

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weathered paint of the flat, as he had also the ironwork and woodwork of the door; so that from the street no change in appearance was discernible.

I have not made myself clear if the uselessness of Sam's violence is not by now apparent. The door did not yield enough to keep him from bruising his corporeal salients. It did not yield at all—unless, indeed, in the sense that a stone wall yields when you blow your breath against it, or the earth when a fly lights upon it.

When Sam found that he could not move the door he tried the screen. He made his attack upon the largest panel, intending to smash his way through. But this assault was equally useless. Nevertheless, he continued to thrust and tear at the netting with his tapering Sicilian fingers, even after he knew it was his master.

What he feared was a charge of buckshot through the thin panels of the kitchen door.

Though Sam's struggles had consumed only a matter of seconds, still, they had taken time. Meantime the fuse had been making progress of its own. In a precalculable number of seconds the spark would reach the detonator. The obstacles of door and screen in that instant would no longer exist. But, for that matter, neither would Sam!

Either he caught a whiff of powder smoke or he saw the gleaming eye of the thing; at any rate, he had a moment of sanity. He suddenly remembered the fuse and leaped for it.

Sam had been carrying the opened satchel when the door struck him. The satchel thus shared the blow. The result was that the lighted fuse, which was hanging partly inside and partly outside, became twisted into a loop, so that when the spark reached the point of intersection it short-circuited and became three sparks instead of one.

The section of fuse that he snatched away was the one hanging over the lip of the satchel. Though the spark was still some inches from the brink, he grasped for the fuse almost blindly in his haste to tear it loose, throwing it to the floor and treading out the fire with his shoe.

Then he set the satchel upright and looked inside. What he thought he saw was another section of fuse; and this one was attached to the dynamite, near the cap end of which another spark was sputtering. The spark looked to be exceedingly close to the stick. In reality this piece of fuse was unconnected; the fuse had been thrown into a loop and short-circuited by the blow from the door. The portion he had snatched away was the connected one.

But Sam did not know this. Terror took him wholly. Springing to his feet, he leaped against the kitchen door, striking it solidly with his shoulder. The door gave way; and the next moment he was staggering out of balance across the lighted kitchen, careless of buckshot, his only thought that of escape from the explosion that impended.

VI

VITA would have opened her eyes at the appearance of her bedroom. In the center of the floor stood the dining-room table. Through the open closet door might have been seen the sideboard, with its silverware and glassware, where it had been thrust among the coats and gowns. The bed had been moved into a corner. In the opposite corner stood an empty soap box, upon which had been placed a muffled electric buzzer and a pair of batteries. The remaining floor space was occupied by various aliens from kitchen or dining room. One might have thought that the plasterers were expected.

But it was not the plasterers. Paul Lombard was giving a party, with doors swung wide and all lights going. The party consisted of himself only. He was celebrating the absence of his wife, who was visiting her parents for a few days. He called it a gun party.

The gun of honor was a sawed-off shotgun, which lay on the table upon some newspapers.

The clock on the dresser struck nine, half past, and then ten. Paul sighed, laid down his book, stretched his arms and yawned. He was growing sleepy. The evening had been quieter than he had expected. He believed he would go to bed.

The buzzer on the soap box changed all that.

Springing to his feet, Paul seized the shotgun and tiptoed to the light switch, where he pushed out the bedroom lights. Then he stood in the shadow inside the door, alert and waiting. The buzzer after a little stopped sounding.

He knew from the buzzer that someone was climbing the back stairs, for he had connected it with a contact device underneath the second step from the bottom. He knew also that this person was climbing slowly; the long-continued warning indicated a stealthy and patient progress.

The sound of the slamming porch door, and of the satchel, and of Sam skidding, and of Sam's frantic knees bumping against the door wood, and of Sam's finger nails scraping on wire, came suddenly after some minutes. He inferred from the sounds that they were made by his man. He inferred that the disturber was very completely his man.

Sam shot into the kitchen with such force that he carried through the opposite doorway and into the dining room before falling on his face.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded Paul sharply.

But Sam, covering his face with his arms, paid no heed. Paul did not misunderstand the gesture; he, also, braced himself for the shock of the explosion. He did not, however, intend to permit any tricks.

They waited thus for a full minute; then Sam began cautiously shifting his position for one of greater comfort. The action was misunderstood.

"Say '*Kamerad*' and get up!" cried Paul peremptorily.

This time he was obeyed; the danger from the dynamite by now seemed more remote, and something in the tone of the command suggested a willingness to slay.

"It's all a mistake!" said Sam.

"Will you stick up your hands? Now hold them so!"

Paul and his menacing shotgun had just been joined by Old Monaca, summoned by telephone. The police had not yet arrived.

"Remember this bird, father-in-law? This is Sam Forest. This is the man who helped marry me."

The old man chuckled grimly, raising his brows in mock surprise.

"That?" He disposed of Sam with his cocked thumb as if he had been a sack of wet salt. "I may have seen him a few times."

"Caught with both hands in the tar barrel!"

Monaca's contemptuous gesture and Paul's scornful sneer injured the vanity of the prisoner. His face flushed. Fire returned to his eye. He held his head higher.

"If it hadn't been for that storm door ——" he began hotly.

Paul exchanged glances with Monaca; the man did not understand, even now.

"If, Sam! If!"

"You couldn't have help' yourself! I had it all worked out! In my mind ahead! Everyt'ing! All loaded for you!"

"A dream, Sam! Loaded? Foresight? Nothing overlooked? Where do you get this thoroughness stuff? You're not farsighted. Didn't you know I was a machinist? Didn't you know how a machinist would figure? That was no storm door. That was my new rat trap. I built that especially for yourself. I knew you'd be round, and I got ready for you."

"Who tipped me off? I find out!"

"Nobody tipped you off, Sam. You brain boys are all alike. When you get by with your devilment you're the only meat in the pot; but let somebody land on you and you're yellow. The trouble with you is, you have no imagination. If you had you wouldn't be dynamiting flats and making fool mistakes. Your ides of effectiveness, Sam, is not mine. And I fear it is not my father's."

Paul looked at him reflectively.

"The saying is that the hair of the dog is cure for its bite. A good cure for a brain boy would be to show him his brains. But that is hard to do. I have done what I could to show you yours, Sam. I might have arranged my trap so that your dynamite should have gone off. Instead, I turn you over to the police."

"When I am out I get even—you bet!"

"Then I had better repair the fuse and blow you up while I can."

"That is also my advice," said Monaca.

Sam looked from one to the other. Had he possessed imagination, he would have known that these men did not fight so. Not possessing that gift, he saw the point. For that is what he would have done.

"When I am out I will not get even."

"You are already learning," said Paul. "We will await the police."

GILBERT TOYS

TO PARENTS

I've devoted the best years of my life to your boy's play side. My desk is heaped high with letters from real boys like your own, whose friendship I've won. It's a big responsibility to enjoy such confidence, and because I realize it, I'm doing something more than merely manufacturing toys. I'm making toys that are character builders as well as playthings.

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Isn't this a thousandfold better than aimless, sometimes downright destructive pastimes? And all the while your boy is having the time of his young life.

When you buy "Gilbert Toys" you can be sure of getting one hundred cents in value for every dollar you spend for them.

I could make a larger profit on my toys by putting less quality into them, but I won't do it, because I value and want to keep the friendship and confidence of my boy friends—I want to be sure that every one of them will say, "I always got my full money's worth when I bought Gilbert Toys."

As a part of my plan to put a definite object into playing and to give your boy a pastime that will help in later life, I've founded "The Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys." Your boy has an opportunity to win the prizes, diplomas and honorary degrees awarded by the Institute according to his diligence and skill. Mail back the coupon for a copy of my book which tells all about this great idea for boys.

Get "Gilbert Toys" for your boy this Christmas, and you will be giving him toys of educational value as well as toys that he will enjoy.

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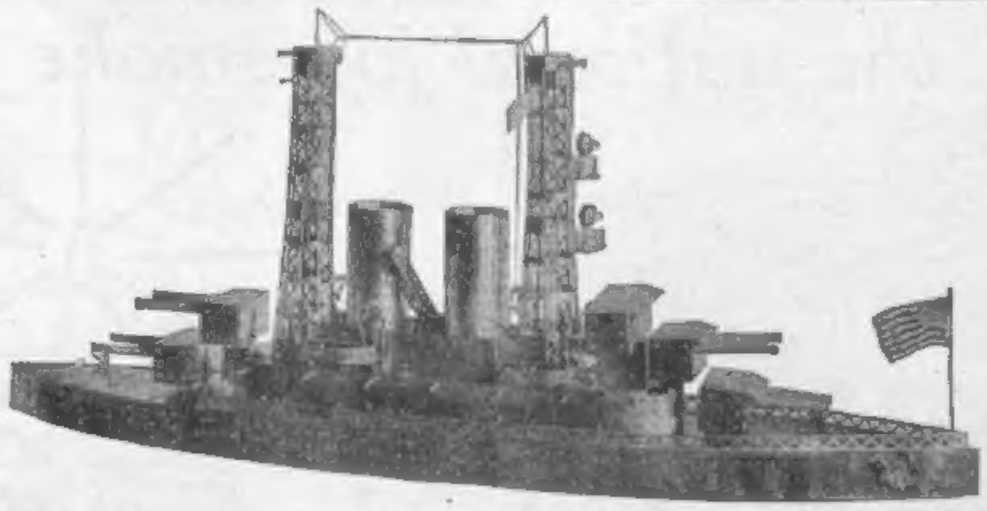

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Boys, you can make soap, disappearing ink, do electroplating, replate spoons, knives and forks, make an egg pass through the narrow neck of a bottle, and do countless other interesting and mystifying things if you own a Gilbert Chemistry Outfit.

It's great fun, and at the same time you learn a lot about chemistry. The chemicals are absolutely harmless.

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You will also be able to install electric door bells, wire a miniature electric lighting plant, put in electric switches, generate current, make magnets that pick up objects, and do more than one hundred electrical experiments.

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is just the toy for boys who hope to be famous architects some day. With Brik-tor, you can finish the framework models of buildings, bridges, etc., that you build with Erector or any other construction set—make them look absolutely true to life by "bricking in" the walls, roofs, chimneys, foundations, towers, and even the streets with steel bricks in bright color combinations. Be sure to get Brik-tor for Christmas. Beautiful book of instructions with each set.

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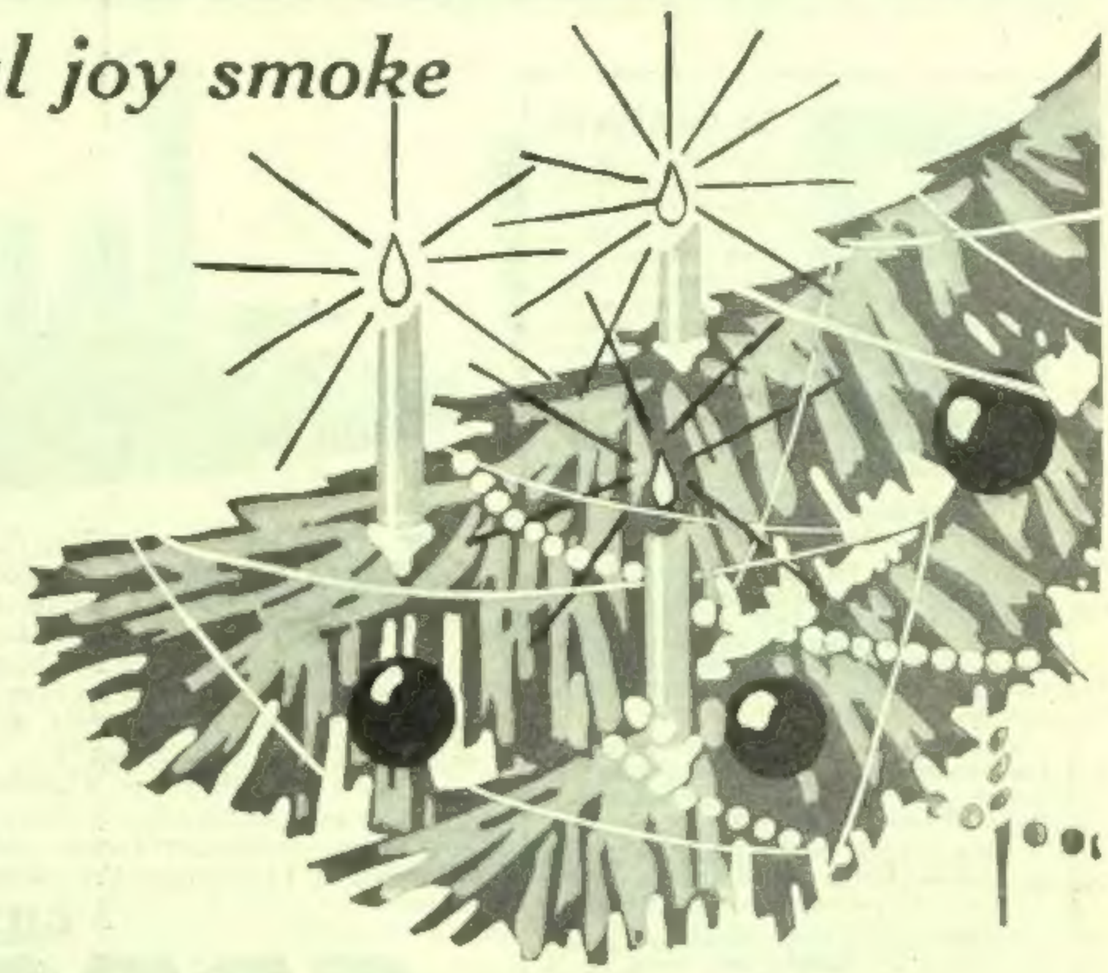

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The boys in training will aim straight for these joy'us pounds-of-pleasure! And the men who hold down the situation at home can't be handed a happier gift! Just get-it-off-your mind *now* and don't take a chance on the wind-up because the demand will be unusual. And, it's good for you to know that these humidors are *ready-packed* for sure-safe-shipping! And, fitted out with a howdy-do-tag with merry-Christmas scenery, *of course!*

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